



A  
HOLIDAY IN  
SOUTH AFRICA



BY

R.W. LEYLAND. F.R.G.S.







L<sub>T</sub>



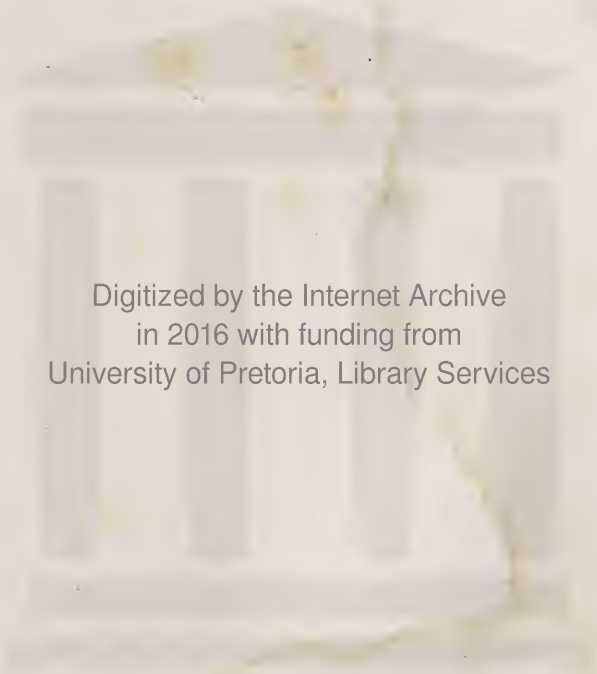
9 OCT. 1940

AFRICANA

MERENSKY-BIBLIOTEEK	
UNIVERSITEIT VAN PRETORIA.	
Klasnummer	ZPA 431.03
Registrernummer	66930

A HOLIDAY IN SOUTH AFRICA





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2016 with funding from  
University of Pretoria, Library Services



JOHN DUNN.



KETCHWAYO.



LANGALIBALELE



SIKUKUNI.

A  
HOLIDAY  
IN  
SOUTH AFRICA

BY  
R. W. LEYLAND, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF  
"ROUND THE WORLD IN 124 DAYS."

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS



LONDON  
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, AND RIVINGTON  
LIVERPOOL: GILBERT G. WALMSLEY  
1882



## PREFACE.

---

“THE AFFAIRS” of South Africa have lately engaged much public attention.

The following record, therefore, of a short holiday spent in visiting many of the towns and localities brought so prominently into notice may be of some interest.

I have endeavoured as far as possible to eliminate anything of a political character from the narrative, though strongly tempted at various times to do otherwise.

My best thanks are due to several kind friends for valuable information supplied at different points on the journey. Notably to Bishop Colenso (Natal), Bishop Bousfield (Pretoria), and Bishop Webb (Bloemfontein); also to Mr. Farmer (Capetown), Messrs. Montague Davies and Paddon (Kimberley), and Messrs. E. Brooke Smith and M'Alister (Port Elizabeth).

## ILLUSTRATIONS.



JOHN DUNN.—KETCHWAYO . . . .	} <i>Frontispiece.</i>
LANGALIBALELE.—SIKUKUNI . . . .	
SLEDGING AT FUNCHAL . . . .	<i>To face page 10</i>
BULLOCK CART CROSSING RIVER . . . . .	90
INTERIOR OF KIMBERLEY MINE . . . . .	94
PRETORIA . . . . .	138
RUIN OF RORKE'S HOUSE . . . . .	198
RORKE'S DRIFT, BUFFALO RIVER . . . . .	222
ISANDHLWANA . . . . .	228
ZULU SOLDIERS AND KRAAL . . . . .	246
THE TUGELA RIVER . . . . .	296
ON THE BASTION.—KETCHWAYO, ETC. ETC. . . . .	324
ZULU GIRL . . . . .	334



## CHAPTER I.

### PLYMOUTH TO CAPE TOWN.

“**D**EATH or MATRIMONY non-intervening, I will go to South Africa at the end of this year.”

Such had been my frequent remark, so my friends subsequently informed me, during the earlier part of the year of grace One thousand eight hundred and eighty; and as the Gods saw fit to leave me in the flesh, and the Goddesses were deaf to my wooings, it so came about that the first week of September found me in communication with the offices of the Union Steamship Company and Messrs. Donald Currie's line of steamers, with the final result that I engaged a passage to Natal *via* Cape Town, by the *Arab* (s.), belonging to the Union Company, advertised to sail from Southampton on the 23d of the month. (1890)

I cannot say what influenced me to select “The Cape” as the intended scene of a few weeks' wanderings. Probably the prominence into which it had been brought by the late Zulu war, and the events connected therewith,—also the prospect of a fine sea voyage with summer weather at its finish,—may be

ascribed as the reasons principally bearing on the subject that resulted in the production of the following sketch, which I trust may prove of some little interest.

The Union Company's steamers sail from Southampton, and those of Messrs. Donald Currie's line sail from London. The former call at Plymouth, and the latter at Dartmouth, to take mails on board, and also any passengers who may prefer to delay their embarkation until the last moment.

On Thursday, September 23, I left the Central Station, Liverpool, by the 11.10 A.M. Midland train for Plymouth, where, after a rapid run by way of Derby, Birmingham, Bristol, and Exeter, it arrived at 9 P.M. This was very good travelling, as the distance is nearly three hundred miles. The Duke of Cornwall Hotel adjoins the station, and there I stayed for the night.

After dinner I went out for a stroll on the Hoe, — that charming promenade, which must be such a delight to all Plymouth inhabitants, and whose beautiful position was so sufficiently demonstrated by the faint light of a struggling moon, as to cause me to rise early next morning to enjoy the scenery and commanding view which are obtained from its summit.

The *Arab* (s.) had left Southampton in the afternoon of the 23d, and was detained a few hours in the Channel in consequence of fog. She was now visible, however, from the Hoe, lying at anchor within the

breakwater. So at noon I went on board a small steam tender in the docks, which, with the last contingent of about half-a-dozen passengers and the mails, proceeded down the Sound, and soon brought us alongside our intended floating home for the next three weeks.

Ranged along her bulwarks was a crowd of passengers who had embarked at Southampton, and both parties, viz. those already on board and the new arrivals, narrowly scanned one another, in the hope of possibly finding some friend or acquaintance amongst the many destined to be thrown into close contact during the next few days.

Making my way on board, I saw at once that the *Arab* was very full, and experience proved that every berth in the ship was taken. So filled up was she that the saloon tables could not accommodate the number of first-class passengers berthed, which subsequently gave rise to some grumbling; but all symptoms of discontent were very soon hushed when, shortly after sailing, the demon sea-sickness made its appearance, confining some of the sufferers to their cabins until our arrival at Madeira, where they went ashore, and so left us plenty of room.

But to return to the embarkation. Scarcely had our baggage been placed on deck when the luncheon bell rang, and a stampede ensued to secure places at the tables.

With less agility, and imagining that seats would be

numbered and reserved, I slowly followed the crowd into the handsomely appointed saloon with which the *Arab* is fitted ; but almost every chair was occupied, and any attempt to take a vacant one was repulsed by a neighbouring guardian or zealous steward, with the remark, "Engaged, sir," etc. etc.

Making the circuit of the four tables which ran fore and aft the saloon, accompanied by some other strangers in the same predicament as myself, I finally pinned the chief steward.

"What seat can you give me? Apparently they are all engaged."

"Very sorry, sir ; but really we don't know what to do — more people on board than we have places for, sir."

This did not sound well, but I insisted on finding some place, as luncheon was rapidly disappearing ; so in despair he directed me to take the captain's seat, which was vacant, and accordingly I did so.

In a moment up rushed one of the under-stewards,—

"Captain's seat, sir" (uttered); "Get out" (looked).

"I know it, my friend ; just bring me some soup, if you please."

Angry look and disappearance of No. 1 in quest of withdrawn soup, his place immediately filled by No. 2 under-steward, saying authoritatively,—

"Captain's seat, sir."

"I believe it is ; pray secure me some cold beef immediately, before it is quite finished."

Troubled countenance of No. 2, who departed to look for beef, when No. 3 under-steward instantly broke in viciously with

“Captain’s seat, sir.”

“So I have been informed before; oblige me by consulting your chief, and don’t trouble me any more.”

After this I had peace and plenty, though, in common with some half-dozen other wanderers around the saloon, I felt misgivings as to the comfort of the voyage if we were to be so crowded. The Gordian knot of the dilemma was cut, however, as above mentioned, by *mal de mer* making its appearance within a few hours of departure, and when the dinner-bell rang at 6 P.M. there was any amount of vacant chairs from which to make a selection.

The *Arab* is a fine iron steamer of about 2040 tons register, built on the Clyde in 1879. Her speed appeared to average a little over 13 knots, and she proved herself a comfortable boat in most respects during the voyage.

Shortly after clearing the breakwater we passed close by the famous lighthouse on Eddystone Rock. On an adjoining rock the building of a new lighthouse of much larger dimensions was being proceeded with to supplement the one now in use.

Just then the *Nubian* (s.), inward bound from the Cape, passed us, and signals were exchanged. This appeared to be the last communication with Old England; and as the afternoon wore on, Albion’s shores

faded from sight, and we were speeding onwards as fast as the iron horse could propel us.

During the next two or three days nothing worthy of note occurred. Passengers generally had their attention pretty well occupied in trying to get over their sea-sickness, and in studying one another. At this season of the year we had expected to see something of the proverbially tempestuous state of the Bay of Biscay; but with the exception of a long westerly swell, which caused the *Arab* to roll somewhat heavily, we experienced very fine weather.

The distance from Plymouth to Cape Town is 5876 miles. The subdivisions of mileage, and the points "made" on the route, are as follows:—

	Miles.
Plymouth Breakwater to Eddystone . . . . .	9
Eddystone to Cima Island . . . . .	1158
Cima Island to Funchal, Madeira . . . . .	45
Funchal to Point Temo, Canary Islands . . . . .	257
Point Temo (Teneriffe) to Cape Verde . . . . .	817
Cape Verde to West Breaker . . . . .	197
West Breaker to Green Point (Cape Town) . . . . .	3393
	<hr/>
Miles . . . . .	5876
	<hr/>

I am indebted to the kindness of our first officer, Mr. T——, for this information.

On Tuesday morning, September 28th, we could see land ahead in the far distance, and at midday were abreast of Cima Island, a rugged, barren-looking place of volcanic origin. A few miles farther steaming

brought us to the shores of Madeira Island, and for some time we sailed in close proximity to the island itself, admiring the green fertile slopes, rising from the line of breakers at its base to a height of many thousands of feet, on which vineyards and trees of various kinds were growing in profusion. I believe the greatest altitude in the island is about 8000 feet.

The hillsides were dotted with white houses peeping out of plantations, and surrounded with rich verdure. The more elevated parts appeared to be covered with thick wood, while the lower parts were laid out in terraced gardens. Here and there columns of blue and gray smoke were rising slowly up the hillsides; the whole forming a very pretty picture, which our passengers, clustering along the starboard side of the steamer, gazed at eagerly, as the short four days' voyage had already tired many of them of blue water.

Funchal is on the south-west side of Madeira, and is the chief town of the island. Shortly after three o'clock we rounded a point, and were in full view of the little town so well known not only to the many anxious to renew their health, but also to the pleasure-seekers of various nationalities.

Its appearance and position are extremely picturesque; but I will refrain from any attempt at description, as many of my readers may probably have visited the island themselves.

A few minutes' steaming brought us to the anchorage; and the first portion of our journey was thus

accomplished in four days and two hours, which may be considered as a very satisfactory performance.

As on arrival in most ports, no sooner was the steamer at anchor than she was surrounded by a flotilla of small boats of all colours and shapes, amongst the rest being four diminutive craft, each containing two boys, who afforded the passengers great amusement for half an hour or so by diving into the water after coins thrown from the ship's deck, and which, of course, they easily secured.

During this diversion the health officers had visited the ship, and we were all free to go on shore, while the *Arab* proceeded to take in coals for the onward journey to the Cape.

About a dozen of the party availed themselves of the opportunity, and went ashore in some of the numerous boats waiting to take off passengers. We had some little difficulty in landing, and narrowly escaped a wetting in the surf, which breaks along the beach with more or less force according to the state of the weather. There appeared to be no pier or jetty at which to land passengers.

However, we got safely on shore, and walked up a broad avenue flanked by handsome trees to the principal streets of the town. Our passage up was a sort of continued skirmish and doubling to escape the importunities of a Portuguese army of guides, horse owners, touts, and beggars, who seemed to consider, as they do in most other places, that travellers by steamers, when coming



on shore, are common property, which they must do their best to fleece and cajole.

We went first to the Carmo Hotel, managed by Mr. Falkner. It is a clean comfortable-looking place, and has a very pretty garden adjoining. Here we made arrangements for a seven o'clock dinner, and received instructions as to various rambles on which to occupy ourselves in and about the town during the next two or three hours.

Most of the party decided to go up the hillside to the Monte Church, perched many hundreds of feet above the beach, and commanding a fine general view. I also decided to make the ascent; but having had four days on shipboard, I preferred the exercise of walking, while the rest mounted horses and pushed on vigorously.

It was a difficult task to resist the entreaties of horse-keepers, who trotted forth every imaginable style of horse with which to tempt me; but I did it nevertheless, and abjuring even the fascinations of a sleigh drawn by a couple of bullocks, which had been specially brought out for the occasion, I set off attended only by a boy guide, and a man, who was to procure a sledge, in which to make the return journey from the hilltop. The streets of Funchal are paved with small stones, very evenly laid as a rule, and extremely slippery in most places. This peculiarity is caused by the constant friction of sledge runners passing over them. The roads leading up the hill are laid with a sort of centre stone ridge, from which smaller stones are laid with a

downward inclination to each side of the street. The object of this, I subsequently learned, was to facilitate the passage of sledges in their run from the hilltop, the central ridge serving as a sort of guide for the sledge runners on each side of it.

The ascent was very steep, and certainly not interesting, as on either side of the road a high stone wall was built, enclosing gardens, or quintas, as they are termed, with houses in their midst.

While toiling slowly up hill I was surprised to hear myself addressed from the top of one of the walls, and, turning my eyes upwards, saw three English ladies and a gentleman looking out of a charming little arbour of vine trellis work. After a few moments' conversation I was kindly invited to enter, which I did, and found myself in a delightful garden containing all kinds of tropical fruits and flowers. Orange trees, vines, etc., abounded; and the view of the town below, the sea beyond, and the hillsides towering on either side and behind, formed a picture pleasing beyond expression, and unseen from the adjoining street.

Here I stayed upwards of an hour chatting, eating grapes, and drinking various wines of the country, to say nothing of the additional delights of a fragrant Havana, until the deepening light warned me that if I desired to reach the Monte Church I must delay no longer. My host Mr. S—— volunteered to accompany me, so off we set. But by the time we had accomplished three-fourths of the way it had become



SLEDGING AT FUNCHAL.



so dark that it was useless prosecuting the journey. We therefore halted, and my man in attendance disappeared in quest of a sledge. Presently he returned with a sort of carriage about four feet broad, capable of carrying two persons ; but instead of being placed on wheels, two wooden runners were fitted to each side, forming a most complete little sledge. Just then we heard shouting above, warning us to leave a clear path ; so we moved quickly on one side, and immediately there shot past us several sleighs filled with some of my fellow passengers from the *Arab*, going at a tremendous speed down hill. By the side of each, men were running with guiding ropes in their hands, which were attached to the sledges.

After they had passed, Mr. S—— and myself entered our sledge, and were immediately started off down hill at a pace which certainly appeared as if we must inevitably come to grief against the walls on either side, or some opposing obstacle in the way. Two men at the back ran at full speed with their hands resting on the rear of the carriage, by which they alternately guided or checked our career.

It was a curious sensation, but a most pleasant means of locomotion. I now saw the utility of the centre ridge in the street, which served as a guiding line between the runners.

We stopped at Mr. S.'s quinta for a few moments, and I then proceeded in the sledge to the hotel, describing on the road some delightful curves, which my

charioteers or guides performed with great dexterity. At seven o'clock we dined, and as the *Arab* was advertised to sail at eight o'clock prompt, we returned on board in the darkness punctually to the moment, and immediately afterwards the good ship was under weigh for Cape Town.

The following morning we were in the neighbourhood of the Canary Islands, and almost all day the grand peak of Teneriffe was the centre of attraction for all eyes, towering above everything in its majestic height of 12,180 feet. No clouds hung about to obscure the view; and this was rather strange, as well as being fortunate, for the adjoining islands were almost enveloped in mists and clouds. Many years before I had, on a previous voyage in a sailing vessel, been becalmed for a couple of days between Teneriffe and Grand Canary, and during the whole time we never had a clear view of the entire mountain, only being able to discern the crater rising above the masses of clouds lying on the hillside.

When between Teneriffe and Gomera in the afternoon, the channel separating them being about twenty miles wide, a steamer was sighted coming up from the southward. On a nearer approach she proved to be the *Pretoria*, in which Sir Bartle Frere was supposed to be returning to England. The two vessels passed within two or three miles of one another, and exchanged signals.

The probable close proximity of the Ex-High Com-

missioner gave rise to much lively conversation on the subject of late events in South Africa, and the expression of feeling of those on board the *Arab* was unmistakably in favour of Sir Bartle Frere and his policy.

On Friday, the 1st of October, when only two and a half days out from Madeira, "The King of Terrors" made his appearance in our midst. Amongst the passengers embarked at Southampton was the son of a well-known public caterer in England. Unhappily, the young man had in early life contracted intemperate habits; and whether with a view towards curing this weakness or not, it is impossible to say, but at any rate he was sent by his friends for a sea voyage in the *Arab*.

Kept in check by the moral and actual restraint of saloon passengers and the ship's doctor, he unfortunately found some so-called friends amongst the steerage passengers who supplied him with stimulants far in excess of propriety.

On the evening preceding his death he sat at the dinner-table almost opposite to myself, and appeared to be in unusual spirits. At night, it is supposed, he must have fallen in with some of his pot companions, with the result that shortly after midnight he made his way to the doctor's cabin in a terribly excited state, describing that he had just emerged from what the doctor saw at once must have been a fit. He begged piteously for assistance from the terrible state into which he felt he had fallen. He made repeated assertions as to his good intentions for the future. He would give up

his drinking habits,—he would turn over a new leaf,—if he could only escape from what he probably felt to be his present impending doom. But it was too late. No doubt the good intentions of amendment in previous years had been broken again and again, as he recovered strength after some carouse ; but this was his last. He grew rapidly worse, passing from a second fit into delirium, and was removed to the smoking-room, where one of the quartermasters had to keep strict watch over him. Shortly after breakfast he died, and a great gloom settled over the ship when the death was announced.

The body was sewn up in canvas, with two one-hundred weight bars of iron attached to the legs, and at noon, the port gangway being opened, the body, covered with a Union Jack, was laid on a grating, the feet projecting over the water. Engines were stopped ; the ship's bell tolled ; and a clergyman, attired in surplice, read the service of the Burial of the Dead at Sea over the corpse. At the appointed moment, the body was committed to the deep. It disappeared at once, being heavily weighted, and, as the water at this spot was comparatively shallow, would soon reach the bottom.

Just then, the *Roman* (s.) was sighted, homeward bound, and, in answer to our signals, her course was altered to run down alongside. We reported the death for transmission home, and once more proceeded on our course, though it was some time before the solemnity of the event was forgotten ; and I noticed that one or two choice spirits on board, who had previously indulged in



more than was good for them, were very much subdued, and showed no further symptoms of excess during the voyage.

Next morning we passed within five miles of Cape Verde. Its appearance was that of a little green hill, with a few trees thereon, and the African coast stretching away on either side, north and south, in low and sandy shores.

The heat had now become somewhat oppressive, as we had advanced into the tropics. The sea was smooth, and great numbers of fish were disporting themselves about the ship. We passed three sharks, floating lazily on the top of the water close by our vessel, the fin of each appearing high above water.

At night, as if to make ourselves warmer, a ball on the quarter-deck was arranged, which eventually reduced me to such a state of moisture that I fully expected to dissolve entirely at any moment. Pocket-handkerchiefs were useless. I melted four, and finally took to bedroom towels, as being larger and containing more body. The quarter-deck was hung with coloured lamps, seats and movable objects were cleared away, and a side awning was suspended to windward, in addition to the one permanently erected overhead. One of the pianos was brought up from the saloon, and with this our ball-room was complete. Captain Caines invited those of the second class passengers, who cared to come, to join the dancers, and a number availed themselves of the permission. They had the starboard side of the sky-

lights to themselves, while the saloon passengers occupied the port side, and dancing was kept up till eleven o'clock P.M. I cannot say that the deck of a ship at sea is the most desirable floor to dance upon, as there is always more or less movement; nevertheless we spent a very pleasant evening.

The following day was Sunday, and morning prayers were said by the captain after the 10.30 A.M. inspection of crew. Upwards of two hundred persons attended, more than many parishes in England could boast of at a service.

In the evening service was held in the saloon, at which one of the four clergymen on board officiated, and gave a sermon. This service also was very largely attended.

The next few days we were journeying through the warmest part of the voyage, and each night, as is usual, we felt the heat most. The north-east trade wind dies away a few degrees north of the Equator, and then ensues a zone or belt of alternate calms, squalls, rains, and thunderstorms, usually known as the Variables. These are not much noticed by the modern sailor in steamers, but they are a source of tribulation and heart-burning to those whose vocation or unhappy accident it is to go down into the seas in sailing ships. The south-east trade wind is frequently met with a little to the north of the Equator, and at certain seasons of the year a south-west monsoon blows up almost to the point where the north-east trade wind ceases. This, however,

we saw nothing of, and the *Arab* passed through the Variables with little or nothing of the atmospheric phenomena which the name indicates. On Tuesday afternoon, October 5th, we crossed the Equator on the tenth meridian of west longitude, 3287 miles from Plymouth, and having 2589 miles still to run to Cape Town. In the good old days (now happily past) it was customary for Father Neptune to make his appearance on board at this point, to pass novices from the Northern to the Southern Hemisphere, or *vice versa*. The practice has now died out. It could scarcely be maintained where such a number of travellers are congregated together, as the rough horseplay usually indulged in would tend to cause a breach of the peace, in which Mr. Neptune and his satellites would probably come off second best. Alas, the recollection of earlier days, when I crossed the Equator some fourteen years ago, made me feel how time was speeding away! Well do I remember my baptismal drenching at the hands of a treacherous sailor, who had stolen up the forerigging of the ship in which I journeyed with a bucket of water intended for my devoted head. I had volunteered "to pay my footing," as it is termed, and was *en route* to the forecastle with a bottle of rum for the purpose, as well as to see the shaving and immersion of an Irish passenger on his way to the River Plate, when I myself was caught as above mentioned. I well recall the fact of throwing the bottle of spirits at him, and a smash

ensuing, with the result at anyrate that, if I received my drenching, the sailors didn't get their rum.

Although there was a deal of conversation to-day about Father Neptune, and many sly hints exchanged as to what must take place, nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of our party, though I did hear subsequently of certain members of our community congregating on the forecastle, and gazing at the distant horizon in search of the Equator.

We formed a very sociable party on board. Of saloon passengers there were about ninety; while in the second class cabin and steerage some one hundred and ten travellers were accommodated. The cost of a first-class passage to Cape Town is thirty guineas, and to Durban thirty-seven guineas. Should a return ticket be taken, a discount of ten per cent is allowed off the double fare, which makes a substantial reduction.

The daily routine of life on board the *Arab* was much the same as it is on other first-class steamers. We breakfasted at nine o'clock; luncheon was served at 12.30 P.M., and dinner at 6 P.M. Tea or coffee at 9 P.M. would have been an agreeable diversion, but the present regulations of the Union Company did not so far favour us.

Most of the saloon passengers on board were colonists, who had been visiting the homes of their youth, and were now returning before the damp and cold of old England's winter overtook them. Many were farmers, others were business men from the coast towns and interior, and not a few were going out to try

their fortunes in the new country. There were several ladies in the party, married—newly married—and single. Amongst the last, one bright little creature was the centre of amusement and life, and would, I am sure, have melted the heart of a recluse with her silvery laugh and engaging manners.

The large element of the gentler sex amongst us caused the time to pass very agreeably. Music occupied a large portion of each evening; and as the Union Company had provided two excellent pianos in the saloon, we had plenty of opportunities for practising, which were frequently used. In addition to ordinary musical entertainments we organised regular concerts, including performances on the violin, and these again were varied by recitations from popular authors. Programmes were made out, and the concerts commenced at 8 P.M. on the appointed evenings.

As a rule, after dinner the gentlemen betook themselves *en masse* to the smoking-room; card parties were made up, and the onlookers amused themselves and the players by a recital of their adventures and experiences in South Africa. These were very varied and interesting, as some of the narrators were men of experience, who had travelled in parts of the country little known to civilisation. Amongst these, the stories and adventures of Mr. Kirton were a never failing source of interest. One of his stories in connection with a popular author, designated the "Stranger," in the following, is well worthy of repetition:—

One evening at the Bamangwato—Khama's country—while camping out, on the way up to the Matabele country, a stranger, also travelling through that district, arrived about supper time.

He was welcomed as all are who journey through these regions, and after supper a game at cards was proposed.

The cards were produced, and the stranger, seating himself at an end of the table, coolly drew a couple of loaded revolvers and placed them one on either side of his pile.

“What's the meaning of this?” said Mr. Kirton.

“Oh, nothing,” replied the stranger; “it's only a way we have in America!”

No remonstrance was made, and the game proceeded; but our friend quietly whispered a few words to the boys in attendance, who presently disappeared towards the waggon. When the second game was about to be commenced they reappeared, carrying two enormous elephant guns loaded to the muzzle.

Calmly taking them from the boys, Mr. Kirton placed the murderous-looking weapons on either side of the card table. They formed a wall,—the muzzle of each in dangerous proximity to the stranger's hands, and involving certain death should one of them happen to go off accidentally or otherwise.

“What's the meaning of that?” said the stranger.

“Oh, nothing,” was the reply; “it's only a way *we* have in South Africa.”

Subsequently the newcomer proceeded to deposit his revolvers whence he had taken them, and the elephant guns were returned to the waggon.

The game then proceeded amicably.

Another story as to Kafir superstition was related by Mr. S.; and although it appears to be at variance with the generally understood custom of natives *buying* their wives with so many head of cattle, I will reproduce it as given by him.

He was sitting one afternoon in his place of business in the neighbourhood of Durban some sixteen years ago, when a Kafir entered.

Looking cautiously around, he proceeded to make known the object of his visit.

He was an old man, but it appeared that the tender passion had laid violent hands upon him, and he was desperately enamoured of some dusky beauty, who, however, failed to return his affection.

I shall not pretend to give the language employed at the interview, but my informant, somewhat puzzled at first, finally elicited that the old Othello wished to purchase some charm by which he could draw the lady to himself.

Mr. S. was an excellent business man, and could supply the requirements of any colonial, from house furnishing to undertaking, but hitherto he had not been inquired of as to love philters, and was consequently rather nonplussed. What a field of operation for Mr. John Wellington Wells!

Pondering for some moments, looking intently wise, as though taking a mental retrospect of the case, and the best to be done under the circumstances, he got up, leaving the love-sick swain in the store, and proceeded to his private dwelling-house. Here he obtained a pot of Holloway's ointment, and carefully wrapped it up in a number of paper covers. Collecting then a few steel filings and a needle, which he took care to magnetise, he returned to the store.

The Kafir was still waiting, and Mr. S. proceeded slowly to unfurl the large paper packet containing the ointment. As the operation proceeded the lover became deeply interested, until the ointment made its appearance.

Mr. S. opened it, and taking the magnetised needle he applied it to the ointment for a few moments, and proceeded to draw it amongst the steel filings, which, of course, followed and adhered to it. The Kafir's admiration was very great, and business followed, resulting in his becoming the possessor of Mr. Holloway's patent medicine.

"Now," said Mr. S., "you must go with this in your hand to the young lady. Walk up to her, and, without saying a word, place a small portion on her breast, then walk silently away. Do the same thing on three consecutive days; speak to her the third time, and she is yours."

Away went the Kafir delighted, and, wondrous to relate, he won the lady.



Such is the power of superstition. He implicitly believed what he was told, and did it. The lady believed she was being brought under the influence of some spell which it would be vain to combat, so surrendered at once.

On Monday evening, October the 11th, we crossed the Tropic of Capricorn, lat.  $23^{\circ}$  S.  $30'$  W., and at this point a very decided change in temperature made itself apparent, as we came well within the influence of the south-east trade winds, which, blowing up from antarctic regions, brought with them a chilling atmosphere, in very great contrast to the tropical heat of the last few days. The smoothness of the sea was extraordinary, and caused frequent remarks from those who were accustomed to sail over this course.

A change came o'er the scene, however, within a few hours as we swiftly steamed southwards. On the following Wednesday, October 13th, a very decided south-easter made its appearance, and at nightfall the *Arab* was pitching about in a most uncomfortable manner. Through that night the engines were kept at half-speed ; and next morning an angry sea was running right in the teeth of our course, which very materially retarded progress. The steamer behaved very well, however, and as the day wore on the gale abated, and we were able to resume full speed. Calculations, nautical and the reverse, prophesied our arrival in Table Bay on the following morning ; so we had a farewell series of round games, songs, etc., in anticipation of the

event, and our last evening on board was very pleasantly spent.

I must not say farewell to the *Arab* without recording my appreciation of the kindness of her commander, Captain R. S. Caines, R.N.R. I am indebted to him for much useful information, and for several very agreeable hours spent in his cabin, where, under the soothing influence of cigars, we discussed together matters past, present, and future.

At 5 A.M. on Friday morning, October 15th, I was awakened by an enthusiastic fellow passenger putting his head into my cabin to report land right ahead. I gathered myself together, and went on deck. There was the African coast line stretching north and south, and right ahead the high land of Table Mountain, while beyond, and still higher, rose the heads of mountains away in the interior.

The eastern sky was all aglow, and brightening every moment under the magic influence of Aurora's tints.

Presently the edges of some of the distant mountains appeared to be framed in molten gold, and immediately afterwards up rose the sun. It was well worth the exertion of coming on deck to see such a glorious sunrise, and having done this much, I returned to my berth for a couple of hours' nap, leaving the sun to warm things up a bit, as the early morning air was extremely cold.

At 8 o'clock we passed Robben Island, a small islet situated almost at the entrance of Table Bay; and shortly afterwards we were well in the bay itself.

As first seen from the deck of an arriving vessel, the appearance of Cape Town is very picturesque. Entering the bay from the north-east, Table Mountain lies on the south and west side, on the right hand of the traveller.

The flat summit, whence its name is derived, and its precipitous sides in most parts, make it at once an object of interest. A little farther to the north-west, and nearer to the arriving traveller, is a small hill to which fancy has given a name indicating a crouched lion.

On the crest of this hill, and on what is called the Rump of the Lion, a signal station has been built.

Nestling at the foot of Table Mountain, and extending up a ravine between the mountain and the Lion Rock, lies Cape Town itself. It spreads to the water's edge, and round the Lion Rock seawards.

To the left and in front, presuming the incoming traveller to be still taking his observations from the deck of the steamer, extends the semi-circular curve of Table Bay; while beyond, as far as the eye can reach, lie high hills, the Hottentot Holland, and Blue Berg range, many thousand feet high, and whose summits, I am informed, are covered with snow during winter. Of course it is almost superfluous to note here that the summer of this, the southern hemisphere, is the winter of our northern hemisphere, and that the *longest* day in Cape Town is the 21st December.

As we arrived, a strong south-east wind was blowing up out of the bay, and Captain Caines did not think it prudent to attempt to dock his vessel just then; so the

*Arab* was brought to an anchor opposite the town, about a mile from shore.

We were immediately surrounded by the usual small fry of boats, and into one of them I quickly deposited myself and my luggage. The sail to shore was rather rough, and several showers of spray pretty well drenched those of us who took this mode of gaining *terra firma* ; but in a few minutes it was over, and we ran into smooth water under the lee of a wooden pier. Here we landed, and with my feet on South African soil the first stage of my journey was accomplished.

A number of hansoms and four-wheelers were waiting the arrival of the *Arab's* passengers. At the dock gates we ran the gauntlet of the Custom-house officers, but not having any firearms or plants with me the passage was very easy. I understand that the importation of the former is *partially*, and the latter *entirely*, restricted here at present.

Several hotels in Cape Town lay claim to being the best, but I do not think there is much choice amongst them. They are all very bad. I went to the St. George, in St. George's Street, kept by Mr. Pittman, and was fairly well treated.

Looking back upon the voyage just accomplished, I find we have been 20 days 18 hours on the journey, which may be reckoned as a very fair run. The number of engine revolutions was 1,682,001.

## CHAPTER II.

### SOUTH AFRICA.

SHOULD any reader have followed me thus far, and have any intention of accompanying me on a short, rapid run through the country, I think it will be well now to give an account of the divisions, territories, etc., which make up the sum total of what is usually termed South Africa.

Perhaps this may be considered by some quite unnecessary ; nevertheless, for the sake of those who have not given the southern extremity of the great African Continent very particular attention, the following remarks may be of some little interest.

I must at once state that I have drawn largely from the excellent publication of John Noble, Esq., entitled, *Official Handbook—The Cape and South Africa*, and from Messrs. S. W. Silver & Co.'s *Handbook to South Africa*, both which books any intending traveller in the country will find invaluable companions on his journey.

Speaking generally, the name South Africa comprises all that portion of the Continent which lies south of the 22d parallel of south latitude, and is bounded on

its two sides by the Atlantic Ocean on the west, and the Indian Ocean on the east. The area over which European settlements have spread, and are spreading, may be estimated at about 700,000 square miles. The names of the subdivisions of this vast extent of country are as follows:<sup>1</sup>—

Commencing in the north-west corner, and going south and east, we have Damaraland, Great Namaqualand, Little Namaqualand, Cape Colony, Kaffraria, Natal, Zululand, Swazieland, Transvaal, Orange Free State, and Basutoland; while the great intervening portion of country between the Transvaal and Damaraland is called Bechuana Land and the Kalahari Desert; both of these are inhabited, I believe, by aborigines, over whom no British jurisdiction has yet been attempted to be exercised.

The aggregate population of these European settlements, and the native dependencies and territories, may be estimated at about 2,500,000; and of this number the inhabitants of European descent or birth probably do not exceed 400,000.

The density of the population varies very considerably. It is largest in the old settled district round Cape Town, and smallest in the north-western part.

This vast region has rich and varied natural resources. It is an agricultural, pastoral, and mineral country, producing corn, wine, and wool; cattle, sheep, and horses; ivory, horns, and hides; ostrich feathers,

<sup>1</sup> Refer to map at end of the book.

diamonds, gold, copper, coal, lead, and numerous other articles of luxury and necessities of life.

With reference to the native tribes, whom the Anglo-Saxon invaders have gradually driven before them, or who are being brought under domination, a few words are necessary.

The three recognised races appear to be the Hottentots, Bushmen, and Kafirs.

The Hottentots inhabited that portion of the country now called Cape Colony. They were divided into many clans, of whom only a few are left, namely, the *Namaquas*, in Great and Little Namaqualand ; the *Corannas*, along the Orange and Vaal Rivers ; the *Griquas* or *Bastards*, in Griqualands East and West, and a few *Gonaquas* in the Kat River Settlement.

This race appears to be rapidly dying out. In the days of Jan Van Riebeeck, one of the first Dutch settlers in 1652, their number has been estimated at over 150,000, but now they are considerably under 100,000.

The Bushmen, according to some authorities, appear to have been allied to the Hottentots many years ago ; while other authorities treat of them as distinct races. There are but few of them remaining, however, and they are to be found chiefly in the Kalahari Desert and in Damaraland.

The Kafirs appear to have come down the eastern coast of Africa, and, after crossing the Kei River, invaded the Hottentot country about the same time that Europeans landed in Table Bay. They appear to be

the descendants of powerful negro tribes, with probably an admixture of Arab blood.

The colonists and these tribes met in 1780, when a treaty was concluded between them which recognised the Great Fish River as their common boundary ; but since that time all these tribes have at various periods been in arms against us ; and the Government has been forced, as a matter of self-protection, to bring many of them under British administration.

These Kafirs form large families or tribes, concerning whom many interesting chapters might be written ; but for my present purposes it will suffice to give their principal names and locations generally, in as few words as possible.

In the King William's Town and Queen's Town divisions of Cape Colony are the Gaikas and the Tambookies. Eastward of the Great Kei River are the Tembus and Fingoes, and still farther eastward, approaching the Natal border, are the Galekas, Bomvanis, and the Pondos.

The Zulus embrace various tribes in Natal, who are refugees from Zululand, as well as the Zulus proper. The Amatabele and the tribes in the Gasa country, which stretches from Delagoa Bay to the lower Zambesi, are both of the Zulu family.

The Bechuanas form the central group, and comprise the Makalata, Bamangwato, Bangwaketsi, Baralong, Batlapin, Basuto, and other tribes. Of these the Basutos are British subjects.



In the Transvaal there are the Bapedi (Sekukuni's tribe), the Mantatees, Knobnoses, and others. I must not omit to mention the Amaswazies, that fierce tribe so frequently mentioned in connection with Transvaal and Zulu affairs. They occupy a small portion of country eastward of the Transvaal, to the Lobombo Hills, north of Zululand.

Another tribe in close proximity, called the Amatonga, occupies the flat country from the Lobombo hills to the shores of Delagoa Bay.

Having now said a few words regarding the general divisions and inhabitants of the country, I will proceed with a short description and history of some of the principal settlements and recognised divisions.

*First in order must be placed Cape Colony.*

It is the senior in civilisation, and its history dates back to A.D. 1652, when the Dutch East India Company took possession of Table Bay. The actual discovery of the country, however, was made in A.D. 1487-97, by the Portuguese navigators, Bartholomew Diaz and Vasco de Gama, but no permanent settlement appears to have been then made, and "The Cape," for a long period, was merely used as a temporary place of call for Portuguese, English, and Dutch vessels engaged in the Eastern trade.

At present it may be said to form two sections, the western and eastern districts, which are subdivided into forty-eight electoral divisions.

Quoting from one of the authorities mentioned at

the commencement of this chapter, the census returns of March 1875 placed the number of people at 720,984, of whom the Europeans, or whites, numbered 236,783, and the coloured people, 484,201.

Quoting from another authority : "The Cape Colony is governed by a royal representative, who is Governor and Commander-in-Chief; a legislative council of twenty-one members, presided over by the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, and a House of Assembly of sixty-eight members."

The area comprises about 300,000 square miles.

Reverting to the early history of the Cape Colony, in 1591 A.D. an English fleet under the command of Captain James Lancaster anchored in Table Bay, and in 1620 A.D. formal possession of "The Cape" was taken by two English captains in the name of his Majesty James I.; but nothing seems to have arisen out of this expedition.

In 1652 A.D. a Dutchman, Jan Van Riebeeck, with a small party of soldiers and servants, landed in Table Bay with the intention of forming a colony there. They located themselves on the present site of Cape Town, and, spreading to the north and east, with various additions to their numbers from Europe through a course of many years, they drove before them the aborigines of the country.

In 1780 A.D. the Great Fish River was declared to be the boundary between the Kafirs and themselves.

In 1795 A.D. the British Government, with the con-

currence of the Prince of Orange, who was then a refugee in England, sent out a fleet under Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig to take possession of the Cape Colony. It capitulated at once, and General Craig became the first English Governor in South Africa.

At the peace of Amiens, however, the Cape of Good Hope was again restored to Holland, and the English soldiers evacuated the place.

On the renewal of the war in Europe, England determined on the recapture of the Cape of Good Hope, and sent out a force under command of Sir David Baird.

After a short struggle, Governor-General Janssens surrendered the colony, and at the Treaty of Paris (1815 A.D.) the Cape of Good Hope was formally and finally ceded by the King of the Netherlands to Great Britain, to whom it has belonged ever since.

The dependencies of Cape Colony include the native territory of Basutoland, and a portion of the country between the Kaffrarian border and Natal, known as the Transkei, and Griqualand East. Griqualand West has recently been incorporated as an electoral district of the Cape Colony (October 1880).

*Second amongst the settlements must be named Natal.*

It is bounded on the east by Zululand and the Indian Ocean; on the north by the Transvaal and Orange Free State; west by Basutoland and Griqualand East; and its extreme southern point touches the Amapondo territory and the Indian Ocean.

It received its name nearly four hundred years ago from the Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama, who sighted its coasts on Christmas Day, 1497 A.D., and gave it the name of Terra Natalis.

About 1720 A.D. the Dutch had a trading station somewhere near the present site of Durban, but it was soon given up.

In 1820 A.D. a small colony of white men settled in the vicinity of the same place under an English officer, Lieutenant Farwell, and Mr. Fynn.

Fifteen years later a party of Dutchmen, discontented with British rule in the Cape Colony, crossed the Drakensberg, and were welcomed by the English settlers. They were supplemented by other Dutch immigrant bands, and seem to have been continually at war with their eastern neighbours the Zulus, over whom they eventually triumphed, and resolved to establish themselves as an independent community. The British Governor of the Cape Colony objected to this, considering the emigrant Dutch to be British subjects. After some skirmishing, Natal was formally declared to be a British colony in 1843 A.D., and has since so remained. It is divided into ten counties. Pietermaritzburg is the chief town and seat of government. It was founded by the Dutch immigrants, or Boers, in 1839 A.D., and the names of their leaders, Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz, are perpetuated therein. Natal has a sea coast of 150 miles in length, but only one port,—Durban, and that scarcely worthy of the name. It is a well defined

territory, compact and regular in shape, and comprises an area of about 17,000 square miles.

The population is put down as being about 320,000, of which 20,000 only are whites, 10,000 Indian Coolies, and about 290,000 are Zulus and other South African natives. It will thus be seen that the proportion of the white population is very small when compared with the black.

*Third in order will be treated—The Transvaal.*

It comprises an area estimated at about 120,000 square miles, and is entirely an inland territory. The elevation of the country is very great, ranging from 5000 to 7000 feet above the level of the sea. It abounds in rich pasture lands, has a fertile soil, valuable mineral deposits, and has altogether a healthy climate. Speaking generally, its boundaries are the Limpopo River on the north and north-west, the Lobombo hill range and the Drakensberg on the east, the Vaal River on the south, and Bechuanaland on the west.

The population is estimated at about 800,000, of whom only about 45,000 to 50,000 are whites, chiefly Boers (or emigrant Dutch farmers), with a few English, Hollanders, and Germans.

The modern history of the country only dates back to the great northern migration of the Dutch from Cape Colony in 1837 A.D. In that year large numbers of Dutch farmers, dissatisfied with English government, decided to leave their homes in the old colony, and "trek" northward in search of others, where they could

be free from British interference. It is believed that at least 6000 of them so quitted their old homesteads.

The reasons for their so doing may probably be found in the fact of the Slave Emancipation Act being put in force in 1834-35 A.D., by which the slaves in the Cape Colony, as in all British dominions, became free ; also that Sir Benjamin D'Urban's policy with regard to the Kafirs after the war of 1835 was reversed by Lord Glenelg, the then Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Both these acts were distasteful to the Boers, and they crossed the Orange River in large numbers to the unknown country lying to the north. Many of these emigrants remained upon what is now the Orange Free State ; but others went into Natal, and many more crossed the Vaal River, where they laid the foundations of what was eventually styled the Transvaal Republic.

In 1848 A.D., after the battle of Boomplats in the Orange Free State, a large body of Boers under Pretorius crossed the Vaal River to their countrymen already settled there, and shortly afterwards proclaimed the Republic of the Transvaal. It is to be noted here that at no time was the country claimed or occupied as British territory. Its founders certainly were British subjects, but they were withdrawing themselves from recognised British boundaries and going into an unknown savage country.

In 1852 A.D. the Transvaal Republic was recognised as an independent State at the Sand River Convention, the contracting parties being the representatives of the British Government and the Republic.

As years rolled on the progress and advancement of the young Republic were not so satisfactory as its friends could have desired, and eventually its weakness and incapacity became such that the English Government, in the interests of all concerned, thought it best to annex the country as British territory. This was done by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, at Pretoria, in April 1877 A.D.

The propriety of this step is open to much question, though there can be no doubt but that a portion of the more intelligent inhabitants welcomed the change.

Perhaps the most prominent points of the young Republic's troubles which conduced to its annexation by the British Government were—first, the Border troubles between the State and the Zulus, which threatened a war into which it was supposed the English Government would have been drawn; secondly, the impotency of the Republic to subdue a certain native chief, Sekukuni, resident within the limits of the territory, thereby causing much internal disquietude; and thirdly, the hopeless state of bankruptcy of the Republic, and consequent inability to manage its home affairs.

The country is divided into twelve districts. The chief town is Pretoria.

*Fourth comes the Orange Free State.*

Like the Transvaal it is entirely inland territory, being bounded on the north by the Vaal River, on the east by Natal and Basutoland, and on the south and west by Cape Colony.

The early history and causes which led to the formation of the now flourishing Republic have been briefly alluded to in the foregoing remarks upon the Transvaal.

The great northern migration from Cape Colony in 1837 A.D. peopled the wide plains north of the Orange River—scantily certainly, but sufficing to lay the foundation of the present Free State.

Quoting in an abbreviated form from Messrs. S. W. Silver and Company's *South Africa* :—

“For a few years the emigrants were left to themselves. In 1842, however, five years after the migration, one of the Judges of Cape Colony was informed that the Boers were about to assert their independence by the erection of a monument of sovereignty over the new land. He crossed the Orange River, told the people they were still British subjects, and proclaimed the territory to be subject to Her Majesty the Queen of England in all things. This act, performed in October, was disallowed in November by Sir George Napier, the Governor of the Cape.

“In 1845 a little war arose between the emigrants and the Griquas, and, as there was a treaty of alliance between that tribe and the British Government, troops were sent up to keep the peace.

“In 1848 Governor and General Sir Harry Smith proclaimed her Majesty's sovereignty over the territory from the Orange to the Vaal. This, however, was not done until the battle of Boomplats, on the 22d July,



had shewn that the Boers were willing to fight for their independence.

“In 1854, at the Orange River Convention, Sir George Clerk, acting as Commissioner for her Majesty’s Government, abandoned the territory, which six years before Sir Harry Smith had proclaimed to be British, and he then transferred the government to certain representatives of the inhabitants.”

Since that time the progress of the State, with the management of its affairs in its own hands, has been remarkable, and in great contrast to its sister State across the Vaal River.

The area of the country comprises about 70,000 square miles, and its population is stated to be about 75,000 souls, one-third of which are coloured people.

In the south-east portion of the Free State, and entirely surrounded by it, is a small native territory called Moroko’s territory. Thaba Nchu is the chief town, and in it reside some 10,000 persons, of a race belonging to the Baralong tribe. They have been living under one of their own chiefs, and are ruled according to their own laws. The total area of Moroko’s territory is barely 2000 square miles, and the entire population does not exceed 14,000. They have lived quietly and peaceably side by side with their neighbours in the Orange Free State for many years, cultivating the land, and raising cattle and sheep. When the wars between the Boers of the Free State and the Basutos were being waged, the followers of Moroko cast in their lot with

the former, and in consequence have been permitted to remain in the midst of their more powerful ally.

The report of the Rev. Canon Crisp, for October 1880, to the S. P. G. Society, says,—“The last few months have witnessed a political upheaval here, which has ended in the dispersion of a considerable portion of the tribe. On the 8th of last April the chief Moroko died. He had ruled over this portion of the Baralong tribe for nearly fifty years. For the last five years he had been an ailing man, and had virtually transferred the ruling of his people to his stepson Sepinare, who had long been his right hand man in political matters. He, however, made no public assertion as to his successor, and, as was natural, this at once became an occasion for strife. Sepinare claimed the chieftainship, but a large party asserted that it belonged to Samuel, the eldest surviving son of Moroko’s eldest wife. Matters were brought to a crisis in June, and the President of the Orange Free State intervened, acting finally as arbitrator between the two claimants. He decided in favour of Sepinare, and Samuel’s people decided to leave the country, which they eventually were forced to do, but not before bloodshed had taken place between the rival parties.”

Returning to the description of the Orange Free State, and again quoting from Messrs. Silver’s *South Africa*:—

“The Free State is part of the table-land of Southern Africa. On its eastern side are the Drakensberg and

Maluti ranges, in the former of which, one point, the Mont aux Sources, reaches an elevation of 10,000 feet. From this rim, the average height of which is about 6000 feet, the Free State descends in more or less gentle slopes and vast plains towards the Vaal and the Orange, the general elevation being about 5000 feet above the level of the sea. The flats of the Free State are characteristic features of the country. Wide stretches of grass-land appear to be without any bound but the distant horizon. Occasionally there are undulations, and in some parts conical hills, the sides of which are covered with large and rounded stones. Very little wood or brush appears anywhere, except along the winding river lines. Herds of deer graze upon the unfenced lands, and at certain times of the year are to be seen close to every road. The air of the Free State is remarkable for its dryness. Bloemfontein, the capital, is one of the most thriving South African towns, and has a high reputation as a place of health for consumptive patients."

The Free State is divided into thirteen districts, and its form of government is Republican, the constitution vesting legislative powers in an assembly called the Volksraad. The present President is J. H. Brand, Esq.

*Basutoland* is one of the dependencies of Cape Colony, and was annexed to that colony in 1871 A.D. The boundaries of the country are as follows:—North and west, by the Orange Free State; south, by a portion of the Cape Colony and Kaffraria; east, by Natal and Griqualand East,—Quathlamba, or Maluti, or the Dra-

kensberg Mountains, forming a great dividing wall on this eastern frontier. The country measures about 150 miles in length, and about 50 miles in breadth, comprising some 7500 square miles. Its elevation is about 5000 feet above the level of the sea, and it is of a mountainous character generally.

The mountain scenery is very picturesque, several localities being extremely beautiful. The principal productions are wool, wheat, and mealies. The country is well watered, its principal rivers being the Orange, Caledon, and Cornet Spruit. Several indications of coal, also of iron and copper ore, have been discovered. The climate is cool and temperate in summer, with abundant rains, and dry and bracing in winter, when snow sometimes falls. There is but little wood found in the country, though grass is plentiful. The population is calculated at about 130,000 souls, forming part of the Bechuanas, speaking the Setshuana species of the Bantu linguistic system.

A more detailed account of this country and its people will be found further on.

*Zululand* is the country lying east of Natal. Its northern boundary is the Transvaal and the Amaswazie country, and its eastern shores are washed by the Indian Ocean.

Quoting from Mr. Noble (writing in 1878)—“The population of the territory is variously estimated at from 300,000 to 400,000. All the men of adult age are under military organisation, etc. etc.”

Of the remaining divisions no further note need be made here, with the exception, perhaps, of Little Namaqualand, which is a division in the northern part of the western province. It has an area of about 20,000 square miles, and a population of 12,000. It is a vast expanse of barren, rugged country, having an almost rainless climate. Its mineral wealth is very great, the principal being its copper mines,—that of Ookiep being one of the richest in the world.

A glance at the map at the end of this book will enable the reader to understand more readily the relative positions of localities and divisions referred to.

Having now endeavoured to introduce, in a superficial manner, certain portions of the country, over some of which I passed in my journey, I will proceed with my diary, giving the daily records, with dates attached.

## CHAPTER III.

### CAPE TOWN TO PORT ELIZABETH.

FRIDAY, *October 15.*—Cape Town on a fine day is a pleasant, nice looking town to view, with its beautiful bay on the one side and its mountain on the other ; but Cape Town as I found it to-day, when first landing, was anything but a charming place. A strong “south-easter” was blowing, which raised clouds of dust, and even lifted small pebbles and stones from the ground that were hurled along with great force. I was told that these “south-easters” are not infrequent here, and that they sometimes last three weeks, causing much discomfort.

In spite of wind and dust, however, the latter nearly blinding me, I made several calls, but unfortunately was not successful at first in seeing any of the gentlemen to whom my letters of introduction were addressed. At last I met one, and to him expressed my wish to see the fallen Zulu monarch, Ketchwayo, who was then incarcerated in Cape Town Castle. He directed me to see the Colonial Secretary ; so, armed with his card and a note on the subject, I bent my steps in the direction of the Colonial Office.

“Secretary engaged” with one of the ministers from the interior, but one of his Subs. was kind enough to say they were very sorry they could do nothing for me, Ketchwayo being under the charge of the Imperial Government. Back I went to my friend, who then recommended me to apply at Government House. Thither I betook myself. Courteous reception, “but very sorry could not help me in the matter, the prisoner being in the keeping of Major Poole, etc. etc., who alone could give permission.” Bows, thanks, and exit; and having by this time had enough of lion hunting, I went with a friend from the *Arab* for a walk up Oak Avenue. This is a very handsomely planted roadway. Its oak trees were in full leaf, and appeared to luxuriate in this climate. The avenue leads from the top of Adderley Street up a slight ascent towards Table Mountain. On one side are Government House and offices attached, and on the other side the Botanical Gardens. We afterwards sauntered through the Gardens, which are prettily laid out, and contain a quantity of flowers, trees, and shrubs—most of them of semi-tropical growth.

At half-past four a military band commenced to play in the Gardens, and numbers of Cape Town ladies and gentlemen appeared on the scene, promenading to the sweet strains of the music.

All this would have been very nice if the weather had been favourable, but the south-easter seemed to increase in violence, sweeping through the oaks with great

violence and making the air very cold. My friend, too, just then basely deserted me "for a dark girl dressed in blue," whom he recognised amongst the assembled belles as an old acquaintance. So I retreated from the Gardens, and went back to the hotel. On the way I noticed the phenomenon of "Table Mountain putting on the table cloth." This is an expression commonly used here to denote the appearance of white vaporous clouds, which congregate round the summit of the mountain during a south-east gale, and which roll over and over its flat edges down the almost perpendicular sides for some distance, but not very far, when they melt away or curve upwards again.

During my absence from the hotel several other passengers had arrived from the *Arab*, so we formed quite a little party amongst ourselves at dinner. Afterwards we adjourned to the theatre, a fair-sized neatly-built building. The first piece on the programme was "H.M.S. Pinafore," and very well it was performed on the whole, though in the choruses some rather coarse voices were to be detected, which we suspected belonged to some of the members of the company who might possibly be tinged with dark blood. The second piece on the bill of fare rejoiced in the name of "Asmodeus, or the Devil's Share." It was the unanimous vote of our party that the sooner the said gentleman took his share, including the whole piece and a few actors, the better for playgoers.

Cape Town is the seat of the Colonial Government,



and is the principal town of the colony. It was founded in 1652 A.D., and according to the census return of March 1875 contained then about 33,000 inhabitants, including several thousand Mohammedan Malays. It is a town well built and laid out, the whole of its streets being at right angles to each other.

*Saturday, October 16.* — Amongst my introductory letters was one to Mr. Farmer, M.L.A., and I was fortunate enough to meet him at his office to-day. In the afternoon he took me out to his residence at Wynberg, a pretty suburb about twelve miles from Cape Town, to which it is connected by rail. After a short stay at the house, he most kindly devoted himself to showing me round the neighbourhood, which is certainly a charming country.

Procuring a Cape cart, we drove first towards Constantia. These carts are two-wheeled vehicles, drawn by a couple of horses, and go over the ground at a great rate. As we proceeded rapidly along well made, even roads, the country looked perfection. Plantations of firs, oaks, and willows abounded. Tropical and other trees were in profusion, and great numbers of flowers were to be seen on all sides. I must not omit to mention that we paid a visit to Coghill's Hotel, which is close by the railway station. It is an excellent resting-place for any one visiting Cape Town, and is much to be preferred to remaining in the town hotels.

After a rapid run for some distance along a main road we branched off to the left to a farm in the occu-

pation of Mr. Wynaud Louw. This gentleman had several pairs of ostriches, which he took us to see. They were enclosed in paddocks about thirty yards square, and in each enclosure were a male and female bird. The male birds were black, but had white feathers at the tips of their wings and tails. The female birds were brown, having also white feathers in their wings and tails, but not nearly so handsome as those in the male birds. They came quite tamely up to the side of the paddock where we stood, stretching their long necks over and gazing curiously at us with their large, intelligent-looking eyes. Presently one pecked at my ring, and nearly jerked it off too, though I thought for a moment that my little finger would have gone also. These birds have a wonderful digestion. They are supposed to feed upon mealies, and what they can pick up from the grass and earth in the enclosures, but it is extraordinary what they will swallow. Tin tacks, hard bones, iron nails, stones, etc., *cum multis aliis*, disappear when in their vicinity with marvellous rapidity, and when all are gone the birds stalk serenely about looking for more.

As an industry ostrich farming is very much followed in Cape Colony, and from all accounts it pays wonderfully well. I shall revert to this subject more fully a little later on.

The birds we saw this afternoon were very valuable. One pair, which Mr. Louw had just bought, he valued at £300; and others would be worth from £100 upwards.

In one or two of the enclosures we saw on the surface of the ground nests of eggs, which the birds were hatching. Apparently "it was nice to be a father," for the male bird was doing the sitting, as Mr. Louw informed us, for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, the hen bird doing duty during the remaining eight hours.

A very large and prettily situated vineyard also formed part of the farm, which we walked round and admired. The vines were in full leaf, and were well filled with grapes, varying more or less in the size of the branches.

Taking leave of Mr. Louw, we proceeded by excellent roads, lined with all sorts of trees, to Constantia, passing by the well-known vine farm of Mr. Cloete on the right.

Mr. Van Renen's vineyard, High Constantia, is one of the "show places" of the country, and it was to this farm Mr. Farmer drove me.

A very pretty avenue of trees, meeting overhead like a long arbour, is the first thing which takes the visitor's attention when entering the gardens. Following the drive by a somewhat circuitous path, and passing through a well-wooded garden of fruit and other trees, we presently came in sight of the house, surrounded by outbuildings, and embosomed in gigantic oaks, which just then were in full leaf.

Dismounting, we were shown into a very handsome drawing-room of enormous size,—the Dutch settlers

knew how to build comfortable houses,—and after a few minutes' conversation we were conducted through the wine-press rooms and storehouses, receiving *en route* some small glasses of most delightful Constantia wines to taste as samples.

Then we walked to the vineyards, situated on the sides of some little hills at the back of the house. They cover some 150 acres of ground,—so we were told. It was astonishing to think what a vast amount of grapes would be produced here, as every little tree was covered with branches just forming. They would be ready for gathering in March or April, and the wine-making would then commence.

A long walk round the grounds brought a very pleasant visit to a close, and we then drove back to Wynberg, whence shortly afterwards I returned to town.

*Sunday, October 17.*—If the quietude of the streets in Cape Town on a Sunday morning is to be taken as an indication of the piety of its inhabitants, why, they certainly must be a godly community. Not a vehicle or horse was to be seen to-day,—only the good people quietly wending their way churchwards.

I went out for a walk to see some of the churches, going first to the Cathedral, where I remained for a portion of the service, and afterwards to St. John's, and to one or two others.

The town is rich in its number of sacred edifices of all denominations. No Roman Catholic town could be

better off, and I came to the conclusion from this fact and the Sabbath quietude previously remarked upon, that the people must all be far advanced on the high road to heaven.

After divine service I strolled down to the beach to enjoy the pretty scenery of the bay. Unruffled by the south-easter of the last few days, it was now lying calm and motionless, like a large blue lake. Its opposite shores were sharply defined, while far away in the distance, forming a grand background to the picture, were the Hottentot Holland and Blue Berg Mountains. Towering above the bay, at the back of the town, rose Table Mountain to a height of nearly 4000 feet; and the Lion's Head, forming another boundary on the sea side, was an appropriate finish to a truly charming picture, lighted up and intensified by the brightening influence of a warm sun and clear atmosphere.

By the 1.5 P.M. train I went out to Wynberg to dine with my friend Mr. Farmer, and spent a most pleasant afternoon with him. A more charming spot than Maynard Villa it would be difficult to find in South Africa. The gardens are beautifully laid out, containing flowers and fruits from many countries in addition to the productions of this land. The importation of trees and plants to Cape Colony being strictly prohibited of late, many valuable additions to the botanical treasures of the country have in consequence been ruthlessly sacrificed just on the shores of the intended land of

their adoption. Before the law came into operation, however, Mr. Farmer had secured a large collection, though he, in common with others, has had to lament the loss of many more arriving treasures.

*Monday, October 18.*—I made another effort to see Ketchwayo this morning. Accompanied by a friend who knew the officer in charge of the ex-king, I drove to the Castle, and saw Major Poole on the subject. We were unable to move the official mind, however, and were told that no one was to be permitted to see Ketchwayo unless under special circumstances.

“If,” said Major Poole, “you are able to tell me that you have any particular business with him, or that he desires to see you, then an interview can be allowed ; but otherwise I am sorry I cannot permit you to see him.”

Of course I knew what this meant, so we bowed ourselves out, feeling sure that Government had no reason to fear that Ketchwayo’s janitors would be lax in their duties, as far as repressing the intrusion of strangers on their captive was concerned.

On my homeward journey I did see the Zulu ex-monarch (more of which anon), but it was a matter of great regret to me to-day not having seen him, as I did not anticipate returning to Cape Town again. He is sometimes to be seen looking over the parapets of that portion of the castle overlooking the railway, and passengers in the trains occasionally obtain a glimpse of him ; but this of course is accidental.

In the afternoon we went for a drive round what is called the Kloof Road. It passes up the ravine at the back of the town between Table Mountain and Lion Head. At the highest point a fine view is obtained of Cape Town and the bay beyond, and the general appearance of the whole is not at all unlike Naples, Table Mountain taking the place of Vesuvius. Westward the road slopes down to the sea in a series of zig-zags, which lead almost to the water's edge.

We stayed sometime at a little house of entertainment, built originally I believe by Lord Charles Somerset, and used by him as a shooting-box.

The road then runs by Sea View Point, the race-course, cemetery, and docks, into Cape Town,—the whole forming a very pleasant drive of eight or nine miles, which every visitor to this locality ought to take.

I dined in the evening with Mr. A. at his bachelor residence in Adderley Street, and afterwards adjourned to the City Club, where several members regaled me with a recital of the difficulties of travelling up country in South Africa. So dismal was the picture drawn by these no doubt well-intentioned individuals, that I almost began to dread the prospect of my intended journey to the Diamond Fields. The time I had allotted to myself for compassing the round to Kimberley, the Transvaal, Natal, and Zululand, was laughed to scorn; and what with warnings as to bad roads, swollen rivers, difficulties of transport, breakdowns foreshadowed, and

other lively probabilities and contingencies, I went to bed that night feeling anything but cheerful.

There are two routes open to any intending traveller from this point to the Diamond Fields : one by rail to Beaufort West, and then on by coach ; another to proceed by steamer to Port Elizabeth, and then to take the rail and coach.

By the former route, any one leaving Cape Town by the 1.15 P.M. train would travel all that day and night until reaching Beaufort West at 4 P.M. the following afternoon. Thence the journey would be continued in a coach, occupying five days or thereabouts, the whole time engaged being about a week in accomplishing some 660 miles. I had made arrangements for going by this route, and had taken a ticket by the Red Star Line of coaches through their agent Mr. M'Gregor. The railway fare is about £3 15s., and the coach fare £8 : 10s., passengers having to pay in addition for their provisions and accommodation on the way up.

*Tuesday, October 19.*—During the last twenty-four hours I had been made painfully aware that I had committed an error in judgment in selecting the Beaufort West route for the Diamond Fields,—that is, presuming any credence was to be placed in the comments of those who ought to know. Such dismal stories were related to me of the discomforts of this line that I almost repented the selection.

I was to go by the train leaving at 1.15 P.M. to-day, and previous to setting off went to the telegraph office



at 11.30 A.M. to send a message to Liverpool. While so engaged, in walked Captain Caines of the *Arab*.

"I wish you were coming on to Port Elizabeth with us," said he.

"I wish very much that I were doing so," was my rejoinder.

"Well," said he, "it's not too late — the *Arab* won't start until 12.30 ; you had better give up your present intended journey, and start more comfortably up country from Port Elizabeth."

Now this exactly coincided with my own wishes, but having taken tickets and made all necessary arrangements for the Beaufort West route I had not thought of disturbing them. However, this accidental meeting revolutionised everything. I hurried back to the hotel, settled with mine host, went to Mr. M'Gregor's agency and stated my case to him, whereupon he very generously refunded the whole of the passage money and cancelled my ticket. Then, after a hasty call on one or two friends to apprise them of my altered plans, I drove down to the docks and boarded the *Arab* just as she was hauling off from the quay, much to the surprise and amusement of several passengers to whom I had said good-bye only a short time previously.

I make a note of Mr. M'Gregor's action in this matter. His refunding of the passage money by his coach was a very courteous act, as I clearly was not entitled to it. I feel sure that any traveller going over

the same ground could not do better than place himself in the hands of an agent who acts so fairly.

In dock, lying close to the *Arab*, were the *McGregor* (s.), Donald Currie's *Balmoral Castle* (s.), and a very fine iron sailing ship, the *Baron Blantyre*.

After a little manœuvring to get our ship pointed towards the dock gate, we forged slowly ahead, and were soon in the bay, steaming round Sea View Point on a southerly course *en route* for Mossel Bay.

Cape Town boasts of but one dock at present. It has a depth of 24 feet at low-water, which rises to 29 feet at high-water, the rise and fall of tide being about 5 feet. There are no dock gates. A dry dock is in course of construction at the north-west end of the basin, which will shortly be finished.

We passed close by Sea View Point, the Twelve Apostles' Rocks, and Hout Bay, where ships used to call for provisions and water many years ago. Presently Vasco de Gama Hill and Cape of Good Hope Hill came in sight, the latter being forty-five miles distant from Cape Town. A lighthouse is perched upon it at an elevation of 816 feet, the light of which can be seen, I understand, at 36 miles' distance. It was very interesting to see and pass so close by this world-famed Cape, and fortunately, the weather being fine, we were enabled to trace the configuration of the land distinctly.

False Bay then opened out, at the head of which Simon's Town is built, and a British naval arsenal established.

In this neighbourhood there are several dangerous rocks close in shore—one “the Bellows,” off Cape of Good Hope ; and another, the “Birkenhead Rock,” off Danger Point, where the ill-fated troop ship *Birkenhead* was wrecked in 1852, and about 440 lives lost. Mossel Bay is 240 miles from Cape Town, and we had expected to arrive there by eight o'clock on Wednesday morning (the 20th October) ; but a heavy fog came on early in the day, which first necessitated half-speed, and then stoppage of the engines altogether for a time. It was not until the afternoon, therefore, that under the veil of thick mist we crept up to the anchorage off Aliwal South, as the town of Mossel Bay is called, and moored about a mile and a-half from shore. There were no other vessels or steamers to be seen, though I afterwards learnt that such is the growing trade of the place that sometimes four or five steamers in a week call here to discharge and load cargo. It is the chief town of the division of Mossel Bay, and the great supply port and outlet of produce for this part of the country.

The anchorage is good, and just on the southern entrance stands a lighthouse showing a fixed red light on Cape St. Blaise.

The *Arab* had about 200 tons of cargo on board to discharge here, and as soon as we were anchored two or three lighters put off from shore, each capable of carrying about 30 tons. Coming alongside the discharge commenced from two hatches, and was actively continued all the afternoon. A few pas-

sengers, including myself, went ashore for a stroll; and although the fog hung somewhat heavily we had a good view of the town. It is built on the sloping side of a little hill, streets running parallel and at right angles to one another. The houses are almost all detached, built of stone, and presenting an extremely clean, neat appearance. It contains about 1500 inhabitants, and we saw three churches in as many minutes. Truly South Africa is rich in this respect. We wandered up the hill, finding a number of wild flowers, and after a pleasant walk returned to the steamer for dinner.

At 10 P.M., the inward cargo being discharged and other cargo put on board, the anchor was lifted, and we proceeded for Port Elizabeth.

The following morning (Thursday, October 21), daylight showed we were skirting the African coast at a distance of but a few miles. Patches of sand hills extended along the shore, while behind them rose a high range of mountains. We passed close by Cape St. Francis, and saw the Cockscomb Mountains; and after luncheon we were off Cape Recife lighthouse, at the south-western entrance to Algoa Bay.

Port Elizabeth is built on the western side of the bay. We steamed up northward, and then came to an anchor about a mile and a half from the town amidst a crowd of shipping, amongst them being three of Donald Currie's steamers, the *Grantully Castle* forming one of the trio. On the way up to the anchorage the Roman Rock has to be avoided. It has eight feet of water over it, and its

position is marked by beacons on shore. Two steam launches came alongside to take off passengers and baggage ; while, on the other side of the vessel, large lighters were soon engaged in discharging cargo.

Most of the passengers here left the *Arab* bound for new homes in South Africa, and in a few moments we were passing through the Custom House.

I went to the Phoenix Hotel, and afterwards for a walk round the town, and to call on some residents with letters of introduction. The Club in Port Elizabeth is well known as being perhaps the best club house in South Africa. Unfortunately I could not get a bed there, though my name was down for *entrée* during my stay in the port.

I dined with Mr. M'Alister at the Club in the evening, and afterwards adjourned to his rooms.

Referring to the hotels in Port Elizabeth, the two principal are the Phoenix and Palmerston. I stayed at the former, and was anything but pleased with it. The Palmerston may be even less comfortable ; but at any rate, should my wanderings ever lead me again in these directions, I would certainly try it.

*Friday, October 22.* — This morning I devoted to an inspection of the Liverpool of South Africa, as the proud port of Algoa Bay is styled. It is built on the side of a hill rising moderately steeply from the water. There is a northern and southern town, separated by a small ravine, the water of which flows into the bay. Its streets are laid parallel, and at right angles. The

principal thoroughfare is about two miles long, and contains some very fine buildings, including churches, merchants' offices, stores, etc.; and as nearly all the business of the place is carried on at the west end, one has not far to wander. A large and handsome Town Hall has been built in a square at this west end. It is said to have cost £20,000. The town boasts of two parks—St. George's and Prince Alfred's—though a first view of the place from the sea would seem to indicate that no such thing as a tree or shrub could be found in it.

The inhabitants number some 12,000 persons, I believe, and in enterprise and business energy rank first amongst the settlers in South Africa.

Two railways have been built from this port—one to Grahamstown and another to Graaf-Reinet, while a third is in course of construction to Craddock.

The town was founded in 1820 A.D., and received its name from the lady of Sir R. Donkin.

## CHAPTER IV.

### OSTRICH FARMING.

FRIDAY, *October 22.*—Accompanied by a local friend I drove after luncheon this afternoon to Craddock Place, a large ostrich and sheep farm belonging to Mr. Bennett, about five miles out of Port Elizabeth.

That gentleman kindly showed us over it, and explained various points of interest in connection with ostrich farming.

He farms 5000 acres. Of this area 2000 acres are in the bush, and are laid out in "breeding camps," or divisions of from five to ten acres each, which enclose aloes, gwarrie, and other bushes, etc., on which the birds subsist. In each camp a pair of birds, male and female, is placed. They are daily fed with some grain, salt, and crushed bones, in addition to what the camp ground provides for them. We walked amongst the enclosures for some time, seeing a number of birds, who were all more or less fierce, and who watched us narrowly, as if suspicious of the presence of strangers. Then we proceeded to see the incubators at work.

Mr. Bennett first showed us the Douglas patent lamp incubator and finisher, then that of Messrs. Christy and Co.

He prefers the latter. The hot water in this is supplied from an adjacent boiler every few hours, the incubator not having a lamp as in Douglas's.

It was very interesting to see various drawers pulled out, as from a chest, disclosing rows of ostrich eggs. Some of them were just about to break, and the young baby birds make their appearance; while others were partially broken, disclosing a little ostrich just launched into life, and chirping faintly. Mr. Bennett said he preferred to sell these young birds when three days old for £5 a-piece, rather than keep them for three months, when he could obtain £10 each. Incredible as it may appear, he assured us he could sell far more at these prices than he could produce.

At present he has about 200 ostriches on his farm, which must be a mine of wealth to him.

As an industry, ostrich farming is rapidly taking precedence of all others in many parts of Cape Colony. Farmers are selling their sheep and "going into ostriches," new comers are entering upon the business, and most of the merchants of Port Elizabeth are interested more or less directly in the pursuit.

The stories told of "money made" through the instrumentality of these birds are something fabulous. For instance, a pair of good breeding birds is worth from £150 to £200. The number of eggs produced



varies considerably, but each female bird may reasonably be expected to lay from forty to fifty eggs in the year. Say only twenty-five are hatched during the three or four sittings of the twelvemonths—twenty-five chickens at £10 a piece come to £250. There are some birds, however, that, I am positively told, bring to their fortunate possessors at least £400 to £500 per annum through the numbers of eggs they produce and by the sale of their feathers. Of course birds of this breed would be vastly more expensive to buy; in fact, a price could scarcely be placed upon them, as their owners would probably not care to part with them. The feathers are annually worth from £10 to £15 per bird. The cost of feeding is merely nominal, as they feed themselves on grasses and herbs, with the addition of a few mealies and bones given to them occasionally.

As a result of various conversations with those interested in ostrich farming, I annex the following notes :—

The farming of ostriches seems likely to make more radical changes in the pastoral and commercial features of the country than any other discovery or innovation that has been made since the Cape was first discovered, with the exception of the opening up of the Diamond-fields in 1867. In fact, these two discoveries,—namely, that diamonds exist in untold quantities beneath the soil of hundreds of square miles of the country on the Vaal and Orange rivers, and that the wild ostrich, a native of the plains of the Cape Colony, can be domesti-

cated and made to yield its valuable feathers year after year without the necessity of killing it to procure them—may be said to have been one of the causes which saved the country from the bankruptcy that seemed impending after the commercial crisis of 1865.

It is only about twelve years since the systematic farming of the birds was commenced in earnest, and the industry may yet be said to be only in its infancy.

Some idea of the strides which it has already taken may be seen by comparing the weights and values of feathers exported from the colony during the years 1869 and 1879. They were as follows:—

1869.		1879.	
Lbs.	Value.	Lbs.	Value.
18,731	£70,000	96,582	£653,756.

It must also be borne in mind that ten or twelve years ago large parcels of wild feathers were sent down by traders and hunters from the interior, whereas at the present time there are hardly any but tame feathers exported. Just now there seems to be one universal desire amongst all residents at the Cape—be they farmers, merchants, or professional men—namely, to go into ostrich farming, or “put money into birds,” as the colonists express it; and the country bears testimony to this desire, for in whatever direction the traveller may be going—east, west, north, or south—his eyes are attracted by the long lines of fences in process of erection wherever the Veldt is suitable for the ostrich, and this is almost everywhere.

An ostrich farmer usually lays out his camp to accommodate a certain number of pairs of breeding birds, giving to each pair an enclosure varying from one to ten acres, according to the character of the Veldt on the farm and the length of his purse. He makes for young or non-breeding birds one or two large camps, which are often several miles in circumference.

As a fact of general experience, it may be stated that the larger the camps are the better will be the success both with breeding and young birds, although many instances can be given of successful ostrich rearing on small garden plots or yards.

The following may be considered a fair estimate of the profit to be derived in one year from ten pairs of good breeding birds and one hundred young birds of, say, twelve or eighteen months' age when purchased :—

Birds which have bred before and are of good plumage are to be bought for about £150 a pair. Each pair may be calculated to have annually three nests of ten eggs each on an average, and to produce from these about two-thirds of the number of healthy chickens. Many pairs will do twice as well as this, while others may be less prolific, but twenty chickens per pair annually are now considered a low average where proper care is taken of the birds.

The feathers from breeding birds are generally more or less spoiled during the time of sitting, but £10 per pair may be calculated as the usual return.

Breeding birds will always require artificial feeding

to some extent, but the amount will depend upon the nature of the Veldt in their camp and the character of the seasons ; more grain, etc., being required during times of drought than when seasonable rains cause a luxuriant growth of the plants and bushes in the camps.

It may, however, be safely estimated that £15 per pair will cover the cost of feeding, if the farm does not produce its own grain, etc., in which case, of course, the amount will be proportionately smaller.

Young birds allowed to run in a large camp require neither feeding nor herding. An occasional inspection only is considered necessary for purposes of counting and of observing the condition of their health.

One plucking of feathers per annum is all that can be expected, and the value of the produce will entirely depend upon its quality and the state of the market. It may vary from £5 to £10 per bird ; but as young birds' feathers are now being sent to market in enormous and constantly increasing quantities, £6 per bird may be taken as a fair estimate.

In addition to the feathers produced, the profit on farming young birds is augmented by their increased value as they grow older.

At the age of one year they are worth about £20. When two years old their value may be given as from £25 to £30. At three years of age, £35 to £40, and at four years, when they begin to breed, £100 per pair would be a fair price for good birds. As much as

£120 to £130 is frequently paid when their plumage is good.

Against this must be set the risk there always is of some birds amongst a troop breaking their legs by falling into holes, or kicking one another through the wires. Some loss must also be calculated upon from disease, although there seems to be hardly any animal which possesses such a wonderful constitution and longevity.

Some allowance must therefore be made for losses in these respects when estimating the result of a year's work.

As regards the cost of the camps—if those devoted to breeding purposes are two hundred yards square, and the young birds' camp is five miles round, there will be about  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles of fencing to construct, which, if properly made, with poles, wire, and bush, will cost £40 to £60 per mile.

In addition to this, a good Incubator is an absolute necessity, which, with means for watering the birds, plucking house, etc., may be put down at £100.

Superintendence may be calculated at £150 per annum, as it is necessary to have one good white man to look after the feeding of the birds and to attend to the Incubator. He will often require assistance too, when it is necessary to go into the camps, either to pluck the birds or remove the chickens.

This may of course be done by the owner, but in practice it is generally found advisable to have one steady man to take the duties, and to be responsible for

the care of the birds and the Incubator, without requiring him to undertake other farm work.

The rent of the farm, or interest on the purchase-money of the same, would also have to be taken into account, and this would vary so much according to locality, and the conditions of the other farming operations carried on, that the estimate of £250 per annum must be considered as only a very rough approximation.

The statement will then stand as follows—

#### CAPITAL INVESTMENT.

10 pairs of breeding birds at £150 per pair . . .	£1500
100 young birds, 12 to 18 months old, at £20 a-piece . . . . .	2000
10 breeding camps, 200 yards square } 1 young birds' camp, 5 miles round, } equal to $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles, at £50 . . . . .	425
Incubator, plucking house, &c. . . . .	100
	<u>£4025</u>

#### ANNUAL REVENUE.

10 pairs breeding birds = 200 chicks, at £5 each . .	£1000
Feathers from same, 10 pairs at £10 . . . . .	100
100 young birds—Feathers at £6 each . . . . .	600
Increased value of 100 young birds at £7 : 10s. . .	750
	<u>£2450</u>

#### ANNUAL EXPENDITURE.

Feeding . . . . .	£150
Superintendence . . . . .	150
Rent of farm . . . . .	250
Contingencies . . . . .	200
	<u>£750</u>

Deduct this Annual Expenditure of £750 from the estimated Annual Revenue, and it leaves a nett return of £1700, or  $42\frac{1}{2}$  per cent on the Capital Investment.

With reference to the above, it must be stated that the revenue is estimated upon the *present* value both of birds and feathers, so that any fall in the market would have to be deducted from the return. It must also be known that breeding birds frequently take some time to become acquainted with their new camps, which would reduce the number of nests during the first twelve months.

This would, however, be more than made up by the excess in the return for the second year, as twenty chickens per pair annually is generally acknowledged to be a very low average for good birds, such as those I have estimated.

Another large source of revenue may also be mentioned, namely, the rearing of chickens, instead of selling them as hatched for £5 each ; but as a proportionately great risk is run, the estimate given above is the most reliable.

A chicken two days old is now worth £5. At the end of a month it is worth £7 : 10s. ; and at three months, £10. The risk of loss, however, during the first few weeks of their existence is very great, and much experience and care are required for success in this branch of the industry, as well as an ample supply of green food of particular kinds, which cannot always be grown on account of want of water or unsuitable soil.

## CHAPTER V.

### PORT ELIZABETH TO KIMBERLEY.

SATURDAY, *October 23.* — At 6.45 A.M. to-day I left Port Elizabeth by the Midland Railway for Graaf-Reinet, 185 miles distant in a northerly direction. This was *en route* for the Diamond Fields, the total distance from Algoa Bay being about 450 miles.

The line is on the narrow gauge system, and is beautifully made and kept throughout. Three carriages—first, second, and third class, with the engine and tender, made up the train. All the wayside stations were well-appointed clean places, the guards wore neat gray uniforms, and altogether the railway is most creditable to the colony.

Just before starting a young lady joined the train, who had come round from Cape Town in the *Arab*. She was on her way to join her brother, who has a farm near Baroe, and her coming by this train was an agreeable surprise, as I had anticipated a solitary journey up country.

Leaving Port Elizabeth I found the country very hilly, rising higher and higher into the interior, and



covered with prickly bush, cactus, aloes, and other trees. In a few places their growth is somewhat dense, and, it is said, elephants were seen in the neighbourhood not many years ago.

When Uitenhage was passed the gradient became very steep, sometimes ascending by zigzags, and the aneroid showed a rapid elevation.

The air became drier, and, with a bright warm sun shining, the atmosphere was both exhilarating and refreshing.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we had attained an elevation of about 2400 feet above sea-level, and then came to the eastern edge of the Great Karroo.

Karoo is a Hottentot name, meaning dry or barren. The Great Karroo is a series of undulating plains, extending over a distance of 200 miles. Geologists say it was once a great lake. As I saw it to-day, it had a dry, brown appearance, covered with small clumps of bushes, stretching away to the westward as far as the eye could reach. These bushes are eaten by sheep.

Sheep farming in this district, as in many others, appears to be giving way to ostrich rearing. We passed several establishments of the latter industry, and I should also mention noticing numerous flocks of Angora and Cape goats at various points on the wayside. Rearing of Angora goats is also becoming a prominent feature in the farming development of this district.

The highest elevation over which the road passes is between Oatlands and Aberdeen Road. My aneroid

marked 2850 feet, and from this point to Graaf-Reinet, the terminus, there is a descent of about 250 feet.

Aberdeen Road is one of the most important stations on the line. It is contemplated extending the railway from this point to Beaufort West, a distance of a little over 100 miles, and so completing a through line of rail between Cape Town and Algoa Bay.

Graaf-Reinet was reached at 6.15 P.M.—185 miles from Port Elizabeth. I went to the Droschty Hotel, Mr. Kromme, proprietor. It is a large comfortable place, and appeared to be well filled with visitors. The hostess was in great tribulation about her son, who had just been drafted off to the Basuto war. This unfortunate conflict I found to be the universal theme of conversation here. A proclamation, extensively placarded and handed about, read as follows :—

#### “VOLUNTEERS WANTED

For the Graaf-Reinet Rovers.

Horses and Equipments supplied by Government.

Pay—5s. per diem.

Graaf-Reinet! show your pluck and come to the front.”

One of these soul-stirring effusions was handed to me as I sat in the hotel verandah after dinner, smoking, but I cannot say that its effect was to fill me with martial ardour, or induce me to go to the front and earn five shillings per day in Basutoland.

The suburbs of Graaf-Reinet are extremely pretty, as is also the town itself. It appears to be surrounded

by hills on its north-west and eastern sides. Its streets run parallel and at right angles to each other. They are planted with trees on both sides, forming avenues through which numbers of citizens were promenading, criticising arrivals from the south by the evening train.

*Sunday, October 24.*—Messrs. Geering and Goedhal are the proprietors of the line of coaches running at present between Graaf-Reinet and Kimberley. At day-break this morning all those going north were roused from their slumbers, and on emerging from the hotel we found a strongly built covered coach waiting to receive us. It was stated to be capable of carrying twelve persons, including the driver, when completely full, but fortunately we were not to be so inconveniently crowded, as only seven passengers were going on.

Eight sorry looking steeds, harnessed in couples, were attached to the carriage. The leaders were consequently a long distance from the wheelers, but to obviate any inclination on the part of the horses to act on their own responsibility, a man was seated by the driver, who wielded a long whip (not at all unlike the topmast and backstay of a small vessel), whose duty it was to urge the horses to continuous movement, and keep them in the way they should go. It is but justice to this individual to say that he acted his part to perfection.

When all were seated and luggage stowed, a whoop from the driver and loud crack from the ponderous whip aroused the horses to a sense of their duties. They sprang forward at a gallop, and away we clattered

through the quiet streets of the town, which at this early hour—4 o'clock in the morning—were quite empty and void of life.

I noticed subsequently that the coach and post-cart drivers of the country invariably start off with a prodigious rush from any point of departure, and endeavour to come in at the finish in like manner by a judicious mixture of whooping and whipping, however jaded their cattle may be. A rapid final curve and sudden stoppage is regarded with true professional pride.

After leaving Graaf-Reinet by an easy level road we came to a more hilly portion of the country, and the road varied accordingly. A strong wind was blowing, which increased as we ascended, and it became very cold. At Naudisberg (?) we halted for breakfast, consisting of sour mutton and tea, and to change horses. It is a solitary little house at the top of a pass between high hills, about 2000 feet above the level of Graaf-Reinet, and twenty miles distant.

When the inner man was as fairly satisfied as the meagre meal would allow we rejoined the coach, and at once experienced an incident that might have had a serious result. In consequence of the steepness of the road, which led up a mountain side, ten horses had been harnessed in pairs to the coach. The two leaders were altogether out of reach even of the long whip, and had everything almost all their own way should they prove to be obstreperous. From the post-house the road lay in a straight line upwards, very steeply, having a sort of

embankment on the right hand and a precipitously shelving side into a valley below on the left. When all were seated the usual whoop and whip crack were given; the horses sprang forward at a gallop; but hardly had they gone twenty yards when the leaders swerved quickly off down the slope on the left, followed of course by the others. With great dexterity the driver pulled them sharply round to face the wheelers, and such was the impetus that the four leading couples became jammed up together, and one or two horses falling down their speed was stopped. Keeping his shaft horses well in hand and his break hard down, the driver succeeded in arresting the progress of the coach with its left wheel just over the edge of the slope. Several men from the post-house rushed up and proceeded to disengage the horses, which were now plunging and kicking wildly amongst themselves. Seeing the horses swerve over the bank made us hold on to the coach, as we thought, for our lives, because from the way we were shut in there would have been but little chance of jumping clear; but the moment it came to a standstill, the celerity with which we emerged on all sides must have been amusing to a spectator on *terra firma*. Great confusion and delay ensued, but at length the horses were placed in their proper positions with fresh leaders, and we were requested to regain our seats. With some hesitation we did so, and a fresh rushing start was effected, some stablemen running for the first few yards with the leading couples.

"All right now," said the driver ; but the words were scarcely out of his mouth when round went the leaders again at full gallop over the slope to the left. With splendid manipulation he pulled them all round together again, and a second time the coach rested on the brink, just poised for an overturn.

This was too much for most of us, so we declined to remount until the coach was at the top of the hill, and therefore set off on foot to walk the distance, which was barely two miles. We had accomplished about half the ascent, when we heard shouting below, and looking back saw the coach tearing up hill as fast as the ten horses could gallop. Past us like racehorses they went, and were pulled up smoking and panting on the summit, while we toiled slowly after them, and eventually regained our seats. The poor brutes appeared pretty well toned down now, and as the road descended into a small plain they were content to proceed without trying any more tricks.

After crossing this plain the way again led up a steep ascent over a pass in the Sneeuwberg Mountains, which range here runs pretty nearly east and west. At the summit my aneroid showed an elevation of 5800 feet above sea-level, and a very pretty view of the plains below and the surrounding country was obtained.

The plains are very characteristic of this part of the country. Separated from one another, and each entirely surrounded by hills of more or less height, their sides evenly stratified and marked as if by subsi-

dence of water, it is easy to believe that they constitute the bottom of what formerly were large lakes, which the upheaval of the country in past ages has made dry land. Another noticeable feature, not only peculiar to this district, but which I subsequently found to be more or less observable throughout my journey, was the number of level flat-topped mountains and hills, looking just as if they had been cut off with a knife. It was a sort of Cape Town "Table Mountain" repetition throughout.

We passed some farmhouses, but they were few and far between. When the soil was cultivated it seemed fruitful and green enough, but the general appearance of the country to-day was very sterile, as not a tree or a shrub was to be seen excepting where artificially planted. The Karroo bush, however, seemed to flourish, and grew side by side with multitudes of round red stones, which in many places were piled together for long distances, as if some race of giants had just prepared them to do battle with their neighbours, and then suddenly suspended hostilities. After a long day's ride we arrived about 7.30 P.M. at Middleburg, the capital town of the division of that name. It was quite dark, but our driver dashed through the streets, sounding his horn and making a great noise, causing many lights to twinkle in doorways of houses as the inhabitants turned out to see the mail arrive.

With a fine sweep he pulled up in front of the Commercial Hotel, kept by Mr. Walter, and here we

dismounted for the night. Our two negro drivers, I afterwards discovered, used the coach as their bed. We were comfortable enough at Mr. Walter's house, and we thoroughly appreciated a rest after our first day's jolting of fifteen hours. Height above sea, 4350 feet.

*Monday, October 25.*—The ringing notes of the bugle roused us shortly after 4 o'clock this morning, and in less than an hour later, before the sun had made its appearance, we were *en route*.

It was a lovely morning, and the roads being fairly good, we enjoyed a very pleasant ride. The nature of the country was hilly, but the elevations were not so high as those we saw yesterday. Rather more farms, with trees and cultivated patches of ground around them, were to be seen. At 9 A.M. we stopped for breakfast at Nieuwport, and then followed a long dusty ride over a somewhat flat country quite destitute of trees, until we arrived at Colesberg (4500 feet above sea-level), about 6 o'clock in the evening. Here we were to stay the night.

The little town, capital of the division of the same name, is a pretty place, and is very oddly situated. It is surrounded on three sides by rocky mounds, the stones of which are cracked and split into cubes lying about in fantastic formations, and presenting the appearance of ruined fortifications. A fine stream of water runs through the town, almost parallel with the principal street. The houses are small, but neatly built, and rows of trees are planted on each side of the roadway.



We stayed at the Phoenix Hotel, kept by Mr. J. Andrews, a rather irascible old gentleman, to whom I fear I gave great offence in one or two instances, though quite unintentionally. Great excitement existed here on account of Basuto war news. A telegram had just arrived stating that the Pondos were also in rebellion, and that the telegraph wires had been cut beyond Umtata, thus severing the communication between Cape Town and Natal, consequently between the Cape and England. Mr. Hope, the resident magistrate at Quembu, was reported to have been treacherously murdered by natives. "He went to Umhlonhlo's kraal on a special invitation, and against, in some measure, the wish of Government, who were suspicious of Umhlonhlo. The murder took place during a war dance which Mr. Hope was invited to witness."

Colesberg had just been called upon to furnish 275 burghers for the war, and the discussion thereon, and the latest telegraphic news, occupied the attention of a large number of excited persons in and around the bar of the hotel, which did a roaring business that night. Attention was diverted during the evening by the arrival of the coach from the Diamond Fields, containing a large number of passengers, amongst them being Mr. Porter Rhodes, the fortunate finder of the celebrated diamond so much talked of lately, weighing upwards of 150 carats, and of rare purity. The gem, however, was not with him, so I had not the opportunity of seeing it. I understand it was on view at Kimberley, and the

local charities were much benefited thereby, as Mr. Rhodes made a charge for the exhibition, and handed over the proceeds to the treasurers of various charitable institutions.

*Tuesday, 26th October.*—Another beautiful morning found us speeding over the country as fast as eight horses could go. We started simultaneously with a party going south in the coach in which we had come up, while we proceeded northwards in the one which had brought them down.

Just outside the town there is a most curiously shaped hill, called Coleskop. It forms quite a landmark, and is observed at a long distance.

As we advanced, the country became more uneven, and the road had a downhill tendency towards the Orange or Gariep River.

This stream separates the Old Colony from the Orange Free State, and at 9 o'clock A.M. we had arrived on its banks, and proceeded to cross on a sort of wooden pontoon, which was pulled over by a stout rope attached to stakes on each side. Several men, acting as pullers, stood on a gangway fenced off at the side, and the boat was made long and broad enough to easily receive the coach with its eight horses, and at the same time admit of passengers walking about.

Some little distance higher up, to the eastward, a substantial iron bridge has been built where the breadth of the river is narrowed between steep banks. This is only used when the stream is high. Just now it was

low, but still there was a current flowing some 100 to 150 yards broad, and deep in the middle. When swollen by rains the river rises to a great height above its present level, which, if local statements and indications are to be believed, must be at least twenty feet additional.

Safely crossing, we ascended a steep sandy bank, and found a house at the top, set in a gum tree plantation, where breakfast was served. There were several refugees here, who had crossed from British territory to escape being called to the front at the seat of war. I believe they were Volunteers in times of peace, but they appeared to be something else just now.

After breakfast, when a start was attempted, great difficulty was experienced with the horses, which were very refractory, breaking some of the gear and causing much delay. However, they were eventually tamed; but we could not help feeling sorry for the poor animals, and regretted their useless expenditure of strength, which they certainly required for the long stages they had to run. Hitherto the horses we have seen have been very small, and, in consequence of the dryness of the season and want of grass, etc., appear to be almost reduced to skeletons.

As we journeyed on into the Free State, the country presented much the same appearance as that through which we passed yesterday. The roads were mere tracks across the Veldt, with no attempts at making,

except where they crossed mountain passes or hillsides, or where a stream had to be forded.

In some parts old tracks were so deeply furrowed and cut up that the drivers of vehicles would have to strike out new tracks for themselves, which, if found good, would be adopted until spoiled, as former ones had been.

At Philipopolis we stopped for luncheon at the hotel! of the village, and rested a couple of hours, which was thoroughly appreciated after the dust and heat of the morning.

The village comprises one broad straight street, having willow trees planted on both sides; and a few narrow avenues lead away at right angles on either side. In the main street there are several stores, and some neat-looking houses surrounded by gardens, while at the extreme end, forming a conspicuous object, was the village church.

Our afternoon journey was hot and tedious. The general appearance of the country had changed, and assumed the aspect of a vast prairie, broken occasionally in the far distance by little hills, which reminded us of ships at sea. Sometimes we saw herds of South African deer, but they were very shy, and always kept at a long distance. With the exception of a few blue cranes, secretary birds, and vultures, these were the only signs of life visible.

It was nearly 10 o'clock P.M. and quite dark when, thoroughly wearied, we arrived at Fauresmith, where the

night was to be spent. The coach pulled up at the door of a long low building, whence issued a crowd of young men in an excited state, and surrounded our vehicle to inspect the new comers. Afterwards I learned they were diamond diggers,—some from Jagers Fontein, a diamond mine, now being worked, six miles east of Fauresmith. What with reports of new “finds,” “values of shares going up,” and the “war news,” these gentlemen were extremely “lively,” though most courteous to the strangers. The hotel, a dirty, uncomfortable place, was crowded to excess with travellers and diggers going to and from the Diamond Fields. With difficulty I found my way to the hostess, Mrs. Shine, and begged a room, but she informed me it was utterly impossible to give me one, as long before we arrived every bedroom in the house, each containing several beds, had been taken, and such numbers of travellers had arrived since that she was quite unable to accommodate them. However, we were all promised “shakedowns” when the more fortunate ones had retired, and with this we had to be satisfied.

The fair hostess entertained me some minutes in the crowd by exhibiting her diamonds. She also informed me that she possessed several valuable diamond claims. The “business” of the hotel spoke for itself, and yields an enormous yearly income.

Mrs. Shine is a widow,—I wonder if there is a Mr. Stiggins in the neighbourhood.

Shortly before midnight most of the possessors of beds retired to them, and I essayed to get possession of

mine, which consisted of a blanket and pillow on the dining-room table. I begged for the table in preference to the floor. We had been travelling sixteen hours during the day, and I was dead tired. I threw off my coat and mounted the table, though people were passing in and out of the room,—when just then another coach drove up, the tired hungry passengers of which wanted supper, so I had to tumble off the table again while they had their feed.

I then perambulated the house in search of a quiet corner, but not a place was there for my weary body to rest. The floors of the rooms were crowded with sleepers, or those preparing for the night. The billiard-table had its cover laid on, and half-a-dozen men were snoring upon it. The bar was occupied; sitting-rooms, passages, etc., peopled with prostrate forms. I never saw such a medley before.

After an hour's wandering I was enabled to regain the dining-table, but I was too tired to sleep, and stragglers in and out of the room further prevented the possibility of slumber. At last even these were quiet, and I was just sinking off, when three dogs commenced a dispute on the floor, and their snarls necessitated getting up to turn them out, which I did, and returned to my couch to find two or three obnoxious insects promenading the pillow. These created a diversion, but were soon disposed of, and I lay down again. Just off to sleep, when two cats commenced squalling, and one jumped on to the table close by my head, and brought

me up with a start. Puss, more startled than myself, took a flying leap towards the door, pursued by cat No. 2. I had to get up again to turn these unwelcome intruders out.

Another attempt at sleep followed, when a wretched Boer entered the room, thumping about the wooden floor with his iron-clad boots, as he made up his blankets in one of the corners. I could have shot that man :—"If wishes would kill, he had not lived."

This must have been between 2 and 3 o'clock A.M. At 4.30 people began to stir to proceed on various routes by the coaches, and I had to quit the table, and pull myself together as fast as possible, as the apartment was being rapidly converted into a coffee-room.

"It was a night much to be remembered." I cannot say I was refreshed by the proceedings, or that I would ever wish to again occupy a bedding-room in a fifth-rate South African hotel.

*Wednesday, October 27.*—At 5 A.M. we were aboard, our coach being the first to start. Morning bright and warm, and as the day advanced it became extremely hot. The general appearance of the country was more hilly than that passed through yesterday afternoon.

We skirted the Riet River during a portion of the day, but with the exception of its banks, and a thin fringe of trees thereon, the country had an arid, burnt-up looking appearance.

At midday a stoppage was made at Koffyfontein, which must have been a blessed relief to the horses as

it was extremely hot. We wandered off to the river, which is close by, where one or two of the party bathed. It was very low, and we had not much difficulty in crossing the coach at a drift a little later on. A prairie sort of country next developed itself, very similar to the Pampas of South America, only lacking the handsome looking Estancia houses and surrounding Montes. Occasionally we passed some small farms, but the country appeared to be very sparsely populated.

The dust and heat were very unpleasant all day, and we were not sorry when at 7 o'clock Jacobsdaal came in sight, where we were to stay for the night. It is a little town of the plains, its church being the most conspicuous object, and is seen from a long distance. Jacobsdaal appears to be about 3800 feet above sea-level.

*Thursday, October 28.*—Kimberley is only thirty miles north of Jacobsdaal, and we made an early start, crossing the Modder river and arriving at 7 o'clock A.M. at a farmhouse just on the borders of the Orange Free State and Griqualand West. It comprises nearly 20,000 acres, I believe, and the estate itself is situated partly in both divisions. It is owned by Mr. Bissett, and has been the subject of a legal dispute for some years,—a free title having only just been given.

Three or four miles before arriving here we saw an eight-horsed coach, with a cloud of dust following, galloping from the westward to meet us at a point where the roads converged. It proved to be the Cape



Town coach, which ran in connection with a train leaving that city last Friday, the 22d inst.; and amongst the passengers were four who had come out with me in the *Arab* (s).

At Alexandrefontein we halted a few minutes, and then proceeded to Bultfontein, which was the first diamond field I had seen. As we approached, it looked like a heap of gravel and stone freshly excavated, the "Blue," where diamonds are found, lying in patches all about, like garden plots exposed to the action of water and the sun's rays.

Skeleton woodwork frames, for purposes unknown to me then, covered the mounds of earth, and crowds of people were hurrying about, all apparently busily occupied amongst the numerous little wooden and corrugated iron houses and stores which formed quite a town in the vicinity of the mine.

Presently we passed through Du Toits Pan, which presented much the same features. Thence a drive of two miles across open flat land brought us to Kimberley or New Rush, the largest and richest mine of the district, and our journey was finished.

I tried to get into the Club-house, but it was full, as was also Mrs. Jardine's Hotel. I then went to the Transvaal Hotel, kept by Mr. Petersen, whose wife I had met the preceding evening at Jacobsdaal. Here I obtained a room, and was very courteously treated during my stay in the town.

South African travelling, when once beyond the

region of railways, can scarcely be called luxurious. True it is by fairly well horsed, well built coaches, but the roads are invariably so bad, and the accommodation in the so-called hotels is so indifferent, that I can readily understand any one not pressed for time preferring to travel by bullock cart, carrying one's own provisions, and camping out at night. Port Elizabeth is about 450 miles from Kimberley, 185 miles of which are traversed by train to Graaf-Reinet, and the balance by coach.

Reviewing the journey, I find it has occupied five and a half days, as we left Port Elizabeth on Saturday and arrived here at midday on the following Thursday. The first part of the journey was certainly the most interesting, say from Algoa Bay to Middleburg. The country is extremely hilly, rising continually from the coast until the Sneeuwberg Mountains are reached, and here it was that we passed over the highest point on the road. The height of Compass Mountain in the neighbourhood is 7000 feet.

From Middleburg northwards the hills begin to dwindle in size, and although the general elevation of the land remains high, say between 4000 and 5000 feet, the country becomes flatter, until at Kimberley it presents the appearance of one vast plain.

Excepting the artificially planted trees in the little towns passed through, we scarcely saw any foliage after leaving the sea-coast. The mountains and hills are generally barren, but the intervening plains seem to

promise well, if only water and cultivation were brought to bear upon them—for where, occasionally, a little farm had a plot of ground under cultivation, the plants appeared to flourish and do well.

The want of water is much felt. Possessing but few slowly flowing rivers, the country has a generally dried-up, barren appearance, which, however, could be materially altered by settlers taking to sinking wells, and so obtaining supplies of water. In many places the country is much indented by the action of water, which evidently rushes down from the hillsides in vast quantities at times, and forms these gullies. We saw very little grass, not even in that portion of the Orange Free State which we passed through, but on all sides the Karroo bush flourished, and on this, I understand, sheep will feed remarkably well.

At Nieuwport one morning we had the most extraordinary flavoured mutton I ever ate. It tasted of sour herbs, and my companions informed me that was the result of the sheep eating Karroo grass. Whether this was the fact or not I leave for the better informed to judge.

We saw but little game on the way. Occasionally small herds of “springbok” were seen some distance off, but they were very shy, and made off at the approach of the coach. The secretary bird and some herons were the largest specimens of the feathered tribe visible (other than ostriches); in fact, we were much surprised to see so few birds. I had heard that occasionally elephants were to be seen in the bush on the way up to Graaf-Reinet

from Algoa Bay. It may be so, but we were not fortunate enough to sight any. Considering the length of time the colony has been in possession of the Boers and English, it is somewhat surprising to see such a sparsely peopled country as that through which we passed. For miles and miles we rode seeing and meeting no one, save the drivers of bullock waggons. Few and far between were the farmhouses—some of them small square-built tenements, looking just as if they had dropped from the clouds, without a tree, shrub, or outbuilding in the neighbourhood to break the monotony. A few native kraals or Kafir huts were met with occasionally, but these were generally near some farmhouse, and the occupants would be the farmer's "boys," as they are termed, with their families.

We not unfrequently met bullock waggons on the road, with their teams of sixteen and eighteen oxen to each waggon. They usually "*outspan*" or unharness and rest during the day, travelling by night, though occasionally we came across them moving in the early morning and evening. The waggons are long narrow carts, generally having a small portion of the hinder part covered in as a residence for the owner, traveller, or driver. They carry very heavy weights, and travel usually from 15 to 20 miles a day. Those going northward were laden with various kinds of merchandise from Europe for the requirements of settlers, while those going south contained wool, sheepskins, hides, and other produce for shipment from the coast.



BULLOCK CART CROSSING RIVER.



The roads are, as a rule, very rough and bad, dusty and heavy in dry weather, muddy, and sometimes almost impassable during the rainy season. Excepting in the neighbourhood of towns and over mountain passes, there is of course no attempt at construction. They are merely beaten tracks, which the charioteers vary more or less at their own sweet will and pleasure.

I should mention that the cost of my coach ticket from Graaf-Reinet to Kimberley was £13, and that all luggage over twenty pounds weight is charged for at the rate of 1s. 6d. per pound extra. Intending travellers will do well not to overburden themselves with superfluous baggage.

In addition to the foregoing, the railway fare from Port Elizabeth to Graaf-Reinet is £2:6s., so that the total cost for the journey is £15:2s., exclusive of baggage. Hotel expenses, by the wayside, average £1 per day.

By the route I have pursued the distance from Port Elizabeth to Kimberley is about 450 miles. Distances in this country are not reckoned by the mile but by the hour.

What distance is it from A to B? you ask a native. "Oh," he replies, "about twelve hours," or "cighteen hours," etc., as the case may be. Now, as they usually reckon half-a-dozen miles to the hour, excepting when the roads are unusually bad, it is a mere question of arithmetic—multiplying the hours by six to get at the mileage. It is, however, a very imperfect and uncertain

method, and I have several times found people differing as to distances between certain places, when the sequel proved that they had travelled at different times of the year, when the rate of speed probably varied considerably.

I annex a table of distances from the principal places in the colony to the Diamond Fields.

	Miles.
1. Cape Town to the Diamond Fields ( <i>via</i> Beaufort West) by rail . . . . .	about 660
2. Port Elizabeth, <i>via</i> Craddock, to the Fields ( <i>via</i> Middleton) by rail . . . . .	„ 440
3. Port Elizabeth, <i>via</i> Middleburg, to the Fields ( <i>via</i> Graaf-Reinet by rail) . . . . .	„ 450
4. East London, <i>via</i> Queenstown, to the Fields ( <i>via</i> Cathcart by rail) . . . . .	„ 445
5. Port Natal to the Fields ( <i>via</i> Māritzburg by rail) „	470



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

THE Diamond Fields of South Africa have obtained such a world-wide notoriety that, before proceeding with my journal, I will endeavour in a few words to give an account of their position and history.

Let the reader glance at the map for a moment, and then transport himself in imagination to a vast open expanse of territory in Griqualand West, stretching like a prairie or pampa (minus the verdure) as far as the eye can reach, in lat.  $29^{\circ}$  south, long.  $25^{\circ}$  east. To be strictly correct, however, there is a small range of hills in the distance, lying east; but they are scarcely appreciable.

At the time I saw it the great open country was dry and burnt up. It had a reddish appearance,—such being the colour of the soil, which, almost destitute of grasses and Karroo bushes, asserted itself on all sides.

Now let the reader picture a huge crater or caldron, in the midst of the plain, having a diameter of perhaps 1500 feet, and a depth of 350 to 400 feet; its sides almost vertical for the first 100 feet of its depth, and then sloping, as they deepen, towards the centre.

This is Kimberley Mine. About three feet of the upper rim of this gigantic hole is red, being the colour of the soil; then follows a thick stratum of light coloured earth and gravel, and underneath comes the blue stone, where diamonds are found in abundance.

Looking down into the mine one cannot fail to be struck by the uneven regularity, so to speak, of its appearance. Those parts towards the bottom where work is carried on are cut into blocks varying more or less in area, size, and height, but each preserving a sharply defined shape.

This is in consequence of the number of claims in the mine, which, having been worked downwards from the surface, have yet retained, and are obliged to retain, their exact perpendicular in the cutting.

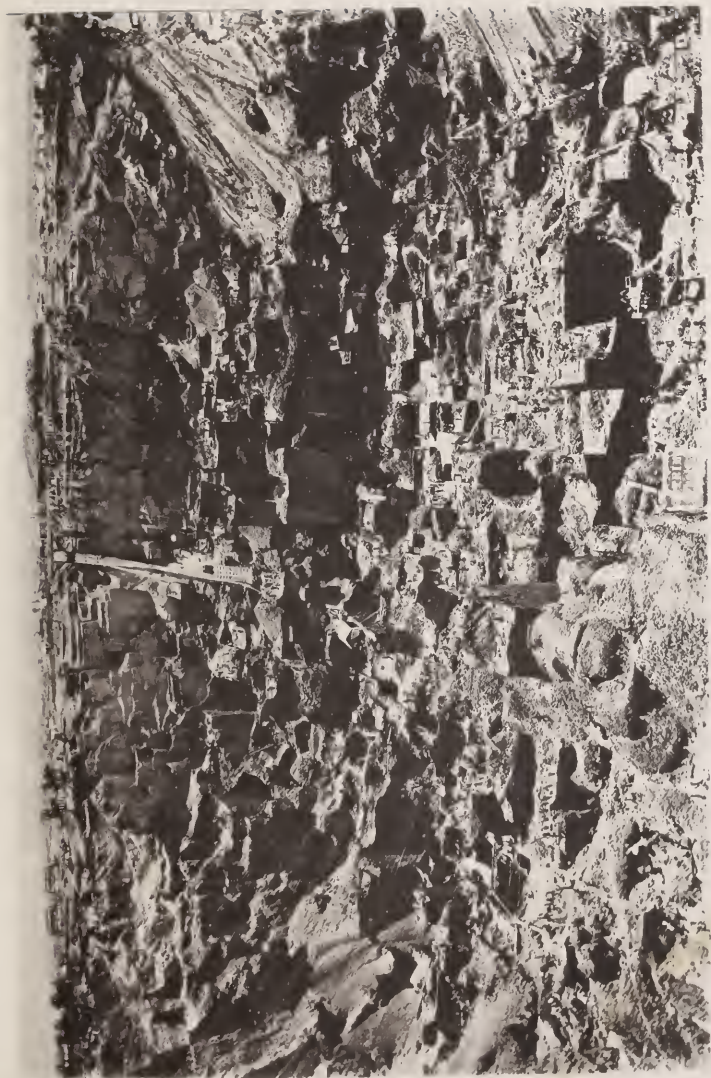
A claim is reckoned as 30 feet, by 30 feet Dutch, or about 31 feet square, English measurement.

Many of these claims are worked individually, while others have been amalgamated into companies; hence the apparent inequalities of the blocks down below.

All around the edges of the mine wooden stagings have been built, over which iron wires pass from an engine-house to the bottom of the mine.

These wooden stagings serve to steady the wire travellers, and are also built with receptacles to receive the bluestone, drawn up in buckets or tubs, which run on the wires.

Each claim has its own wires and tubs, so it can



INTERIOR OF KIMBERLEY MINE.



easily be imagined that the sides of the mine appear to be covered with an iron netting.

A curious effect is thus produced by the tubs of the aerial tramways gliding quickly upwards and downwards on their respective wires. It has something of the appearance of a flight of birds, darting their ways to and fro in the great abyss.

Spreading backwards from the mine on all sides is a vast accumulation of debris; and on the outside fringe lie beds of bluestone, deposited for exposure to the sun and atmosphere, as a first preparation for washing.

Clustered around the machinery at the brink,—east, south, and west, and partially towards the north,—lie the houses which constitute Kimberley town.

Many of these houses are built of wood, with corrugated iron roofs and sides; while others are constructed of wood only. Less pretentious structures are mere canvas coverings stretched on frames.

The effect of a hot sun on such an amount of corrugated iron as is here displayed is to dry and burn the air, as it were, causing a very unpleasant sensation to any one unaccustomed to such an atmosphere.

A few of the modern houses are brick built; but the cost of this material is at present so great that only the wealthy and luxurious inhabitants can so indulge themselves.

Nearly all the residences are built on the ground floor, without upper stories.

The streets are generally broad, and have some pre-

tentions to regularity ; but there is room for improvement. Parapets are uneven and uncertain ; the middle of the road is safest, especially at night.

The population is variously estimated. I shall not pretend to give any figures ; but one sees a vast crowd both of whites and coloured people moving about, and the latter seem to predominate.

There are several churches and hotels in the town, also a club-house, theatre, and any number of drinking-bars. It is a thirsty climate ; and as many people say that to drink the water of the district pure (?) and simple is not healthy, publicans do a large business in supplying the requirements which of course naturally arise.

Such is a brief sketch of Kimberley Mine and town.

In close proximity is De Beer's Mine, and about two miles away to the south-east lie the Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein Mines. They are all being actively worked, and present almost exactly the same features as those appertaining to the Kimberley Mine.

The bluestone, which contains diamonds, is so hard that it has frequently to be blasted with dynamite to loosen it ; but when exposed to the sun, air, and water, it pulverises in about two or three months, and is then ready to be washed.

The process of washing and sorting is treated upon in the following chapter, so I shall say nothing about it here.

Concerning the discovery of diamonds in this region, I read that "The first discovered was found in the

Hope Town Division, Cape Colony, in the year 1867, and used as a plaything by the children of a Dutch farmer. A visitor happening to see the stone was struck by its appearance, and it was presented to him. Passing from one person to another, it eventually found its way into the hands of Dr. Atherstone at Grahams-town, who astonished the colony by proclaiming that the stone was a diamond.

It was bought by the governor of the colony for £500.

In consequence of this discovery numbers of persons set about the work of searching for the precious stone, with the result that several more diamonds were found within a short time near the Vaal River, and in the division of Hope Town, Cape Colony.

"The Star of South Africa" was sold in 1869 for a sum over £11,000, and subsequently sent to England. It is said to have been in the possession of a Kafir witch doctor, and could, therefore, if endowed with speech, probably tell many strange stories of mystic rites and ceremonies. Eventually it found its way into the hands of the dealers, with the above result. It weighed over 83 carats, and is said to have been a perfect gem. It is, however, altogether eclipsed by the extraordinary "find" of Mr. Porter Rhodes in 1880.

In the earlier part of 1870 the number of diamonds found was so considerable that it attracted the attention of the inhabitants of the country generally. Gradually a "rush" set in from all quarters, and the banks of the

Vaal in a few months became covered with thousands of diggers.

“At the beginning of 1872 diamond digging underwent a great change in the concentration of almost the whole of the mining population on the dry diggings of Du Toit’s Pan and the neighbouring camps, as distinguished from the diggings on the banks of the Vaal River.”

About twenty-five miles intervened between the two localities.

Upwards of 20,000 persons are said to have assembled at Du Toit’s Pan and Bultfontein for the purpose of “deep digging.” Almost at the same time the riches of De Beer’s kopje (pronounced “coppie”) were discovered. Last of all Colesberg, or “New Rush,” was established, closely adjoining De Beer’s. This has proved the richest and most valuable of all the diamond districts yet discovered, and is known to the world generally as Kimberley Mine.

Mr. John Noble, in his work *The Cape and South Africa*, says, “On the horizontal Karroo beds are situated the diamond mines of Kimberley and Du Toit’s Pan in Griqualand West. They are distinctly defined circular areas, which have the appearance of ‘throats’ or ‘pipes,’ through which the volcanic and diamondiferous material has been erupted. The sandstone and shales which form the containing rock are entirely barren of diamonds; while the mine itself is composed of serpentinous matter, cementing together fragments



of broken rocks, limestone, shale, and basalt, and particles of minerals, such as garnet, spinelle, pyrites, mica, and titanite iron ore, with occasionally precious diamonds."

The same writer goes on to say elsewhere—

"Diamonds were first found along the banks of the Vaal River; they used to be washed out of the surface gravel by a 'cradle,' and, considering the rude and imperfect nature of the process, the quantity there found and the superior quality of the stones are suggestive of the vast treasures still lying concealed. The largest diamond found on the Vaal River was an irregular octohedron of  $288\frac{3}{8}$  carats, now known as the Stewart Diamond.

"When, in 1871, the dry diggings were discovered, the river banks were soon deserted, and the New Rush, De Beer's, Du Toit's Pan, and Bultfontein, became the attraction. Of these the 'New Rush,' now known as Kimberley Mine, has proved the most productive.

"To see the mine in operation is one of the most remarkable sights of the world. The scene has been well described as resembling nothing so much as a vast human ant-hill, with the busy inhabitants busy repairing damages; and above all this surging mass there is a labyrinthine network of wire ropes stretching overhead, on which are hauled up the buckets of soil to be washed and sorted. The greater cost of working ground in the claims, especially now, when increasing depth adds fresh difficulties to working, has of late produced

a tendency to amalgamate rather than to subdivide, insomuch that the number of individual holdings in the mine is now only a few hundred, whilst at one time there were as many as one thousand."

This was written in 1877-78, and the remarks apply even more forcibly to the events of 1880, as I understand the tendency has been towards formation of companies, and the gradual buying out of individual properties.

Share values, I am told, have risen very much during the year, and I annex a copy of a circular, giving names of mining companies, capitals, etc., to date of my visit to Kimberley—

# SHARE LIST.

KIMBERLEY SHARE EXCHANGE, and BROKING and GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY (Limited).

KIMBERLEY, October 28, 1880.

Date of Estab- lishment	Name of Company.	No. of Shares.	Subscribed Value.	Paid up.		Last Dividend.	When Payable.	Cash Selling Prices.		Remarks.
				£ s. d.	£ s. d.			From	To	
1880	British Diamond Mining Co. (Ltd.), Kimberley	975	100 0 0	100 0 0	—	—	Quarterly	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
1880	Cape Diamond Mining Co. (Ltd.), Kimberley	10,000	10 0 0	8 0 0	—	—	Quarterly	10 10 0	11 0 0	
1880	Central Diamond Mining Co. (Ltd.), Kimberley	1644	100 0 0	100 0 0	—	—	Quarterly	170 0 0	200 0 0	
1879	Compagnie Française, Kimberley	28,000	20 0 0	20 0 0	—	—	Monthly	30 0 0	—	
1880	De Beer's Diamond Mining Co. (Ltd.), Kimberley	2000	100 0 0	100 0 0	—	—	Quarterly	105 0 0	106 0 0	
1880	Rose Tunes Diamond Mining Co. (Ltd.), Kimberley	4550	25 0 0	25 0 0	—	—	Quarterly	Par.	—	
1880	South-East Diamond Mining Co. (Ltd.), Kimberley	1119	100 0 0	100 0 0	—	—	Half-yearly	do.	—	
1880	Spes Bona Diamond Digging Co. (Ltd.), Bultfontein	270	100 0 0	100 0 0	—	—	—	102 0 0	103 0 0	
1880	Standard Diamond Mining Co. (Ltd.), Kimberley	2250	100 0 0	100 0 0	—	—	—	103 0 0	106 0 0	
1880	Bultfontein Colonial Diamond Mining Co. (Ltd.)	7000	10 0 0	5 0 0	—	—	—	7 0 0	7 5 0	
1880	Du Toit's Pan Mining Co. (Ltd.)	10,000	10 0 0	5 0 0	—	—	—	5 10 0	5 15 0	
1880	Jagersfontein Diamond Mining Co. (Ltd.)	1200	30 0 0	30 0 0	—	—	—	55 0 0	56 0 0	
1880	Jagersfontein Imperial Diamond Mining Co. (Ltd.)	656	25 0 0	25 0 0	—	—	—	51 0 0	52 0 0	In formation.
1880	Star Diamond Mining Co. (Ltd.), Jagersfontein	9400	25 0 0	—	—	—	—	—	—	
1880	Crystal do. do. Kimberley	16,000	10 0 0	—	—	—	—	1050 0 0	1100 0 0	
1880	Union do. do. Bultfontein	40	1000 0 0	1000 0 0	—	—	—	—	—	
1880	Castle do. do. Bultfontein	6500	10 0 0	—	—	—	—	14 10 0	15 0 0	
1879	Bank of Africa (Ltd.)	20,000	25 0 0	12 10 0	—	—	—	20 0 0	28 10 0	
1836	Cape of Good Hope Bank (Ltd.)	15,000	50 0 0	20 0 0	—	—	Jan. and July.	—	—	
1877	National Bank, Orange Free State (Ltd.), Bloemfontein	20,000	10 0 0	5 0 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	June	9 5 0	9 12 0	
1862	Standard Bank of British South Africa (Ltd.)	94,000	100 0 0	25 0 0	2 0 0	2 0 0	February	55 0 0	56 0 0	
1880	Alliance Mining Co., Bultfontein	5000	10 0 0	—	—	—	—	—	—	In formation.
1877	Faure Smith Board of Executors, Faure Smith	1000	10 0 0	2 0 0	0 3 0	0 3 0	February	—	—	
1876	Griqualand West Board of Executors and Trust Co., Griqualand West	5000	5 0 0	1 10 0	0 4 0	0 4 0	Feby. and Aug.	4 0 0	4 5 0	
1879	Griqualand West Loan Trust, and Agency Co.	2000	100 0 0	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 9/10	

O. J. SKILL, Managing Director.

Before quitting the subject of the Diamond Fields, I must say a few words upon "Illicit diamond buying," or "I. D. B.," as it is familiarly termed.

My attention was first called to it by noticing on the morning after my arrival in Kimberley several gangs of white and black men marching together in prisoner fashion, and engaged in work upon the roads under black jailers armed with guns.

"What is the meaning of this?" I asked of my companion, a resident of the town, who had been taking me to see a diamond "wash up."

"Oh, that is a hard-labour party of convicts," he replied; and on my pursuing inquiries later on in regard to this system, how so many white men came to be in such a disgraceful position, I was much surprised to learn that the great majority of them had once held respectable positions, and were now serving terms of imprisonment, varying from twelve months to seven years, for transgressing the laws regulating the diamond trade.

Many of them had been what is called "trapped,"—that is to say, had been actually induced to commit the crime or crimes for which they were punished.

This course sounded to me as being both iniquitous and un-English, but subsequently the details of the system, explained by Mr. Montague Davies, one of the largest diggers on the fields, inclined me to the belief that it was almost an unavoidable necessity.

Quoting very nearly the words of Mr. Davies, I will

endeavour to give an idea of the working of the laws in respect to diamond digging or mining, the results of which represent about three-fifths of the whole exports from South Africa.

The value of a diamond being so immense, and the stone itself being so easily concealed, it is not much to be wondered at that the laws are stringent.

Every digger, or white man employed by a digger, must be a certificated man. To obtain this certificate he must be vouched for by two responsible persons as being worthy of holding the certificate. Nobody can *sell* diamonds unless he be a certificated miner and registered claimholder (or the registered agent of the above), or unless he be a licensed broker or dealer.

A broker or dealer must find two securities each for £100, and must himself be bound in the sum of £100. Moreover, he must be approved by the resident magistrate.

Licenses for dealers and brokers cost respectively £50 and £15 per annum. If paid quarterly they are charged £15 and £5.

Any person buying diamonds from any individuals other than the above mentioned is purchasing illicitly, the penalty for which is, for the first offence, a fine of £500 and three years' hard labour. For the second offence a fine of £500 is imposed, and the culprit is sentenced to seven years' hard labour.

Should anyone be guilty of *inducing* Kafirs to bring

him diamonds for sale, the magistrate may, in addition to the above penalties, inflict fifty lashes for each offence.

The difficulty of course is in finding out these offenders, and the principal argument in favour of this "trapping" system is, that although it has been in operation some six years, it is confidently believed that not one innocent man has been convicted.

When a man is suspected on the "Fields" of being "illicit," or practising "I. D. B.," as it is called, information is given to the Detective Department, which until lately was governed from the Attorney-General's office. A detective officer is then empowered to try and trap the suspected person, which he does in the following manner :

Accompanied by another white detective (both being trustworthy officers of the law), he takes two or more Kafirs, who are specially employed by the authorities for this purpose, to the house of the suspected man. These Kafirs are then thoroughly searched and relieved of any valuables or money that they may have about them.

A diamond is then handed to one, and he, accompanied by the other, or others, is sent to sell this diamond to the suspected person.

As soon as the stone is bought by the unfortunate wretch, a signal is given by the black decoys, and the detectives rush in to search the presumed purchaser. In a large percentage of cases the diamond is found on the person of the man or on his premises. The

native traps are also searched, and the proceeds of the sale are found upon them.

Of course the diamond used is one easily recognisable by some peculiarity, and can be readily sworn to.

In spite of the seeming enormity of the punishment, some idea of the profits to be made out of this nefarious practice may be gathered from the fact that there are at present some seventy men undergoing various terms of punishment, many of them gentlemen by birth and education ; and I am assured by a competent authority that the "*I. D. B.*" is on the increase. To more readily appreciate why such severe punishment is meted out to offenders, it must be borne in mind that the greater portion of the labour of digging for diamonds is performed by Kafirs, who consequently have opportunities of picking up precious stones and secreting them, although watched as carefully as possible by white overlookers.

Unprincipled men who practice the "*I. D. B.*" induce these Kafirs to pick up what they can in the mines and bring the proceeds to them. The price they would pay, being as low as the risk they run is great, enables these illicit buyers to make enormous profits, and retire soon from the dangerous game should their operations prove successful for a short time.

A few anecdotes, supplied to me by Mr. Davies, and I will bring my notes on the Diamond Fields to a close.

In 1870 a party of diggers found a yellow diamond

of 103 carats, for which they were offered £8000. Not satisfied with this sum, they refused the offer. The diamond is still unsold, and is now valued at sixty shillings per carat!

The Porter Rhodes Diamond is declared by all local connoisseurs to be the very finest stone in the world. The overseer who witnessed the Kafir finding it was a man earning wages at the rate of £5 per week and 5 % on the value of the diamonds found. For the purpose of assessing his commission in this case he agreed to a valuation of £80,000. He received, therefore, at the end of the week £4005 instead of £5, which may be considered as a very good six days' work.

Before the laws for regulating the diamond traffic were brought into operation the diggers used to burn down any house whose owner was suspected of I. D. B. Several places were burned in this way.

A gentleman working at old De Beer's Mine was so reduced in circumstances that his wife (an educated lady), his children, and himself, were almost at starvation point, and existed chiefly on porridge.

One day, while going to a friend's house to borrow a few shillings with which to buy meal, he had to cross his depositing floor, or place where the diamondiferous blue is laid out to prepare for manipulation.

Seeing something sparkle he stooped, and picked up a diamond, which he sold for £1500!



## CHAPTER VII.

### FOUR DAYS IN KIMBERLEY.

ON the first afternoon of my arrival in Kimberley I amused myself by making a general perambulation of the town, and calling on a few people with letters of introduction.

A very short inspection served to convince me that it was a thoroughly business place, in wonderful contrast to the torpid little towns we had been passing through for the last few days.

*Friday, October 29.*—Early this morning Mr. Goldschmidt, with whom I had made an arrangement the previous evening, called at the hotel, and took me to see a “wash up” of diamonds at the establishment of the Standard Diamond Mining Company.

It was near the Transvaal Hotel, but although the road was short we were almost buried in dust, which, hurried along by a strong wind, literally covered and enveloped everything as with a thick fog.

However, we made our way to the place, and found that the washing had just commenced. I will try to describe the process.

The establishment is near the side of the mine, where the hauling apparatus of the Company deposits the blue diamondiferous matter brought up from below.

A pile of this blue was laid near the machinery, and two men (standing upon the top) shovelled the earth into a wire-cage cylinder about four feet in diameter and twelve feet long, one end being lower than the other. A stream of water was poured in at the same time. As the cylinder revolved large stones and valueless debris become separated from the diamondiferous matter, and fell out at the lower end of the machine, while the diamond-containing-substance fell through the wire cage or sieve into a receptacle underneath.

Thence it passed along a wooden trough into a horizontal circular washing pan, and was thoroughly scoured by about a dozen revolving fans. The diamonds and heavy particles of crushed substance sank to the bottom, and an overflow trough affixed to one side allowed the water and a portion of the lighter refuse to run off.

After a day's scouring the contents of the washing pan are tapped into vats, and then finally submitted to another sifting through a pulsometre washing machine, which is divided into three sections, one above the other, the bottoms of the two upper ones forming sieves of iron wire, one finer than the other.

These sections of diamondiferous substance are then placed on an iron table, and their contents, which are

now reduced to carbon, iron pyrites, garnets, and diamonds, are carefully sorted, and the precious gems picked out.

I stood by for some time watching the process, and was greatly interested in it. It is a remarkable sight, and a somewhat exciting one, to see the diamonds suddenly exposed to view, as the man who sorts passes his knife carefully through and over the pile of carbon, pyrites, etc., laid on the table.

I say exciting, because no one can tell what size of diamond, varying from one carat, or a fraction thereof, to any size that a freak of fortune vouchsafing the searcher, may at any moment be revealed.

During our stay this morning several fairly large diamonds were picked out. The manager, Mr. Salomans, had a little tin box, into which they were placed, and before we left it was half filled with stones of various sizes and shapes, but of these more anon.

Water, required in the washing, is scarce and costly. Wood fuel for the engines of the machinery is also an expensive article, as it is brought in waggons from long distances.

My morning's work after leaving the "wash up" was of a most unpleasant nature. I had suffered for some three or four weeks previously from what I considered to be merely neuralgia, but the truth had been dawning that it was commonplace, downright toothache, and must be attended to, as it was daily becoming worse. Accordingly, I paid a visit to Mr. Moses,

dentist, the result being that that gentleman commenced certain operations which were in a short time to make me perfectly well. Extraction not being resorted to, I submitted with the amount of equanimity usually borne by martyrs in a similar cause, but he gave me reason to remember him that day at any rate.

In the afternoon I was taken by a resident to the Du Toit's Pan Mine, but after a very hurried visit felt so unwell that I went back to Mr. Moses, requesting him to draw every tooth in my head if he liked, but at least relieve me from the terrible pain. Blandly he smiled upon me, enjoining patience, and saying his treatment was having the natural effect.

"But when will this wretched pain cease?" I asked.

"To-morrow," he replied, "it will be better. Go home and be quiet, and see me in the morning."

I did so, feeling very much subdued, and thus ended my first day in Kimberley, which, with the single exception of the early morning's work, I felt to be a *dies non*.

*Saturday, October 30.*—Wishing to trace the course of the diamonds seen at the washing machine yesterday, I went to the office of the Standard Mining Company this morning to observe the sorting and weighing operations carried out.

The diamonds varied considerably in size, and their total weight was nearly 400 carats.

They were first washed in some acid, and then rubbed in chamois leather, after which, being laid on

a large sheet of white paper, the Company's secretary and a broker employed for their sale proceeded to pick them out according to size, colour, brilliancy, and shape. They were divided into several little heaps, the number in each heap counted, and the contents weighed exactly. Then they were made up into parcels in paper envelopes specially folded for the purpose, numbers and weights inserted in a corner ; and being ready for sale, the broker sallied forth with them to offer round the market.

I then wandered off to Kimberley Mine to look down into its depths upon the busy scene. While sitting on the brink and thinking what a wonderful similarity there was in the appearance of the mine to a stilton cheese in not too dry a state, turning mouldy-blue and well cut into the centre, a gentleman, to whom I had been introduced the previous day, came up and asked me if I would like to go down into the mine. I readily assented, and he took me to one of the mechanical hoists or lifts, which was busily engaged bringing up "bluestone" from below. We clambered up a skeleton staging, where the iron buckets from below overturned their loads into trucks waiting for them.

After some little manœuvring and difficulty I jumped into one of the discharged buckets, and my companion seated himself on an iron stay in front, his feet resting on the hauling chain.

These buckets or tubs are affixed to iron frameworks resting on four grooved wheels, which run over two wire ropes tightly strung from the point in the

mine where work is going on and the place where the stagings and hauling engines are situated above. In a few moments, at a given signal, the bucket moved slowly off to the edge of the mine, where a wooden buttress kept the ropes taut in their positions. Over we went with a gentle swing of the bucket, whose iron frame was now at the angle of the wire travellers, namely about  $45^{\circ}$ , but being upon a swivel it accommodated itself and myself to the gradient. Faster and faster it went, the sensation of movement being just like what I should imagine any one blessed with the gift of wings would experience. We were suspended in mid-air over an abyss, and the rushing, downward motion was anything but unpleasant, though I think persons of a nervous temperament, or with heads likely to turn giddy at heights, had better not try this means of descent. Half way down we met the other bucket coming up laden with "blue." It was running on another pair of iron wire travellers placed side by side with the one on which we were. Gradually we began to stop, and in a few moments the birdlike motion ceased. We stood on *terra firma* at the bottom of the mine.

Looking round and upwards, one could fancy oneself at the bottom of a huge crater, whence issued on all sides, not flames and smoke, but crowds of men, chiefly Kafirs, all hard at work. The ground was cut up into blocks, squares, parallelograms, etc., some of them being many feet higher than others; but the

uniformity of angles was apparent. These were the claims of which the sizes were given in the previous chapter. Some of them were worked singly, being the properties of individual holders, while others were grouped together, forming large blocks, probably belonging to some of the numerous mining companies.

A shaft has been sunk in the centre of the mine, showing that the "bluestone" still extends downwards for a great distance, so what the ultimate depth of the mine may be it is difficult to say.

I walked about for some time, but saw no diamonds. They are found sometimes in the matrix, I understand, after the delving and blasting operations have rent the "stone." With each gang of eight Kafir labourers one white man is placed, whose sole duty it is to watch their actions, and see that no diamonds are picked up and secreted.

Ascending by the bucket again, I walked round amongst the machinery in the vicinity of the mine, and afterwards went to see my friend Mr. Moses, as I felt in a much better frame of mind and body than I did yesterday. He further operated upon me, and I am thankful to say effected a temporary cure, for which I was deeply grateful.

Having heard "the Park" mentioned as being in the neighbourhood, I went in search of it this afternoon, and after a few enquiries and traversing a few streets, I found a wooden gateway opening into—well, it is diffi-

cult to describe what. The soil on either side of the gate appeared to be the same.

"Where is the park?" I asked a passer-by.

"Here," he replied, apparently rather surprised at the question, and pointed out some red plots of earth, minus trees or shrubs, and the avenue or street, minus corrugated iron or bluestone, stretching straight before me.

I bowed and walked on, arriving presently at a tree about my own height, on which I gazed in admiration. It was scarcely tall enough to climb for rest amongst its branches, nor was it sufficiently large to use as an ordinary switch to brush off flies, if cut down. It was a park tree, however, and really should not have worn such a shamefaced appearance as it did. I felt sorry for it. The lonely position must have been irksome.

Pursuing my ramble I presently found another, then a third, and at the end of the avenue there were actually two small gardens really containing vegetation.

After feasting my eyes for some moments, I passed out on the other side. It cannot be said to be a fatiguing walk, as far as distance is concerned, to traverse Kimberley Park. Much remains to be done before the name can be reasonably applied.

I found the exit from the Park brought me in the near vicinity of De Beer's mine, so I amused myself for some time by strolling round this huge hole, not so large or regular in its appearance as its neighbour, Kimberley



Mine, but presenting the same characteristics and surroundings. At 4 o'clock exactly a signal was given for men to leave work, and it was an amusing sight to see the Kafirs coming up from the scene of their labours below. They jumped and danced as they climbed the steep sides of the mine, shouting and hallooing as if they were the happiest people in the world. Some were clad in rags of blankets, others wore cast-off red soldier's coats, while many more appeared in nature's garb. It was Saturday night, and pay day; so doubtless the double event affected their spirits. I am told that their wages are paid in the following proportions, according to the employé's option :—25s. per week, payable in hard cash (not notes), and the Kafir then has to provide his own rations, excepting fuel and water; or 15s. per week with rations, fuel and water added. The fuel and water being scarce commodities are reckoned as being worth about 2s. 6d. per week per man, and form an important item in the wages' list. The lowest rate of wages ever paid on the fields, I understand, has been 5s. per week and rations.

My walk was extended for a two hours' ramble into the veldt beyond the mine, and back through another quarter of the town, after which I went to the Kimberley Theatre, and saw a farce—"In for a Holyday," and "H.M.S. Pinafore," put upon the stage. A large enthusiastic audience was present, and the actors must have been thoroughly satisfied with their reception.

As to the theatre itself, it was a moderate sized,

oblong room, without any pretension to beauty. A small gallery occupied one end facing the stage, and it also boasted five boxes, two on one side of the house, and three on the other.

I had certainly expected to see something more pretentious, having that morning observed an advertisement regarding the sale by auction of the theatre in one of the local papers. It was worthy of an American journal, and read as follows :—

---

T H E A T R E   R O Y A L  
AND  
T H E   R I N K  
OF KIMBERLEY CITY,  
FOR SALE BY AUCTION.

---

**E.** W. TARRY, Esq., the popular and courteous proprietor of the above establishment is concentrating his GIGANTIC AFFAIR into a nutshell, prior to his departure for Europe, and he is naturally anxious that Kimberley should remember him kindly; he has, therefore, determined to sell

A M I N T   O F   W E A L T H ,

TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER,

*On Wednesday, November 3d, at Eleven o'clock,*

COMPRISING :

T H E   F A M O U S   T H E A T R E   R O Y A L

AND THE

F A I R Y   R I N K ,

With all its appurtenances, appliances, and odds and ends.

---

T H E   T H E A T R E   R O Y A L

forms a prominent figure in local history. In this building for years public meetings have been held on the most important subjects, and Griqualand West eloquence has found exercise on its spacious stage.

The beautifully-fitted-up and arranged BOXES on both sides have frequently been occupied by entranced, soul-bewitching members of the fair-sex, who with enchanting glances have smiled approvingly upon the varied scenes of happy, successful love, and the triumph of virtue, played before them, as angels are said to do, from the stars, on good deeds done on earth.

In fact, the Theatre Royal has been our little world — like unto Shakespeare's description —

“ All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts.”

Many parts, many exits and entrances, have been played and made, and now this mine of wealth will change hands upon the most advantageous terms imaginable.

The position of the Theatre Royal is worth examining into, as, besides its utility as an Opera-house, its admirable centrality is marvellous, as shown in the variety of businesses which are clustered around it. Hotels of stylish appearance and ideas, stores fitted with everything that is beautiful, fashionable, and modern, Wholesale Establishments of renown, *Cafés à la Paris*, are abounding, and receive their lustre of illumination from the Theatre Royal, which stands proudly in the midst of the wealth and intelligence of Kimberley.

*Turn the Theatre into any mortal place of business,  
it is bound to pay.*

A full description of the inside of the place is not necessary, as every inhabitant of Kimberley and adjoining townships is well acquainted with the interior thereof.

ALONG WITH THE THEATRE WILL BE SOLD

*Benches, Carpet Chairs, Lamps, Plate Glass, Scenery,  
Deals, &c.*

What this place of amusement yields with its Bar and other Fixtures will be disclosed on the day of Sale.

## THE RINK

Which is attached to the Theatre

IS THE MOST PERFECT IN SOUTH AFRICA,

And the income derived from this place alone constitutes  
a princely fortune.

## T H E S T A N D S

Upon which all this WEALTH and magnificence are erected are fully capitalised, and the Auctioneer refrains purposely from saying any more on an investment which surpasses in its returns anything yet heard of, notwithstanding all the Claims in Griqualand West, their yield, or their intrinsic value.

Now is the time for men of money to assemble and talk over the advisability of forming a Company to purchase THIS CONCERN, which, if properly worked and managed, is bound to yield its purchase amount in one year's DIVIDEND.

Bar Fittings and a hundred other Odds and Ends will be simply thrown in as Bonus.

*Conditions of Sale will be duly read at 11 o'clock*

O N W E D N E S D A Y N E X T,

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL,

And the liberality with which they have been drawn up will extort tears of joy from the intending purchaser or purchasers.

---

## T H E O R G A N

In the Rink will play several national airs, and at the finish of the sale the well-known and popular tune, originated by one of the most gifted living composers of the age, will be sung, viz. :

*E. W. T. Vat uwe Goed en Trek Ferreira!*

A. A. ROTHSCILD, Auctioneer.

---

*Sunday, October 31.*—I went to service at St. Cyprian's Church this morning. It is a large building in the Gothic style, constructed entirely of unpainted wood internally, and covered externally, both roof and sides, with corrugated iron.

In the afternoon I walked through the cemetery, which is a neatly laid out place containing some handsome monuments and tablets. I was particularly struck by the large number of graves of men between the ages of twenty and thirty years, also the number of children's graves. It is a lamentable fact, that of the former

great numbers of young men come to Kimberley and kill themselves by drink and fast living, finding their last resting-place in a foreign land. The effect of South African climate is most prejudicial, I am told, to children of white parents born out of the country and brought there at an early age. They are most difficult to rear.

Judging from the records of Kimberley Cemetery, I should say the statement is very truthful.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ON THE ROAD TO PRETORIA.

MONDAY, *November 1.*—I was not sorry to leave the Diamond Fields this morning.

Whether it was that my introductions were not to the right people, I cannot say, but it appeared to me that Kimberley was one of the most inhospitable places I ever visited. This was the more extraordinary, since I had always heard that it bore a very different reputation.

Diamonds, Drink, and Dirt, appeared to be the chief characteristics of the place. The first two claimed nearly all the vital energies of, at any rate, the male portion of the population, while the last abounded on all sides, and its existence was totally ignored.

The next point on my journey was to be Pretoria—the capital of the Transvaal. It so happened that the first of a line of coaches under new management between Kimberley and Pretoria was to start to-day, and to do the journey in three nights and three days. This involved continuous travelling, and in view of hot, dusty roads, the prospect was not exhilarating. However,

anything was better than staying where I was; so I entered the coach with alacrity. It was a crazy looking machine, drawn by six wretched horses, and its whole appearance suggested an idea that it might have been imported into the colony with its first European settlers. I had grave misgivings as to the probabilities of its ever reaching Pretoria, but the sequel proved my fears were groundless.

The fare for the journey was £12, and luggage was charged for extra, at the rate of 1s. 6d. per pound, on all over twenty-five pounds weight. The distance is said to be about 380 or 400 miles.

The vehicle was built to carry nine passengers, but only four made their appearance at the start from the Transvaal Hotel. Of these, one was a young lady, and she and myself occupied the back seats of the coach, while two representatives of my own sex faced us. A narrow board in the centre served to divide us, and on inquiring its purport, I was astonished to learn "that the *seat*! was intended to carry three passengers should occasion require." Fortunately for us the coach started a day earlier than usual, in accordance with a new contract, otherwise it would have been crowded to its full capacity. It was not generally known that any change was to be made, consequently several persons who intended to have journeyed to certain horse-races on the road, somewhere near Bloemhof, did not make their appearance. We made a start with the usual rush—it is a neighbourhood where everything is "rushed"—

and presently found ourselves clear of the town on a flat sandy plain, which soon checked the ardour of our poor horses.

It speedily made itself "felt" that our wretched conveyance was even more filthy than at first sight it appeared. Enquiry elicited the fact that, in addition to its daily employment, it served each night as bedroom either for passengers or negro-drivers. After years of such work, the result may be imagined. I felt very bad tempered for some time, but eventually reconciled myself to the inevitable.

At 2 P.M. we stopped for dinner at a filthy-looking Dutch farmhouse. It stood isolated—desolate—not a tree or a shrub near. A fine-looking man, a Boer, greeted us with a smile; the usual handshaking followed, and we entered the house, stepping at once into an apartment which, in this class of habitations, serves the treble purpose of receiving-room, sitting and dining room.

Our host's better-half here greeted us most pleasantly. She was indeed very much his better half, and if the two were to be considered as forming one, she would certainly have measured as his better three-quarters.

The dining-room and kitchen, which adjoined, were filled with dogs, cats, fowls, three sheep, two naked Kafir children, and a monkey—all wandering about at their own sweet will and pleasure.

A glance into two bedrooms, whose doors opened



on to the central chamber, sufficed to make us rejoice we were not to stay the night there, though, in qualified justice to our present host, I must say I saw some very much worse as my journey progressed.

To our surprise a very excellent dinner was served, consisting of mutton, eurry, green pease, stewed peaches, and fresh milk. I remember that dinner. It was without exception the very best I ever ate in a Boer house.

When it was over, a bedroom door, which had up to that time been carefully kept closed, was opened, and a young lady, who had evidently been dressing for the occasion, emerged. It was the eldest daughter of the family, and I was given to understand she was considered a beauty. She also shook hands all round. I believe the proper thing would have been for me to salute her on one or both cheeks, but my natural modesty stood in the way, and I desisted. Not so, however, one of my fellow-passengers, who remedied any of his shortcomings in that respect by making a double event of his parting. We had all left the room to mount the coach, except this individual and the daughter. I returned rather hurriedly for my handbag, and was the unintentional witness of an embrace. He certainly had nothing to reproach himself with, in respect of lack of doing his duty.

What a pity it is these Boers are, as a rule, so lazy and filthy in their habits. Here were a fine handsome man and woman, with genial pleasant manners, living, and bringing their family up in a place really little better

than a hovel. I have no doubt but that they were extremely well off, and if they were not, why, the slightest amount of energy on their part would have made them so from their near proximity to Kimberley, whose inhabitants would have consumed any amount of their vegetable produce.

It is probable they would do but little or no work, leaving it all to be done by Kafir servants.

The coach was ready; so we said adieu, and drove off as fast as six mules could take us. They were only to be used as substitutes for horses, however, on this particular stage—a very short one of six miles. Presently one stumbled and came to earth, being dragged for some distance alongside the coach by his frightened fellows, until I really thought the poor brute would have been killed. They were pulled in at last, and the fallen one got up, shook himself, and appeared quite ready for business again, though much cut and bleeding. He was hitched in, and we proceeded, though at a more sober pace. This was the only stage where mules were used instead of horses.

An uninteresting country followed. We stopped at several Boer farmhouses, all more or less dirty, and about sunset arrived on the banks of the Vaal River.

It appeared to be a stream of at least two hundred yards width at this point. Its muddy rippling waters flowing placidly westward formed the most river-like stream I saw in South Africa, and must be a fertilising source to the country through which it passes. We

crossed in the same manner we did last Tuesday when passing the Orange River, namely, on a pontoon drawn backwards and forwards from bank to bank, attached to a steel wire which was stretched across the stream. Horses, coach, and passengers were driven on together, and in a few minutes were landed on the other side.

It soon became quite dark, and we were unable to discern anything of the country through which we were passing. Christiania was reached at midnight, and a wretched supper served up at the hotel, of which we partook sparingly, the host attending himself at the meal, with a smile on his lips and a pipe in his mouth.

This little town is the seat of a magistracy, and boasts of about ten houses and stores, with a proportionate number of inhabitants.

*Tuesday, November 2.*—Under the new coaching and postal arrangements there was no rest for us last night, which was a matter of congratulation, if by any other arrangement we had been condemned to stay the night at Christiania Hotel. Shortly after supper we were *en route*, proceeding in the darkness over very rough roads—the coach jolting and throwing us about in a most uncomfortable manner. At daybreak a stoppage was made to change horses; and the hostess of the post-house had prepared breakfast. I am ashamed to say, however, that not one of our party had the courtesy or good taste to show any appreciation of her attention. We were all so tired that we preferred to

stay in the coach and try to obtain some sleep. We managed to remain undisturbed for an hour and a half, and then a fresh start was made, and the jolting recommenced.

Rain had fallen during the night; and, in consequence, the country looked much fresher. The Karroo bush had disappeared; its place being taken by grass, which was springing up all around.

We breakfasted at Bloemhof, a small straggling place, but enjoying the distinction of being the chief town of the district. The inhabitants appeared to be in a great state of excitement regarding some horse-races that were coming off in the neighbourhood; and numbers of people were arriving from long distances to join in the sport. One of our fellow-passengers here left us for the delights of the race, and we went on with a very small load, which certainly enhanced the comfort, or rather lessened the misery of those travelling.

Long delays now took place on the road at various posthouses, in consequence of the relays of horses not being ready as we arrived.

At Clarkson's store we had a wait of three hours, during which I amused myself by watching the actions of a number of Kafirs all congregated to do business. One man was brought to me who, five years ago, was bitten severely by a tiger. Judging from his appearance it was a marvel he lived to tell the tale of his adventure. The savage beast had bitten his face, as well as other parts of the body. One side of his nose

was gone, leaving a large aperture; and there were two other holes also in his neck, showing where the fangs had entered.

No effort appeared to have been made to provide meals on the way, so at sundown, when we pulled up at a store, just on the borders of the Transvaal, we were ravenously hungry; and Mr. Paddon (the gentleman who sat opposite to me in the coach) and myself made a rush into the building for the purpose of ordering an immediate supper.

"What have you got to eat?" we inquired, anxiously.

"Nothing," was the reply of the proprietor, coolly eyeing us from behind his counter.

"Oh, that's all nonsense; come, let us have some bottled beer at once."

"Haven't had any for nine months; it doesn't pay."

"Well, please make some tea, and let us have something cooked at once."

"I tell you I have nothing to cook; and there's nobody about to prepare tea," was the reply.

We felt crushed and angry.

Suddenly a bright idea struck me.

"Have you any sardines in the store?"

"Yes."

"And biscuits?"

"Well, a few hard ones."

"Is there nothing you can let us have to drink?"

"Water—it's the only drink on the place."

"All right; please prepare some sardines, biscuits, and water."

We returned in low spirits to report to Miss R——, who had remained in the coach.

She was feeling very unwell in consequence of the long rough journey, and we could not induce her to partake of the poor fare ordered.

Returning to the store we found it illuminated by the faint light of a single candle placed on the counter.

The banquet was spread: two very small sardine boxes, and a couple of adamantine biscuits by each. Two dirty glasses of water, and a blue and white packet by each.

"Hallo! what's this?" I asked Mr. Paddon, picking up the blue paper by one glass.

I found him eyeing his with a comical expression on his countenance.

"What, in the name of wonder, did you order these for with supper?" he said.

"I didn't order them; you must have done so," was my reply.

"Indeed, I didn't," was his retort.

So we turned for an explanation to the storekeeper, who was busy at the farther end of his shop.

"What did you put these here for?" we both asked.

"Oh," he replied; "you said you wanted something to drink, and I thought they would go well with the water."

He looked so utterly unconscious of perpetrating a joke that we laid the packets on one side, and devoted ourselves to the biscuits and sardines, which rapidly disappeared.

Had we partaken of the banquet as laid out for us, we should have consumed biscuits, sardines, and *seidlitz powders*, these last being apparently our host's idea of a pleasant supper beverage.

While on the subject of the treatment travellers occasionally meet with in this new country, I must relate the experience of one who was staying at what might be considered a first-class establishment.

He was sitting in the smoking-room, and rang the bell for something he required.

There was no reply, so he rang a second time.

This elicited no response, so he rang violently a third time.

The door opened quickly, and the landlord himself, a very Hercules, rushed in.

"Who rang that bell?" he asked, fiercely looking round.

"I did," replied the traveller, in an aggrieved tone, feeling he had cause for complaint at the delay.

"I'll wring your neck for you if you do it again," was the fierce retort; and the traveller, who was *not* a Hercules, thought it more prudent to make no rejoinder.

It is charitable to suppose that "mine host" must have been awakened from his afternoon nap by the ringing of the bell.

It was quite dark when we left the store; and, when fairly started on the road, a thunderstorm of no small violence broke over us. The dilapidated canvas curtains were but a sorry protection from the rain, and we should have had a bad time of it if it had equalled some of the rain-storms I subsequently experienced in Natal. It was bad enough, however; and the discomfort it added to my seat during the night has given me cause to remember the occasion.

Gallantry had prompted me to give up for the night my one half of the back seat, which was broad and wide, to the lady who was travelling with us, in order that she might as far as possible obtain a good night's rest. Accordingly, I took my station on the narrow board in the centre, and there remained all through the dark hours, thrown about from side to side by the jolting of the coach, and with nothing to support my back. A strong draught between the two canvas curtains did not increase my comfort, as it became very cold during the small hours of the morning. The only relief was to get out, and take a walk round the coach, whenever it stopped for a change of horses.

*Wednesday, November 3.*—It was a great relief to see daylight this morning; and by the time we arrived at Klirksdorp, at 6 A.M., I had pulled myself together, and almost recovered my equanimity. Klirksdorp is a pretty little place to look at. Hedgerows abounded, covered with luxuriant masses of roses, possessing, how-



ever, no scent. There were plenty of other flowers, nearly all wild though, and a goodly number of trees of various sorts.

Surely in this little oasis we shall find a comfortable hotel, and obtain a good breakfast, we thought.

Alas for our anticipations !

The coach pulled up at a small building—the hotel of the place, and we hurriedly dismounted and entered. Dirt and squalor worse than ever ; so we sat down dispirited and sad to wait for breakfast.

It was served ; and Mr. Paddon and myself faced one another at the festive board.

I took up a three-pronged steel fork, looked at it, and quietly placed it on one side. Mr. Paddon had done the same, but added his knife as well. We both glanced hopelessly around. Everything ought to have been put aside as unfit for food ; so with the sighs of martyrs we arose, each placing half-a-crown on the table, and went out for fresh air.

Dirt had conquered hunger ; but we both felt ourselves victims of the fight.

Fortunately Mr. Paddon just then recognised an acquaintance passing along, who took us to his store and regaled us on Bass's beer and sweet biscuits, which were thoroughly enjoyed.

The coach being ready, on we went through an increasingly fertile and more undulating country, until arriving at Potchefstroom, the capital of the State of that name.

I believe this town was once the capital of the Transvaal, but has had to cede the honour to Pretoria.

Seen as approached it has an extremely pretty appearance; its white houses peeping out through a dense mass of foliage, and covering an extensive area of ground.

Its name is a combination of the names Potgieter, Scherf, and Stockenstrom, well-known men amongst the Boers.

As we drove through the streets we were much pleased with their appearance. The Mooi River (beautiful river) runs close by, and from this stream smaller ones have been diverted to run through all the streets, which are broad and long, and planted with trees. Most of the houses stand in large gardens, surrounded with flowers and flowering shrubs. Conspicuous was the pomegranate in full blossom, and the profusion of roses exceeded anything I ever saw anywhere before.

The Boers say, "See Potchefstroom and die."

Mr. Paddon told me about one native with whom he was conversing some time ago.

Not having seen the town, he asked what sort of a place it was, and whether it was as large as Bloemfontein.

The Dutchman smiled contemptuously, and intimated that it was vastly larger.

"Well," said Mr. Paddon, "do you think it is as large as London?"

"I cannot say," replied the man, "not having seen London, but all I can say is, if London be larger than Potchefstroom, it *must* be a big place."

We drove to the Royal Hotel. It has a luxuriant garden around, through which several rills of clear sparkling water were flowing, drawn from the streams in the streets. Compared with the hot, dusty places we had been travelling through lately, this was, indeed, a very oasis, and as we were to make a stay of six hours, I divided the time between a three hours' nap, a walk through the town, and dinner ; and to this last we all did ample justice.

The Royal Hotel is clean and comfortable, and, surrounded as it is by such gardens, seemed to be just the place where one could spend a day at least very comfortably, but the post-coach was bound to proceed, and in the afternoon we were *en route* again, feeling, however, very much refreshed by the rest, and carrying away pleasant recollections of the little town.

Before starting, I was introduced to a gentleman sitting under the verandah, with his arm and shoulder bound up. Enquiring the reason, he informed me that a few days previously, when travelling from Pretoria in a post-cart, the vehicle had a very awkward upset, and he was thrown out, dislocating his shoulder and breaking two ribs. I had frequently been told that the post-carts were overturned while driving at night, or over rough stony roads. Here was an illustration of the results ! However, so far I had escaped any accident of the sort.

As we journeyed onwards the country generally changed its aspect very much for the better.

At Wolverance (?), the first stage where horses were changed, the surrounding scenery was really beautiful. The host and hostess were disposed to be extremely uncivil to the strangers on account of their nationality. Mr. Paddon had walked into the house uninvited, to see and talk to the Dutchman and his family, but he met with a very cool reception; the wife remarking, "Ah, I suppose you are one of those Englishmen who took our country," (referring of course to the annexation of the Transvaal).

For a moment Mr. Paddon was taken aback, but his natural wit soon rose to the occasion.

"Yes," he said, "I am certainly an Englishman, but I belong to Kimberley, and you see they have treated us there just as you were treated—by annexing us to the Cape Colony."

This reply completely altered the aspect of matters, and nothing the house contained was too good to offer to Mr. Paddon; but as I was unable to give such an excellent account of myself I did not venture to enter, so wandered off to look at a party of Kafirs encamped for the night in the road close by. They had two fires lighted, over which were boiling two large iron pots containing beans. Squatting in circles round the fires, they regarded with surprise my addition to the party, but by means of gesticulations and grimaces we were soon engaged in an animated interchange of ideas.

They were on their way to Kimberley to work at the mines. Many of them were Zulus; not, however, of the warlike type, but probably belonging to some families that had settled in Natal or Transvaal.

I was much surprised to note that in preparing for rest for the night they did exactly as the Japanese peasantry do. Each man unrolled for his bed a neat straw mat, six feet in length by two in breadth, and packed up in this roll was a little wooden crutch to serve as a pillow, just as I have seen it in Japanese houses, and nowhere else. The Zulus of the party had holes bored in the lobes of their ears, sufficiently large to insert a finger; in fact, I should think a piece of the ear must have been cut out. This is a custom peculiar to the nationality.

Our next stage was Wonderfontein, but in the darkness the driver lost his way, and wandered some time across the veldt before regaining the road. This was the only occasion during my travels through the country where I saw a driver at fault; usually they combine instinct and science as regards the track, although the latter quality is sometimes unable to avert an upset.

Eventually, however, we reached the posthouse, and supper—a sorry meal it is true, but certainly an improvement on some of those supplied during the last three days.

Then on again through the darkness, as fast as our six horses could drag us. It was really astonishing to see the manner in which these coaches were driven,

plunging into dry gullies or running streams, up hill and down hill, now following some track and then off it again. Day travelling was bad enough, but at night it was ten times worse.

*Thursday, November 4.*—We went through a very rough, jolting night, but I did not repeat the trial of sitting on the centre seat. One night had been quite enough.

At a house where we stayed for breakfast there was not enough to eat for all our party, which had been increased by three or four members. I was one of the unfortunates, and did not get anything until our arrival in Pretoria at 1 P.M.

Here I went to the European Hotel, and was very comfortable during my stay in the town.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CAPITAL OF THE TRANSVAAL.

**P**RETORIA is the chief town of the district of that name, and the seat of Government of the Transvaal.

It is named after Pretorius, one of the pioneer Boer farmers, whose son was subsequently President of the Republic.

Surrounded by hills, and situated in a sort of gently-sloping basin, the town is not seen until one passes through a "poort," or pass. Evidently those who planned the site of Pretoria had ambitious views as to its future. The streets, as marked out, are long and broad, running parallel and cutting one another at right angles. As at Potchefstroom, they possess a great source of wealth in the numerous rivulets flowing through them.

It must not be supposed, however, that because they are so laid out, all the building sites are occupied. Quite the reverse is the case.

Some two or three thoroughfares are well-filled with stores and dwelling-houses, and beyond are the resi-

dences of the wealthier portion of the inhabitants, whose houses stand in gardens, sometimes occupying the whole of a square.

A large open space has been left in the centre, forming a public market-place, and containing an ungainly-looking Dutch church.

A comparatively small number of houses, and a large number of gardens bordered by hedgerows of roses in luxuriant profusion, oleanders, and willow-trees, gave the town a charming appearance when first seen, and the agreeable impression was materially strengthened by a further acquaintance with the place and its inhabitants.

Situated in  $25^{\circ} 50'$  S. lat., and  $28^{\circ} 50'$  E. long., one would almost expect to find a hot tropical atmosphere, but this is counteracted by its high elevation above the sea, namely, about 4500 feet.

In Chapter II., page 35, I have said a few words on the subject of the Transvaal generally, and it may not be uninteresting here to say a few words on the subject of the Government of the country as at present existing. Quoting from the *General Directory and Guide Book* :—

“On the 8th November 1879, letters patent were passed under the Great Seal for the purpose of providing an Executive Council and a Legislative Assembly in the Transvaal.”

After reciting the promises made in the proclamation of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, to wit, that the





PRETORIA.



Territory should remain a separate Government with its own laws and legislature, that the inhabitants should enjoy the fullest legislative privileges compatible with the circumstances of the country, and that the Members of the Legislative Assembly should be allowed to speak either in the Dutch or English language, the instrument goes on to provide—(First) “That there shall be an Executive Council of the province consisting of the Administrator, the Commander of the Forces, the Government Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Secretary for Native Affairs, and of such fit and proper persons, not exceeding three at any one time, as may be appointed by the Governor, in whom is vested the power to annul the appointments of unofficial members. The Governor is bound to consult with the Executive Council except in cases of a trivial or urgent nature, or when such consultation might be to the prejudice of the State. He alone is entitled to submit questions to the Council for their advice or decision, and he is empowered upon occasion to act in opposition to such advice.

“The Legislative Assembly consists of the Governor, the Administrator, the Chief Justice, the Members of the Executive Council, and such other persons, not exceeding six in number—three of whom must be burghers holding no office of profit under the Crown—as may be summoned at the beginning of each session of the Assembly. It is provided that the Dutch or English language may be used in the Assembly at the option of the speakers.”

This constitution was promulgated in January 1880.

The annexation of the Transvaal in April 1877 appears to me to have been a mistake, although, no doubt, at the time circumstances seemed to indicate that such a course of action might be for the interests of all concerned.

From what I could gather I learned that undoubtedly a large number of Boers were not averse to the annexation, and that, had the English Government not made any attempt at interference in that direction when it did, it is not at all improbable but that the Boers themselves would eventually have *sought* our protection and assistance in helping them through their difficulties.

The annexation, however, gave them a *grievance*, which, when the benefits derived from our interference have been secured, they now assert in injured tones, and clamour for independence. Probably the best thing would be to let them have it. Nevertheless they should not forget the fact that they are largely indebted to the English Government for their present condition of comparative prosperity.

The annexation found them financially in a bankrupt condition—unable to enforce their own laws, or collect their own taxes—and at war with the Bapedi.

Under English Government the war has been brought to a close, laws and regulations have been carried out, and the values of properties and stock greatly enhanced.

The house having been set in order, the Comptroller is to be turned out, and the previously incompetent owner desires to be reinstated.

His grievance is his war cry, but he should in common fairness remember his benefits.

And what are, or have been the advantages accruing to ourselves under the annexation?

I fail to see any. In fact, the acquisition of the Territory has led to one very serious consequence at least, namely, the war between the Zulus and ourselves.

For many years previous to 1877 the Transvaal Boers and the Zulus had been quarrelling about disputed territory on their borders. With the annexation we took this quarrel upon ourselves, and so raised a feeling of distrust and suspicion in the minds of the Zulus, with whom, in previous years, we had been on excellent terms of friendship.

In a despatch from Lieutenant-Governor Sir H. Bulwer, K.C.M.G., to the Right Honourable Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Bart. (received April 15, 1880), occur these words:—

“The Zulu war was in the main an outcome of the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877.”<sup>1</sup>

Another “outcome” of the annexation is the present disturbed state of the country, which threatens to break out into rebellion or revolution. In several directions

<sup>1</sup> No. 94. Blue Book C—2584. For a full exposition of the causes which led up to the war I would refer my readers to that despatch from which I have just quoted.

lately I have heard of a "rising" which is to take place in January next, when a blow is to be struck for the recovery of the liberties of the people.

*Thursday, November 4.*—My first call was on Bishop Bousfield this afternoon. His lordship, however, was absent on diocesan duties, but Mrs. Bousfield entertained me for some time by a narration of their experiences of South African life, more especially with reference to their first introduction to it when travelling upwards from Durban to Pretoria.

They were four months on the road accomplishing a distance of about 450 miles, and during that period endured terrible privations. Mrs. Bousfield's journal of this journey would be a most interesting volume to read should it ever be printed.

*Friday, November 5.*—I went to bed *early* last night, and need scarcely add that I slept soundly, so much so that, when awakened by the breakfast gong this morning, I could scarcely realise that a night had passed.

I remembered the story told of an Irishman, who, in reply to his host's morning enquiry as to how he had enjoyed his bed, replied "that he had not enjoyed it at all."

"I am very sorry; but why not?" asked the somewhat surprised host.

"Because," answered the son of Erin, "when I got into it I fell asleep, and when I awoke it was time to get up immediately."

My friend Mr. Paddon called upon me early this morning for a walk round the town. He introduced me to Mr. De Witt, the Chief-Justice, also to Mr. Hudson, Colonial Secretary, who talked to us for some time on subjects generally pertaining to the Transvaal.

He spoke strongly on the necessity of a railway being constructed between Pretoria and Delagoa Bay, adding that the proposed road had been surveyed, and was estimated to cost £6900 per mile. The distance between the two places is about 310 miles.

Speaking about the financial position of the country as compared with what it was previous to the annexation, when it was about as bad as bad could be, he gave me certain figures relating to revenue and expenditure which I annex at the end of this chapter. Afterwards I lunched with Bishop Bousfield, who subsequently drove me round the town, showing me the cathedral, schools, cemetery, barracks, gaol, etc. The cathedral is certainly not an important-looking edifice, being a very plain brick building capable of seating 300 persons. Much remains to be done to it, and specially does it require a boarded flooring, its present clay floor being anything but in harmony with one's ideas of a cathedral. As all planks have to be brought here from a long distance their cost is made very great, but no doubt a Pretorian congregation will not long allow their church to remain in its present unfinished state.

Previous to the building of the present cathedral a

.

small poor-looking edifice in another part of the town served the purpose of an English church.

The schoolhouse is a neat, well-ordered building, ably presided over by Miss L——, and, I understand, has a goodly attendance of scholars daily.

The cemetery is about the worst specimen of a place of this description I have yet seen, being merely a piece of open ground on the veldt about a mile outside the town, entirely unenclosed excepting where the bishop has fenced off that portion of the ground allotted to members of the Church of England.

At the gaol I paid a visit to Sikukuni, who is a prisoner there. This man, whose name figures largely in the late history of the Transvaal, was an independent chief of a mixed race of natives—the *Bapedi* tribe.

During the presidency of Mr. Burghers the encroaching Boers and the natives came into collision. The natives denied the Boers' right to certain lands, and by way of retaliation took possession of certain cattle belonging to the Boers. War was declared by the President and Volksraad against Sikukuni, and a mixed army of Boers and their Swazi allies marched against him in July 1876. They tried to take his "stronghold," but being unsuccessful carried on a harassing, troublesome warfare for some time, until a peace was agreed to, provided Sikukuni paid a fine in cattle. This was in the early part of 1877.

Shortly afterwards the Transvaal was annexed by England, and partially in consequence of this fine not



having been paid, and partly on account of continuous disturbances between Sikukuni's people and the border farmers, the new Government went into the field against him. A long desultory war ensued, which was only brought to a close this year, when Sikukuni was made prisoner.

The old chief was squatting under a wall within the enclosure. His dress consisted of a blanket thrown over his shoulders. In front of him four other men, his chiefs, were squatting, one of them just recovering from some desperate wounds received in the war. His secretary and doctor were also in attendance; so I was informed.

Sikukuni himself was a small, old-looking man, and very thin. The jailer said he ate scarcely anything, and appeared to be pining away.

They all rose as I walked up to them, each man elevating his right arm above his head in reply to my salutation.

Being quite unable to meet on the common ground of language, and as no interpreter was present, I was unable to ask him any questions, as I should like to have done, and in a few minutes I withdrew.

At the gate of the prison Sikukuni's wife, son, and daughter were seated, basking in the sunshine. The daughter was a remarkably fine, handsome-looking, dark girl, about thirteen or fourteen years old, I should think. She looked like a princess, and with such eyes could and would doubtless do much execution in time to come.

Later on Mr. Paddon and myself went to call on Justice and Mrs. De Witt, who reside in a very handsome house near Government House. Here I met the young lady who was my travelling companion from Kimberley. We all went out for a walk to some strawberry gardens in the neighbourhood, and found the fruit in great profusion. Then we extended the ramble to the "Lovers' Walk," a beautiful little avenue of trees on the outskirts of the town. I daresay it would be pleasant enough for the rambles of fond couples in fine weather, but to-day, in consequence of frequent showers, the roads were remarkably muddy, necessitating anything but lover-like progression.

*Saturday, November 6.*—Last evening Bishop Bousfield arranged to take me "on trek" with him to-day in the waggon in which he drives about the country.

Unfortunately, there had been a heavy storm during the night, and rain continued to fall until well on into the morning, so it was midday before we started.

His "waggon" is a strongly-built American vehicle on four wheels, very light in the materials of which it is composed, and just the thing for the country. It is suitable for one, two, or four horses, according to the distance to be traversed. He bought it from Sir Garnet Wolseley, who, I believe, came up country from Natal in the vehicle.

When "on trek" it serves the double purpose of travelling-carriage by day, and sleeping-room at night, and in the latter capacity must be luxury, when com-

pared with the wretched sleeping accommodation to be met with in the country places.

We went first to see the Wonderboom, or wonderful tree, which lies in a northerly direction from the town, on the other side of the Magaliesbergen. Crossing a plain of verdant country, and then through a "poort," or pass in the hill range, we arrived at the tree, which, I am told, is a favourite place for picnic parties from Pretoria.

Great numbers of baboons live in the rocks and caves of this Magaliesbergen, and are frequently seen by travellers going through the pass; but although we narrowly scanned the hillsides for the monkeys, not one of them could we discern.

The "Wonderboom," although a curious freak of nature, scarcely merits the high-sounding title its name implies.

A trunk of a tree, hollowed and decayed in its centre, has bent outwards all round, so that many of its branches touch the ground, and form an outside circle. These branches have taken root and shot upwards again, each forming a separate tree, whose branches again in some instances touch the ground, so that the whole covers a large area, although it is not very high in any particular part.

Luncheon was spread in the decayed parent stem, under a thick leafy shade. It was quite proof against the sun's rays; but suddenly a thunderstorm came up, and sunlight gave way to a heavy downpour of rain,

which soon penetrated the foliage, and caused us to beat a hasty retreat to the waggon, whose canvas curtains, and an outside apron of the same material, served us in good stead, completely keeping out the rain, which for a few minutes descended in a perfect deluge, accompanied by thunder and lightning. When the storm was over we caught the horses, which, although knee haltered, had wandered off to some little distance ; and, packing up the remains of the feast, returned to Pretoria.

A military band was playing near Government House, so we drove there and listened to its enlivening strains for some time. A number of natives had collected, and seemed to enjoy the music and the scene very much. But few of the white population were present, in consequence of the damp state of the ground and the cold.

We then drove on to "The Fountains," about three miles distant, whence spring the streams flowing through Pretoria. The country in this neighbourhood is prettily wooded and undulating ; one or two of the prettiest peeps at the town being obtainable between the hills.

Bishop Bousfield dined with me that night at the hotel ; and just after dinner one of the violent thunderstorms for which this neighbourhood has an unpleasant notoriety burst over the town. The smoking-room had a metal roof, and at one period of the storm there was a fall of hailstones, whose noise on the iron was so great that it was utterly impossible to hear any other

sound except the crash of thunder. We consequently sat and looked at one another without a word. When the hailstorm was over, we went to the front door to look out, and certainly it was a wild sort of night.

The European Hotel is built on one side of the great square or market-place. This was flooded with rain, and over the expanse of water blue lightning was incessantly flashing and quivering, lighting up the whole surroundings. A drift of hailstones was lying heaped up against the side of the house, fully a foot deep, most of the stones being about the size of large hazel nuts. We returned to the shelter of the smoking-room, but to my great regret my guest was eventually obliged to go forth into the inclemency of the night on his way home, as the storm showed no signs of abatement up to a late hour.

*Sunday, November 7.*—I attended the cathedral service this morning, and afterwards went to dinner at the house of the Chief-Justice. Amongst other *curios* I was shown a number of large nuggets of gold from the Lydenburg fields of the Transvaal. So many different accounts are given of these fields that it is difficult to form an opinion as to their real richness. There appears to be little doubt, however, that the gold does exist in paying quantities, even as worked at present.

The Lydenburg fields are on the eastern side of the Transvaal, not above 150 miles from Delagoa Bay, and were first discovered in 1873.

In the afternoon the gentlemen of our party

adjourned to Government House to call on Sir Owen Lanyon, and sat for some time with him, engaged in a very interesting conversation on the present aspect of the Basuto war and the condition and prospects of the Transvaal.

With reference to the former, Sir Owen appeared to think that the prospects of a speedy settlement were remote, though of course no one could doubt as to the ultimate result. He thought they could probably muster 30,000 fighting men, including 12,000 horsemen, which certainly is a formidable force to have arrayed against us, as they are well armed, and from the mountainous nature of their country very difficult to get at. The news to-day from the seat of war was not at all satisfactory.

As to the condition of the Transvaal, he did not appear to attach much importance to the present attitude of the Boers. He regarded their mutterings and threatenings as so much vapouring, which would probably soon die out. He informed us that the country was just about to be carefully surveyed and mapped out, as the present farm boundaries were very indefinite, and raised many vexed questions.

**THE COLONIAL TREASURER'S STATEMENT OF REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE FOR THE PROVINCE OF THE TRANSVAAL, FOR THE THREE QUARTERS ENDING 30TH SEPTEMBER 1880, COMPARED WITH THE SAME PERIOD FOR 1879, AND THE ESTIMATES FOR THE FULL CURRENT YEAR.**

Heads of Receipt.	1st Jan. to 30th Sept. 1879.			1st Jan. to 30th Sept. 1880.			Estimates 1880, for the whole year.			1st Jan. to 30th Sept. 1880.			Estimates 1880, for the whole year.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Taxes current . . . . .	13,422	9	1	11,757	13	0	23,872	0	0	22,891	6	9	49,299	10	0
" arrears . . . . .	402	5	0	27,518	6	3	26,100	0	0	1,351	19	1	1,430	0	0
" native . . . . .	12,915	17	1	13,225	10	0	35,000	0	0	2156	5	3	1066	8	6
Import Duties . . . . .	24,930	2	1	17,791	18	9	18,270	0	0	3655	18	10	11,961	6	8
Duties other than Imports . . . . .	4136	5	3	40,130	4	11	34,833	0	0	2013	4	8	4116	4	2
Postage . . . . .	5084	19	8	5994	15	10	6000	0	0	9683	4	8	7695	2	11
Other Receipts . . . . .	3350	5	8	10,834	1	7	6463	0	0	2413	6	1	5223	19	7
Special Receipts . . . . .	64,242	3	10	7041	16	6	10,120	0	0	2772	9	11	5005	15	1
Total Revenue: . . . . .	23,800	0	0	133,394	6	10	159,658	0	0	21,439	11	4	27,751	8	3
Exchequer Bills sold, being Balance of Imperial Loan £100,000 . . . . .	88,042	3	10	133,394	6	10	159,658	0	0	14,962	6	3	4760	5	5
ITEMS OF ACCOUNT—	7737	16	2	(c) 11,244	6	6	6552	11	1	19,396	10	11	7159	9	4
Deposits made . . . . .	4026	13	5	6552	11	1	12,295	15	4	619	13	2	1950	12	1
Advances recovered . . . . .	5401	0	6	16,349	3	8	12,295	15	4	20,301	12	8	3489	10	1
Remittances received . . . . .	105,207	13	11	107,540	8	1	159,658	0	0	144,665	9	9	153,751	17	4
Balance in hand 1st Jan.: . . . .	5880	11	6	133,394	6	10	159,658	0	0	139,366	6	9	153,751	17	4
Crown Agents . . . . .	4184	14	6	12,392	5	4	107,131	13	1	5822	3	0	147,543	4	4
Overpayments, 30th Sep.: . . . .	137,404	3	11	130,710	14	0	4541	19	8	10,131	4	0	10,131	4	0
By Crown Agents . . . . .	3711	18	8	2279	10	8	256,339	2	6	302,862	18	1	153,751	17	4
Overdraft at Bank . . . . .	256,339	2	6	302,862	18	1	159,658	0	0	107,131	13	1	147,543	4	4
Outstanding Items . . . . .										4541	19	8	10,131	4	0

(a) Including Crown Agents' Account Current for the Nine Months.

(b) Including Crown Agents' Account Current for Seven Months only.

(c) Including £7000 : 13 : 4 Hut Tax, temporarily entered as a Deposit, for want of particulars.

Treasury, Transvaal, 27th October 1880.

N. J. R. SWART, Colonial Treasurer.

## CHAPTER X.

### PRETORIA TO NEWCASTLE.

MONDAY, *November 8.*—Having made my arrangements with a view to returning to England *vid* Zanzibar and Aden in a steamer which was to leave Durban for the first-named port on the 26th inst. I was reluctantly compelled to say farewell to Pretoria to-day, and proceed southwards in a post-cart *en route* for Natal.

I left the town with very different feelings from those with which I departed from Kimberley, though in justice to that town I must record my obligations to one of its sons, Mr. Paddon, my travelling companion, whose kindness on several occasions went far to show me that, peradventure, some righteous men might be found there, for whose sake the place might be spared.

The coach was to leave at 1 P.M.; so during the morning I employed myself in paying farewell calls on the many friends I had made during my short stay. Sir Owen Lanyon gave me a *sjambok*, or whip, cut from the hide of the giraffe. He had just received a parcel of them from the interior. The hide whips last



indefinitely, and when mounted and polished look very well.

The distance from Pretoria to Newcastle is about 200 miles, and the fare for the journey £10. Luggage is allowed up to twenty pounds, but for anything in excess one shilling per pound is charged.

Punctually to the moment we set off, the vehicle now being a covered waggonette, drawn by six horses. There was only one other passenger, and with a light coach and bad roads we tumbled about finely. We passed some pretty farms, and through an undulating country. The afternoon was beautifully fine, and everything looked green and fresh. The pasture land appeared to be particularly rich. It is part of the Hoogeveld, or generally elevated region of the Transvaal, and as seen at this season of the year was looking its very best. As we topped each successive little rise of the undulations, and saw valley after valley, and plain succeeding plain, all presenting an extremely fertile appearance, it was impossible to repress a feeling of regret that such thousands of acres should remain uncultivated. How many of our starving hundreds in England might find new homes here, cultivating the earth and rearing cattle for their own wealth and happiness, while at the same time laying the foundation of a nation's prosperity and strength.

The rains of the last few days, while having the effect of adorning the hills and country generally with an emerald mantle, had very materially affected the

roads for the worse; and some of the spruits, or little watercourses, had become quite important streams. In some places, too, the lowlands were almost swamps, and our horses had much difficulty in pulling through.

We stopped to change horses at posthouses varying from twelve to eighteen miles distance from one another, and this average of fifteen miles I found to be about the usual length of a stage all through the country.

At Mooifontein, one of the stagehouses where we stayed, we saw two good specimens of a bird called the Kroomkaan: they were very like the blue heron, but slightly larger.

After sundry stickings in the mud and swamps we arrived at Heidelberg at 9.30 P.M., where a stoppage was to be made for the night.

Mr. Graham's hotel is a small but very comfortable establishment, and I think the bedroom and bed with which he accommodated me was one of the best I had hitherto seen in South Africa. We learned to-night that the post cart, which left Pretoria last Saturday, had only crossed the Heidelberg river this (Monday) morning, having been delayed on account of floods. The heavy storm of last Saturday had been wide spread, and fears and warnings as to crossing the rivers farther south were heard on all sides. However, it was useless meeting troubles half way, and having done a very good day's journey I was content to let the morrow take care of itself.

*Tuesday, November 9.*—Heidelberg is the capital of the division of the same name. It is built on the slope of a little hill, and has a small river running on its southern side. There are not many houses in the place, but it has a clean, neat appearance, and wears a comfortable thriving aspect.

The river had risen so much that we could not cross, so the horses and waggonette were sent over first,—the former swimming the stream and the latter drawn across by ropes, which events necessarily occupied some time; and after an early breakfast we followed, being ferried over in a little boat.

For miles our journey then led through a rich grass country. We saw no sign of human life, and yet the land seemed to invite occupation; surely this will be righted some time.

While waiting at one of the posthouses we watched with great interest the curious efforts of a large black beetle to push before it a piece of rounded earth at least twelve times as big as itself, which it had evidently shaped for some certain purpose. The creature would mount the piece of earth, looking all round as to the direction in which the propelling force must be exercised, then nimbly descending it would bury its forelegs in the ground, and raise its hind legs against the piece of earth until it almost stood on its head. Exerting an astonishing amount of force upwards and forwards it moved the ball on. Sometimes it was checked by grass tufts, and then the

beetle would slightly deviate from his course. Sometimes the ball rolled suddenly down a little declivity, carrying the beetle with it, and rolling him over and over until it came to a standstill. Then the beetle would mount to the summit, survey the country, and proceed anew to push the great mass in the direction he wished it to go. We gently inserted two twigs in the ball to hinder its course, but he immediately stopped pushing, ran to the obstructions and wriggled them out. Unfortunately, in trying to insert them more firmly we broke the piece of earth, and evidently much disgusted Mr. Beetle turned round and walked off.

Resuming the journey we came presently to the banks of the Suiker Bosch Rand Spruit, whose waters, swollen by the recent heavy rains, were rushing and foaming along, too deep for the waggonette and horses to cross at the drift or ford. Numbers of waggons going north and south were halted on both sides of the stream, prevented by depth and volume of water from crossing. Some had been there since Saturday. Our horses, greatly fagged, were here outspanned or unharnessed, and we joined the number of water-watchers, who, with little pegs placed in the bank sides, anxiously regarded the subsidence of the stream.

After a two hours' rest our driver determined to try another drift, where it was reported the stream was shallower. So the horses were inspanned, and we proceeded up stream in search of the drift. It was quite off the main road, but we found the track leading to it,

and presently arrived there. The water formed a double current at this point, with a sort of island between the two streams. Making a plunge at the first, horses and carriage were submerged to a depth of at least four feet; the water wetting the bottom of the waggonette, and rushing between the wheel spokes with the velocity of a mill race. Great stones, washed down by the current, had made the ford most uneven, and we floundered over boulders of rock, momentarily expecting to be precipitated bag and baggage into the stream. However, we safely passed through the first current, and gained the island, where the coach halted for a few minutes, while our little boy guard, a Makatise Kafir, stripped off his clothes and waded into the next stream to test its depth. As it seemed to be no deeper than the first, we went at it as before, but our horses, being tired, stopped short when the carriage was just in the centre. A desperate struggle ensued between the driver and the quadrupeds, during which I got drenched with the water splashing about; but at length the poor animals drew us out. We then wandered about some very uneven country for a time, trying to regain the main road, and eventually succeeded in doing so, crossing several spruits and hills in the attempt, and always sending the boy in first to gauge the depth of water before attempting to cross a stream.

The horses were now nearly used up, but after a long tiresome drag they succeeded in landing us at Mr. M'Hattie's posthouse, where a change of cattle was

obtained. They were very little better, however, than those just taken out, having been left by the delayed post-cart ahead of us only six hours previously.

We obtained something to eat here, and, while we enjoyed our coarse bread, marmalade, and tea, Mr. M'Hattie told us of the narrow escape of some ladies and children while crossing in a bullock-waggon that morning the river we had just forded. The water was then rather deeper than it was this afternoon, and when in mid-stream the current washed the waggon completely over, and hurried it away down stream. Mr. M'Hattie, who happened to be near, and a Kafir, plunged in to rescue the struggling travellers. They succeeded only just in time, one of the children having a narrow escape, as wrapped in a blanket it became fixed against the tilt of the cart, and was as nearly drowned as possible.

With our fresh horses, or rather, I should say with other horses, we again set off on the journey, but found progress wretchedly slow. The poor brutes had had a severe morning's work, and could scarcely take us along even at a walking-pace. We had hard work to get them on to the end of the next stage, but managed to do so however, arriving at nine o'clock, some time after dark.

It was resolved to stay here for the night, although we had only done forty miles of travelling during the day. So Mr. Koppens, the proprietor of the store, posthouse, etc., did his best to accommodate us, and,

after a scrambling sort of supper, we were shown into a little room with clay walls and floor, containing two small beds, upon which we thankfully deposited our weary bodies and were soon fast asleep.

Before retiring I noted the elevation above sea-level, as shown by my aneroid. It indicated 5100 feet.

*Wednesday, November 10.*—Long before sunrise, at about 4.30 A.M., we were on the road, and with fairly good horses made rapid way. It was a lovely morning again, and I may remark here how very refreshing and exhilarating these early morning rides are in fine weather on the high plains of this part of South Africa.

During the short time I was in the country I enjoyed them thoroughly, and their health-giving influences I appreciated greatly.

Shortly after sunrise we passed close by a little eminence or hill, on the summit of which was perched a Makatise Kafir village or kraal. I induced the driver to wait a few minutes, while I went up to see it. Built on the very top of the rise, it commanded a general view of the country. The hillside was under cultivation all round from the base upwards with rows of Kafir corn for the sustenance of the inhabitants above.

A stone wall about four feet high surrounded the village, and within this enclosure was a number of circular clay and wattle-built huts with pointed thatched roofs. Each hut had a small portion of ground, about twenty feet square, fenced off round itself by neatly arranged straw mattings. All looked

neat and clean enough outside, but I am told that vermin and dirt abound within. Not having seen the interior I cannot vouch for this statement.

We encountered two or three men who were very pleasant in their demeanour. They asked by signs for some tobacco, which we gave them; but a woman, carrying an earthen-pot of water on her head, appeared to resent the intrusion, and by surly gestures ordered us away from the neighbourhood of her residence. We complied with her request, regained the coach, and then proceeded rapidly onward until we arrived on the banks of the Waterfall river, which to our great annoyance was so swollen by the late rains as to be well nigh impassable.

As at the Suiker Bosch Spruit of yesterday, numbers of waggons were collected on both sides of the river waiting to cross, and amongst them on this side was the post-cart which left Pretoria two days before us. Its solitary passenger was a lady, who had had a hard time of it, having been out in Saturday and Sunday nights' heavy rains.

The drivers of the respective carts held a consultation, but there was nothing to be done except outspan horses and wait for the river to fall low enough for us to cross, which, as it was sinking every hour, we hoped might be down about midday. The river had been twelve or fifteen feet above its present level, and must then have been an enormous volume of water, as the drift debris on its banks plainly indicated.



A small store stood close by the drift, whose solitary room was crowded by waggoners, etc. We managed to obtain some coffee and biscuits, and tried to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow; but the inactivity was tiresome, and it was very annoying to be held back by the comparatively narrow stream flowing at our feet.

During the morning we were amused by some Kafir girls who had brought Kafir beer to sell. They underwent a good deal of "chaff" from some of the native waggon-drivers on our side without finding a purchaser, and then went down to the drift to try to do business with some men on the other side. A bargain was finally concluded, and the next thing was to transport the beer to the opposite bank. This was soon accomplished. Two of the dusky maidens divested themselves of the slight amount of clothing they usually wear, and plunged into the stream, gauging the depth across by paddling and swimming. Then they returned for the black mugs of beer, which they balanced with one hand on their heads while swimming or steadying themselves with the other, and so reached the opposite side. While the waggoners drank, they floated about like ducks, or "*nigrisque similes cignis*;" and then, having received their money and the empty mugs, returned to our side of the water, and proceeded homewards.

All around stretched a magnificent extent of country, beautiful to see. Scarcely any part was under cultivation; on all sides waved green grass, with here

and there patches of wild flowers. I was told that I saw it at its very best.

From watching the young ladies I returned to the waggonette to read, and presently dozed off, but was soon aroused by a munching sound close by me. Looking up I beheld a large black bullock busily engaged in licking and munching the reins and other parts of our harness which was lying on the ground. I never saw an animal apparently enjoying such a meal before, and watched him with interest. Poor beast, possibly he recognised one of his old friends, or perchance a parent, or ancestor, in the dainty morsels he was chewing. He had swallowed about a couple of yards of rein when two Kafir boys spied out what he was doing, and rushed at him with their long whips, speedily causing him to retreat at full gallop. I then fell asleep, but again was aroused by the black bullock close by me, going through exactly the same work. I was undecided whether he had discovered "*traces*" of a friend or foe ; but my cogitations were cut short by signs of activity springing up all round. The post-cart driver came to inform me that it had been decided to make a start, and that three bullock carts would cross the river half a mile higher up, on one of which the mails and baggage of the post-carts would be placed, while the passengers might choose which of the two means of transport they would proceed by.

Further enquiries on my part elicited that the depth of the ford where the post-cart would cross was

unknown; and that, although the one higher up, where the waggons were to cross, was shallower, it was nevertheless dangerous unless well known, as it lay across a ledge of flat rock with a sheer fall on one side, off which anything slipping would be precipitated into deep water. The post-cart driver was not acquainted with it, and preferred to risk the depth of water on the drift which he did know.

The lady passenger decided to cross in the waggonette, and she tucked herself well up on the highest seat to get as much above water as possible. Mr. Koch elected to swim the river, and went some little way down for that purpose. He successfully accomplished the feat, trying to carry his clothes with him dry above water, but they were thoroughly soaked in the attempt.

I chose to cross in one of the waggons containing the mails and baggage, which I found to be mounted on high on top of a load of straw fodder. It was anything but a safe perch, but as there was a strong hide thong running along the top, holding all together, I thought I could safely trust myself there, though the straw felt very slippery.

All being ready the bullock waggons slowly moved off first. The last of the column contained the mails, baggage, and myself. When we arrived at the top of the bank leading to the drift the descent had not a safe appearance, being about 30 feet or so from the top down a steep uneven track into the water. Slowly the oxen of No. 1 waggon, sixteen in number,

went down the incline, the hind wheels of the waggon being tied to the body of the vehicle to act as a drag. With a break, a roll, and a lurch, it went down hill, promising an inevitable capsize every moment, as it plunged into holes, and sank up to the axles in sand-drifts. However, it was safely landed in the water—the teamsters managing their long team with great dexterity, and, as they kept well in the centre of the drift, the passage was safely made, and the top of the opposite bluff gained. No. 2 waggon then started, but by some mischance, when it arrived in the water, the man who was guiding the leading pair of oxen went too far down the drift in mid-stream, and we saw him suddenly disappear into the middle of the river. He had tumbled over the ledge of rock above mentioned. Retaining his hold of the leading reins he tried hard to swim against the stream, but his efforts were vain, and he was only rescued from being swept away by the waggon-driver letting his long whip float down to where he was struggling. Firmly grasping the thong the immersed leader was hauled back to shallow water. The oxen had halted just on the edge of the ledge, and it was fortunate they did so, or probably the whole team would have gone in one after the other.

We all laughed, of course, though I fear my laugh must have had a nervous ring about it, for we were now to make the crossing with No. 3 waggon. Slowly we went over the crest of the hill, our two hind wheels firmly bound to act as a drag; then with a creak and

groan the ponderous machine took its uneven way down a very dangerous-looking road to the water. I was thrown about like a stone from a catapult, one moment being shot almost over one side, and the next moment hurled back to the centre, or almost over the other side.

In amid-stream an extra violent jerk threw me completely off the smooth straw surface, but I held on to the rope passing along the top, and so remained with my feet almost touching the water, until *terra firma* was reached, when I dropped off, very glad to have escaped a ducking. Just then the waggonette galloped up with its six horses, having also managed to cross safely. It had been immersed up to between 5 and 6 feet of water, but the driver safely piloted it through, and as Mr. Koch now also made his appearance we were soon *en route*, urging the horses to do their best.

At Bushman Spruit, which we crossed a little later on, the water had been very high, and had washed out two farmers living on its banks. It had partially subsided by this time, and we had not much difficulty in crossing. Then on as before, through the same beautiful grassy country, until we arrived at 4 P.M. at Standerton, a small town on the northern bank of the Vaal (drab) River. It is a neat, clean-looking little place, containing telegraph station, post-office, and a number of stores. A military camp is pitched on the side of a hill close by; the white tents and red uniforms of the soldiers looking very striking as seen in the bright sunlight on the green grass.

The houses in Standerton are chiefly stone built and detached. It has the appearance of being a thriving and rising community.

Driving to the only hotel in the town, which certainly is not first rate, we were immediately met with the news that the pontoon across the river had been swept away during the recent floods, and that the stream had been impassable for five days. On Saturday it had risen higher than it had ever been known to do during the past ten years, and its steep banks had been overflowed some distance into the country in various places.

This afternoon, however, it was much lower, though the current was running with great velocity, so much so that nothing had yet attempted to pass except one man on his horse that morning, but both had had such a narrow escape of drowning that nobody had tried since.

This was going from bad to worse. We had a double mail, and were already late with the second.

The postal authorities came up, and were loud in their requests for us to push on; so after a consultation with these gentry,—the contractor for the mail-carts and the waggonette driver,—it was resolved to make the attempt to cross the river that evening.

Accordingly fresh horses were procured, the waggonette taken on, and a crowd of idlers proceeded to the drift to witness operations. Mr. Koch and myself remained behind for dinner, after which we walked down to the river to see what was being done. The banks of the Vaal are here very steep, and in some parts rocky.

The river was running swiftly, and would probably be about 70 yards broad at the drift, with a depth variously estimated from 10 to 16 feet. The approach to the drift was by a steep cutting on both sides to the water, and it was at once evident that we could not possibly drive over here in the present state of the river. The plan of operations was that the passengers, mails, and baggage were to be taken across in a wretched little cockle shell of a punt, the horses were to swim the stream, and the waggonette to be floated over by means of large barrels attached to each wheel, and ropes from the opposite bank. Accordingly, we proceeded to cross in the punt. It was the most primitive thing of the sort I ever saw. Eighteen inches deep, about 10 feet long, flat-bottomed, and leaking at every point, it certainly did not look a very safe or proper means of crossing the rushing stream. However, there was no other boat, so we had to make the best of it. I allowed the first load to go over without me, and was surprised to see that it made the voyage without accident. Such handling of a craft by the two Dutchmen who were in charge was surely never seen. They would go some little way up the stream on the side of the bank from which they started, then push off into the current, and pull madly over towards the opposite side. The strong current carried them down some hundred yards or so below the point opposite where they started, but having touched ground one of the men would jump out, and with a rope tow the boat up to the landing-place. This was

all very well and right, but the rowing—that was the source of danger. Each man pulled as suited him best, with no idea of time or regularity. Crabs were frequently caught, resulting in the overthrow of the oarsman occasionally, and causing the boat to turn like a top in the current, shipping water over each side abundantly. If those men are not drowned in their boat at this spot some day or other it will certainly be from extreme good luck, not from good management. My turn came to be ferried over, and with the exception of getting wet by the water coming over both sides it was safely accomplished.

We all then clambered up the bank and sat down to watch the waggonette and horses cross. We were here joined by Mr. Charles Du Val, who was making a professional tour in South Africa, and was waiting to cross in the direction from which we had just come. He amused us by a recital of his experiences in colonial travelling, which certainly had been very rough. He had been twice capsized in his cart, had lost his horses, and been frequently stopped by bad roads.

I believe nearly the whole township of Standerton had assembled to see the mail-cart cross the Vaal. Just as it was growing dusk, all preparations having been completed, several men swam the river, bringing with them a stout rope. The other end of the rope was attached to the waggonette, and to each of the vehicle's wheels a large empty barrel had been fastened to give it buoyancy in the water.



When all was ready those on the Standerton side shouted to those on our side to pull, and then the waggonette came slowly down the bank of the drift like a ship being launched. When it was immersed up to about 4 feet the strong current suddenly struck it, and it was swept violently round into mid-stream. Then the pullers strained every nerve to draw it up across the current, or towards the south side where we were, but it obstinately remained immovable in mid-stream, floating lightly on top of the water. We all simultaneously started down to the assistance of the pullers, who had enough to do to hold their own. Suddenly, just as we were about to take hold of the rope, every man who held it fell flat on his back, and a shout arose from both sides that the carriage had gone. The rope had broken, and the waters, hurrying along, bore our unfortunate carriage madly away with them, twisting and tossing it about like a little boat.

It disappeared round some rocks a quarter of a mile off, and the punt pushed frantically along after it, followed by the proprietor and his satellites on the other bank.

This was a calamity. To be left on the side of the river where there were no houses, no carriage, no boat, no provisions, and night coming on, was a serious matter, which, after the amusement of the scene subsided, we began to realise. To add to our threatened discomforts a thunderstorm came up, and soon a few large rain drops warned us that we must try to find

shelter somewhere. Mr. Koch and myself shouldered our luggage, and presently found cover for it under a waggon near the drift. Between Mr. Du Val's cart and some others we managed to keep ourselves dry for the next four hours during the storm. At 10 P.M. we went down the river-side in search, by moonlight, of the punt, and found it returning, towed along the river bank by its tired crew. We assisted to drag it up, but it was midnight before we got back to the drift. We then succeeded in recrossing safely to the Standerton side, and made our way to the hotel, where accommodation was obtained for the night.

*Thursday, November 11.*—Mr. Murray, proprietor of the post-carts, fortunately had a two-wheeled vehicle in Standerton, which, with the aid of a government span of oxen, he managed to get across the Vaal this morning.

The river had fallen considerably during the night, and this rendered the operation more easy than the attempt at crossing last night. Our unfortunate waggonette, we heard, was some distance down the river; but there was a chance of its being saved, as it had been carried amongst some rocks, which would be dry when the river subsided.

It was arranged we were to proceed in the two-wheeler, so we crossed the river again in the punt, which seemed to be at its last gasp. All being loaded on the new vehicle, we again made preparations to set off on the journey, feeling very glad that this last, the

most formidable obstacle on the road, had been surmounted.

Mr. Du Val was waiting to see us off, as he had not yet ventured to try to ford the river northwards. There was some slight delay in readjusting harness and temporarily repairing a broken spring, so we did not make a start until ten o'clock, and employed the intervals in watching the amusing endeavours of some other travellers trying to cross the stream from one side or the other. It was surprising to see what an amount the vehicle we were about to proceed in could carry. On the front seat the driver and myself were to be seated; while on the back seat Mr. Koch and the strange lady prepared to take up their quarters. The narrow space between the seats was eventually completely filled and blocked with mail-bags, parcels, and luggage, and every available inch in any other part of the carriage was similarly engaged. We had to settle ourselves first, and then fill in the odd places around and under us with packages. Our lady companion was a mystery. She spoke to no one, and allowed nobody to render her any assistance. Mr. Du Val attempted to assist her to her place, but she waved him away peremptorily, and essayed to mount the somewhat elevated back seat herself. Alas for her self-reliance! She reached the top, and then fell back on to the grass. She was fair, fat, and forty; and we all discreetly gazed intently in the direction of Standerton while she gathered herself together. With the help of the negro

driver she eventually gained her perch, and regarded everyone sternly—her purse in one hand and a Greek Testament in the other.

Mr. Koch meekly took his place beside her, and with a whoop from the driver the post-cart started off as fast as the six horses, which were harnessed to it, could gallop. Fortunately the roads were very level and good, so we did the first stage in excellent time.

We were now in Wakkerstroom district. The country looked beautiful—grassy and undulating—and in the distance southwards a hill range was to be seen rising from south-west to north-east, which marked the southern boundary of the Transvaal. Shortly after passing the first post-house we came to a very awkward drift across a spruit whose name I forget. The downward rush, the splash through water, and the upward jerk, were even worse than usual, and at one moment the whole of the occupants of the coach were brought into contact with the roof by the tremendous jerk.

However, we safely passed over, but the lady dropped her Greek Testament when in mid-stream, and as soon as the coach halted on top of the bank she jumped from the footboard after it. Mr. Koch, with great gallantry, also rushed to the rescue, but it was in vain; and although its owner waded up to her knees in search, and Mr. Koch searched the river banks, we had to go on without it.

At 2 P.M. we had arrived in the vicinity of the hills we had seen during the morning, and the character of

the country changed considerably. From the flat, prairie-like country of the Transvaal we now entered upon the Drakensberg Mountains, and the roads lay through mountain passes.

When speaking of passes here, I do not mean it to be understood in the formidable sense of the term. The reader will bear in mind that this part of the country is very high—something like 5000 feet above sea level, and that from this point it begins to slope away gradually towards the sea.

The road on which I was travelling was the direct southern route to Newcastle, and it crosses the Drakensberg diagonally.

When entering upon this range we stopped for a short time at Paarden, a neat little wayside hotel, kept by a Mr. Franklin, I believe, where passengers by the mail-coaches sometimes stay at night. It is about 53 miles from Newcastle.

We obtained a change of horses here, and after leaving the roads became very bad indeed, and extremely heavy, being completely saturated, and in many parts under water in the valleys between the hills. Another change of horses was made at the Wolseley Wool Washing Establishment, and then we pushed on to "Meek's"—5500 feet above the sea—arriving there at 5 P.M.

This is a well known wayside house, situated almost at a junction of five roads,—namely, to or from Newcastle, Utrecht, Wakkerstroom, Leydenberg, and Stander-

ton. It is surrounded by some high hills, and the country around is ruggedly picturesque. Here we found another passenger that had been waiting four or five days for a coach. We were more than a day late, and the coach which left Pretoria two days before us had never come on at all—so, as the unlucky man had arrived at “Meek’s” a day or two before the probable time of the arrival of the latter, he had the pleasure of spending four or five idle days in this out-of-the-way locality, with nothing in the world to amuse himself.

For some time it was uncertain whether we could take him on, our vehicle being already inconveniently full, but eventually he coiled himself on top of a mail bag, and we again got under weigh.

At 6 P.M. Mr. Walker’s station was reached, where another change of horses was made. There is a very pretty little waterfall at the side of the house, which is worth noticing.

Mrs. Walker prepared supper for us, and we enjoyed one of the most comfortable meals that I had yet met with on the road. I am afraid it tempted us to stay rather longer than we ought to have done, for by the time we regained our seats in the post-cart the sun had set, and the moon had taken its place, shining fortunately with great brilliancy, as we had a difficult bit of country to cross before reaching Newcastle. Immediately after leaving “Walker’s” the boundary line between the Transvaal and Natal is reached, and then

the road passes over its highest elevation. This is about 5600 feet above sea level.

Having reached this elevation it descends very abruptly into Natal. The first hill we went down tested the united powers of the driver and myself on brake and reins to the utmost. Had we been at this point in the road during daylight I imagine the scenery would have been very charming, and the view southwards almost unlimited. As it was, in the moonlight we could discern a vast extent of country stretching away before us, but it was hazy and undefined, as the mists from the lower lands hung in white clouds over all.

On either side of the very steep hill we descended the mountains rose for some hundreds of feet. Great boulders of rock lay about, as indeed they do all over the country, suggesting former battles of the Giants. Though not intimated to me at the time, I presume the portion of the road to be Laing's Nek. The roads were wretched, and, to say the least of it, dangerous. The late heavy rains had broken them into ravines, which required very careful handling on the part of "Apollo" to avoid crashing into. We went sliding and bumping downwards, sometimes running abreast of the shaft horses, as the weight and impetus of the coach took it with a sliding motion almost in excess of the speed of the horses. Twenty times in the course of the evening I exclaimed, "Well, it's all up this time! over we must go! hold on behind there." But somehow we escaped, and were thankful. About ten o'clock we arrived on

the banks of the Ingogo River, which was foaming along at a great pace, and looking remarkably pretty in the moonlight. Our driver, "Apollo," put his horses very quietly at it, as he knew there were several large stones in the drift, and its present rapid course was sure to bring down more. When half-way across, with the water up to the bottom of the cart and rushing between the wheel spokes like a mill-race, the horses came to a standstill, and neither whipping nor cajoleries would move them. The cart wheels got wedged between two big stones, and there for half an hour we remained. It looked serious at one time, as there appeared to be nothing for it but to wade ashore from the cart through three or four feet of rushing water, and then make our way through a sparsely-settled country until we reached some friendly shelter. However, our driver at last unrobed and jumped into the stream. He seized the two leaders, and pulled them off at right angles from the cart up stream. I held the reins and plied the whip with all my might. Attacked in front and rear the horses made a grand effort. With a mighty lurch on one side the cart cleared an invisible stone or boulder which had been holding it, and the horses rushed through the stream in a cloud of spray and up the opposite bank.

We were thankful to get clear, for an upset in the river, or having to wade out, would have been equally unpleasant, and for a short time one or other alternative had seemed inevitable.



Immediately after crossing the river the road was moderately level for some little distance, and open on each side, then it passed between hills, and more steep descents followed.

It was past midnight before our thoroughly tired eyes could see the dark spot which keen-sighted "Apollo" pointed out as Newcastle; and even then there was still some distance to be traversed and the Incandu River to be crossed before the desired haven could be reached. However, both were safely accomplished; and about 2 A.M. on the morning of Friday, November 12, I found myself at the door of Mr. Rosser's hotel in Newcastle, making anxious enquiries for a bed, which, having gained, I speedily deposited myself upon it with a sense of fatigue that a journey in a South African mail-cart is certainly unique in promoting.

I have mentioned "Apollo" once or twice in my account of the journey. He was our driver down from Pretoria, and a better fellow of his class I never met during my run through the country. Obliging, polite, always smiling and happy-looking, in addition to being one of the best "whips" on the road, "Apollo," as he is universally called, is at the head of his profession, and will, I am sure, always gain the good wishes of his passengers.

## CHAPTER XI.

### NEWCASTLE TO RORKE'S DRIFT.

NATAL is divided into nine districts or counties, and the place in which I found myself to-day, viz. Newcastle, is the chief town of the district of the same name, and lies in the extreme north of the colony.

It boasts of two hotels, one kept by Mr. Rosser and the other by Mr. Glass. As the post-cart stopped at the former establishment, I made it my headquarters during my stay in the neighbourhood, though I was subsequently led to think that the latter would have been the more comfortable and more cleanly house.

The town as yet is but a small straggling place, and might with more consistency be termed a large village, according to European ideas; but as it is the seat of a magistracy and possesses several stores, to say nothing of the fact that some soldiers are quartered in the neighbourhood, the more pretentious name I suppose will apply. Some of the stores are large buildings, and appeared to be well stocked. I was puzzled at first to think whence the necessity for such big places of business arose, and where buyers could be found to support

them, but I was informed that the foreign and native inhabitants of the outlying districts drew their supplies largely from this point. There is a population of about 500 whites and a number of blacks. In the town are a post-office and telegraph-office. Mr. Beaumont is the resident magistrate. Close by his offices stands what is called the laager—a walled enclosure about eight feet high, loopholed, so that the occupants could fire on an advancing enemy. This has been built as a harbour of refuge for the inhabitants in case of war with the natives.

As in most South African towns—those already built and those in course of formation—the streets of Newcastle are laid out in parallels, and at right angles, and form squares or blocks which are eventually to be built upon. In this town the work of building has so far been somewhat irregularly carried on, some of the squares being moderately well covered, while others have but one or two houses on them.

Some of the houses are brick-built, but the majority are constructed of wood without any cellaring, and pitched upon the grass, as if the owners had simply set up the building as a sort of travelling show. There is an uniformity about the roofs, however, which are of the ubiquitous corrugated iron. Almost every edifice has a little garden attached, or is surrounded by grass, so that the grimy appearance, which the name of Newcastle would suggest, is entirely wanting.

Nevertheless the neighbourhood is rich in coal

deposits, and in parts the seams are visible almost on the surface. At some future time there is no doubt that the aspect of the locality will be vastly changed, and the great underlying coalfields will be made to give up their wealth for the good and advancement of Natal.

*Friday, November 12.*—I busied myself to-day in trying to make arrangements for an excursion to Rorke's Drift and Isandhlwana, the former of which lies about sixty-five miles by road from Newcastle in a south-easterly direction. Unfortunately the weather was so bad—heavy rain falling and flooding both rivers and roads—that scarcely anyone would entertain the idea of letting me have a vehicle or horses; and in fact it was the general opinion that to undertake the journey was hazardous in the present state of the roads, even if I had plenty of time at my disposal. My time, however, was very limited, and it was imperatively necessary that I should be back at Newcastle not later than the following Wednesday, to be ready for the Thursday's mail-cart going south. As these mail-carts only go twice a week, and the bad weather made the journeys very doubtful, it would not do for me to miss an opportunity, for I desired to be in Durban not later than the 26th instant.

I called on the magistrate, who adjourned his court to consult with me, and tell me what he could of the country and the best mode of progression. He advised a ride on horseback, but this involved going

without a change of clothing through the rain, and with the chance of being caught somewhere with no shelter for the night, and without a supply of provisions. No, that would not do, even if I knew the way, which would certainly be none of the easiest to find, and through a country sparsely populated; so I gave up that suggestion and returned to my original idea of hiring a light carriage and pair of horses.

There were several American "spiders" in Newcastle. One of these was just what I wanted, but their owners would not be induced to hire them out, and I must candidly say, in the present state of the roads, I was not surprised at their discretion. They offered to "sell" both carriages and horses, but I felt this might be paying rather too dearly for the excursion, as to buy at their price, and resell a week hence for what I could get, would have been a costly affair. I tried hard with Mr. Rosser to induce him to assist me, but in his placid manner he said the journey was impossible to undertake just then, and that he could procure no conveyance.

Much disconcerted I at last found my way into the store of a Mr. Hadden, and to him made known my requirements. This gentleman very kindly set to work to assist me as much as possible. He had a couple of horses he would hire to me, but did not care to let me have his carriage, as it was almost new. However, he introduced me to a Mr. Mann, who had just come into the neighbourhood as the representative of a Durban commercial house, and he was very desirous of going to

see the same places I was bent on visiting, but was waiting for the fine weather to commence.

I represented that he might just as well come now with me, and after a long discussion he decided to do so, and to use his "spider" on the journey, for which we hired Mr. Hadden's pair of horses.

I was greatly pleased with this arrangement, and it was decided that we should start early the following morning, taking as little baggage as possible, but laying in a small stock of provisions in case of emergencies.

That evening our plans seemed in a fair way to be disarranged. It had been raining more or less all day, but after dinner such a storm of thunder, lightning, rain, and wind, came up, that I verily thought the hotel would have been blown away; and the prospect of "roads" on the morrow was not cheering.

*Saturday, November 13.*—The morning broke dull and wet. The streets and surrounding low-lying country were under water; the mountains were enveloped in clouds.

Such a dismal lookout was it that Mr. Mann deemed it totally unfit to set off; so, much disappointed, I resigned myself for the time, but resolved to make a start somehow with the first gleam of fair weather.

After breakfast we "waded" out to see the result of last night's hurricane, which had left its marks in several quarters.

Sixteen large gum trees growing close by Mr. Hadden's store had been uprooted, and were lying

full length across the road. In many other parts of the town trees had been blown down. One house was unroofed, its corrugated covering lying in an adjoining field; and more or less damage to other property was to be seen in many parts. It was all very dispiriting to witness, and the morning dragged heavily along, as Newcastle is not one of the liveliest places to stay in, even under the most auspicious circumstances.

Shortly before midday, however, there was a change of wind, and the sun soon after tried to struggle through the clouds. I begged Mr. Mann to make an attempt at the journey, and he very good-naturedly consented to do so, as did Mr. Hadden in letting us have two excellent horses.

Those who saw us depart thought it a very foolish undertaking, and prophesied our return in a few hours, unless we became embedded in the roads or swamped in a river. It was reported that the former were execrable and impassable in some places, while the rivers were very high and dangerous to attempt where there were no punts.

However, we started in Mr. Mann's "spider"—a light American carriage on four wheels, capable of containing only two persons, but having a commodious receptacle under the seat, in which we stowed provisions and sundry odds and ends.

A Kafir boy, who accompanied us to look after the horses, stood upon the axle of the hind wheels and hung

on with great skill. He seemed to be quite happy on his perch.

For the first three or four miles we proceeded very slowly over roads just like ploughed fields, with the occasional addition of deep furrows, and boulders embedded here and there in the track.

Necessarily our progress was anything but swift, and several times we were on the eve of turning back. However, the road improved a little at the end of the fourth mile, and Mr. Mann, who was driving, pushed on to so much purpose that the Horn River was reached and duly forded. At 2.30 P.M. we had arrived on the banks of the Ingagan River, fifteen miles from Newcastle. The water in this river was very high, and the stream ran strongly, but as there was a punt kept large enough to ferry across carriages and post-carts we had no difficulty in getting over. The charge made for ferriage was five shillings. On the other side of the river were a small hotel and a couple of stores. We stopped at the former until 4 P.M. to feed and rest the horses, and then proceeded, branching to the left off the main road between Newcastle and Maritzburg, which up to this point we had been following. We were both perfect strangers in this part of the country, Mr. Mann having only been a short time in Newcastle, and not having had much experience in travelling. So we carefully took down instructions at the hotel before starting, and learned that we must make for Dundee, thirty-two miles distant, along the track indicated.



We found the road much better now, as it was evidently but little used, and consequently not cut up. It lay over a grassy undulating country, free from water, except in the valleys between the hills.

On either side ranges of mountains extended in the distance, and ahead we could see we were coming to a broken country. After a two hours' trot we had traversed twelve miles, and arrived at the "Try Again" Hotel—a little wayside building, standing all alone on a hillside. I think it was the only house we had seen since leaving Ingagan.

It was now six o'clock, so we had a hasty cup of coffee, and pushed for Dundee, said to be sixteen miles farther on, though the host shook his head as to our getting on all right in the darkness, which was now deepening.

We had hoped for the cheering light of the moon, but it was obscured by clouds, and before we had gone five miles from "Try Again" Hotel night had set in, and we found it most difficult to steer the "spider" along the rough uneven roads.

A drizzling rain then commenced to fall, and with a foggy dark atmosphere we frequently wandered from the path, and thought we had lost the way. To have done so would have been an awkward predicament, as there are few houses in this part of the country where we might have met with shelter, and to have stayed in the "spider," wandering about all night, would have been tiring.

Fortunately, just when we had made up our minds that we were off the track altogether, and did not know which direction to take, we came across some bullock waggons outspanned for the night. We found we were not very far off the road, and, obtaining instructions as to the direction of Dundee, floundered on again with our spirits much raised. Our horses, however, were showing symptoms of distress. The poor brutes had been in harness some seven or eight hours, dragging us through atrociously heavy roads, and if they had not been very excellent cattle would have given in altogether long before. Suddenly, in the deep gloom, we came close upon an enormous-looking object in the road, at which the horses shied violently, and we wondered what in the world it could be.

It proved to be an overturned bullock-waggon, left to take care of itself and the goods it contained. A little further on we met another in the same plight. Their wheels had sunk on one side of the road and their whole structure had fallen over.

Presently we came to a spruit, and hesitated for some little time as to its depth, and whether the carriage could cross at this point, for it was so dark that we could not discern properly. However, fortune again favoured us, for we presently heard the laughter and shouting of a number of Zulus coming from the direction in which we were going, and they plunged into the spruit without hesitation, and crossed to where we were, in only three or four feet depth of water.

The opposite bank was rather steep, and, putting our horses at it with the usual rush, we had a narrow escape of an overturn. The road broke away under the right wheels, which fell, goodness knows where, and the body of the carriage rested on the ground and left wheels. The horses, urged on by shouting and whipping, sprang forward, fortunately dragging us clear and up the embankment, on the top of which both men and beasts stopped for breath.

We lost the track again at this point, but were lucky enough to meet some bullock-cart drivers who put us on the right road, and this time we kept it, until at about 11 o'clock P.M. we found ourselves close by a little house on the roadside, which proved to be Mr. Still's Hotel at Dundee! The inmates had gone to bed, but we roused them up; and after looking to the stabling of the horses we turned into the house to see what could be done for ourselves.

It was a dirty, untidy little place, comprising one dining-room, and a bedroom with three beds in it, mud floors, filth, fleas, etc.

We had some beer and ate some of our biscuits, and then lay down in our clothes on two of the couches in the triple-bedded room. The third bed was occupied by a cattle-dealer, who snored and talked alternately.

In speaking of Dundee, the reader may possibly imagine a town, or a village, or a collection of houses; but this is not so. It consists of two houses a mile apart, a store near one of them, and a Dutch church, I

believe, where service is held about half a dozen times a year.

*Sunday, November 14.*—We were up before sunrise, and rejoiced to see a clear blue sky giving every intimation of a fine morning at any rate. The country looked very pretty, being undulating and hilly, and covered with a rich verdure which had sprung up suddenly under the influence of the late rains.

Before proceeding on our journey we went to see a coal-seam which lay exposed by the action of the running water of a spruit or brook just at the back of Mr. Still's house, and within two minutes' walk.

The banks of the stream were solid beds of coal, with an upper covering of grey sandstone and shale, and according to the height of the water it was more or less exposed. As we saw it to-day it formed a black perpendicular wall on either side of the water, four or five feet high. The coal is at present being worked back from the spruit to a depth of twenty feet by Mr. Still, who is the lessee of the land and has the right to sell the coal.

Working the coal here is, however, very different from the mode of working that mineral in England. When a bullock-waggon is returning, say to Maritzburg, and passing by this way, it sometimes stops to take a load of coals back with it. All hands turn out to fill the cart, shovelling in the coals from the surface of the land, and the charge is usually twenty shillings for the load, which may weigh two or three tons.

Maritzburg is 125 miles from this place, and on arrival there the coal is sold for about £4 per ton, the charge for transport being reckoned at about £3:10s. per ton. So much for waggon carriage!

This seam of coal we saw to-day appears to run about eight or nine miles from east to west, so we were informed, and four or five miles north and south. It is called the Dundee coalfields, and that portion of it which we saw exposed, the Coalburn or Coalspruit.

When the Empress Eugenie was on her way to visit the spot where her son was killed in Zululand, she camped out just by Mr. Still's house, and afterwards continued her journey by way of Landman's Drift.

At 6.30 A.M. we were *en route* again, accompanied by Mr. Hyam, the manager of the hotel, who was going to call on some friends at Fort Pine; and he accommodated his time of departure to ours so as to show us our road, which lay almost in the same direction as Fort Pine.

We left the cattle-dealer bewailing the hard fate which compelled him to remain at the hotel until his horse was found. It appeared that during the night one of our pair and his single steed got out of the stable, where we certainly thought we had left all secure the night before. The boys found our horse at daybreak grazing quietly by the stable, but the unfortunate dealer's animal was not to be seen. We congratulated ourselves that it was not our horse which was lost.

After leaving the hotel we went up a steady rise of

road for some three or four miles, and when at the summit had a magnificent panoramic view of the country and surrounding mountains. Then followed some rough, muddy roads, which brought us to the top of the Blesbok Laagte (?)—a very steep decline, with some picturesque rocky sides.

Before descending the hill we saw Fort Pine, situated on an elevated plateau to the left, about three miles off. It is a recently erected fortification, capable of containing about twenty men.

At the bottom of the Blesbok Laagte we crossed two little rivers, both very much swollen, and only just fordable, and then we turned off to the left along a scarcely discernible track, which was said to lead to Mr. Dill's, on the way to Rorke's Drift.

We were now continually ascending and descending—the drifts at the streams between the hills being extremely rough and scarcely crossable with a vehicle. Mr. Hyam left us at the bottom of the second valley, and we journeyed steadily on, having been well instructed by him as to our route.

Presently we came to a number of Kafir kraals and some mealie fields on the side of a hill, and away down to the right, in a valley before us, we could see a house surrounded by trees. This was judged to be Mr. Dill's, and on arrival there shortly afterwards it proved to be so.

The house and surroundings form an oasis in the desert. Every thing was so clean and neat and well-

ordered throughout. It has a pretty verandah, with flowers all around, and a large piece of ground under cultivation immediately opposite.

We sent in our cards, and Mr. Dill came out to see us. We made known the object of our call, which was to ask his permission to leave the carriage in his care for a day or two, and to obtain his assistance in the way of hiring a couple of horses for the remainder of the journey to Rorke's Drift and Isandhlwana.

He courteously invited us into the house and introduced us to his daughters, and we sat for some time discussing the best means of prosecuting the journey with as much expedition as possible, as our time was very short. Not having any horses of his own he directed us to the farmhouse of a Mr. J. Wade, who lived about a mile and a half away, suggesting that possibly he might have some horses to hire or lend.

Thither, accordingly, we presently went, passing on the way over an ironstone mountain. The ore was cropping up on all sides; in fact, the mountain seemed a solid mass of the mineral.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade received us very hospitably, but could only lend us one horse, and with this we returned to Mr. Dill's house.

It was then arranged that I should take the stronger horse of the two we had been driving, and ride him to the Drift; Mr. Dill lending me his saddle for the purpose. Our other horse we decided to leave with the carriage in charge of the Kafir boy who had accom-

panied us ; and Mr. Mann was to ride the horse we had obtained from Mr. Wade.

All being now comfortably settled, we re-entered the house, and, after a religious service conducted by our host (it being Sunday morning), we were invited to join the family at dinner,—an invitation which we gladly availed ourselves of.

Shortly afterwards we said good-bye to our entertainers. It was 3 P.M., and we wished to reach Rorke's Drift, twelve miles farther on, before sunset ; so it was necessary to push on. The weather had changed from the bright sunny morning to a threatening afternoon, with ominous black clouds hanging about, and distant rumblings of thunder, indicating an approaching storm.

As we were now obliged to leave behind what little baggage we had, we did not care to get wet, so we hurried on as fast as the rugged uneven path we had to pursue for some distance would permit.

At the top of a hill, about three miles beyond Mr. Dill's house, we had a splendid view. A large open plain extended below in an easterly direction, bounded by the Buffalo River, whose waters looked like a silver thread on an emerald carpet. Beyond rose the hills of Zululand ; Isandhlwana's curious formation being distinctly recognisable at once. The plain was bounded north and south by hills, and with the exception of this flat piece at our feet, the country all around, as far as could be seen, was uneven and broken in the extreme.



The descent was by a very steep pathway; so we dismounted from our horses and led them to the bottom. Remounting, we put them to a hard gallop to reach the friendly shelter of a Dutch farmhouse we could see about three miles ahead, as the storm was coming up fast behind,—the lightning flashing, and thunder roaring, in a manner which rather disquieted my companion, who told me he was always nervous in a thunderstorm.

We reached the house just as hailstones about the size of hazel nuts began to fall, and were very glad to find ourselves under cover. The storm seemed to increase in severity for the next two hours, accompanied by such torrents of rain that the spruits soon became little rivers, and the little rivers overflowed their banks, completely barring any farther progress that night, even if we had desired to make the attempt.

Our new host, Mr. Zeistman, was a Dutch farmer, and he very kindly invited us to stay the night in his house. He prepared a supper of grilled mutton, with bread and coffee, for us; and afterwards we retired to rest in a spare room adjoining the dining-room, where we lay listening to the ceaseless downpour of rain outside, and the roar of many little streams which were coursing by the side of the house on their way from the hills to the Buffalo River. The prospect was anything but a bright one for the morrow, and we saw we should have to work doubly hard now to accomplish in the time at our disposal what we had set out to do.

Mr. Zeistman's house was a good sample of some of the best Dutch farmhouses. It consisted of three rooms,—a central chamber, doing duty as reception, dining, and sitting room, with two bedrooms, one on each side, and a cookhouse at the back. The floors and walls were of mud, and the roof formed the ceiling, excepting in some places where boards were laid across the beams to serve as a sort of flooring for stores. The roof was not altogether impervious to water, as several small streams from various points soon sufficiently indicated, causing us to move about and shift the candle very frequently.

*Monday, November 15.*—With the first glimmer of daylight we were up and out reconnoitring. A clear bright morning had taken the place of the preceding tempestuous night, leaving no other indications of the storm than the overcharged watercourses.

I had arranged with Mr. Zeistman the night before to leave my horse with him, and ride to the Drift on another which he volunteered to lend.

At 4.30 A.M. we were in the saddle, and pushed on as fast as the slippery state of the country would permit. We crossed two spruits which in ordinary weather would have been almost dry, but were now foaming along at a great pace. Close by the Buffalo River we came to a formidable little stream running into it, which we had to cross. It was fed by a number of dongas on the hillsides close by, and was running rapidly, with a breadth of about one hundred feet.

We hesitated to cross for some minutes, as it looked too deep and dangerous to ford, and there was not a living soul anywhere about to give information concerning it. The track we were following led down to the water's edge, and we could see it rising out of the stream just opposite on the other side ; so we knew this must be the right spot to cross, if anywhere.

"You must go first," said Mr. Mann, "as your horse will know this part of the country."

So in I went, with a certain amount of trepidation on my part, I must confess, and to the evident reluctance of my steed. We had a feeling in common at the moment that we should probably be swept away, and have to swim for it. The river, however, must be crossed. Slowly, and with great caution, my horse stepped on, the water rising gradually higher as we approached mid-stream. Suddenly we caught the full force of the current, and whether he lost his feet in a hole, or was swept off them altogether, I cannot say, but in a moment I was immersed up to my waist, and the horse was making desperate attempts at swimming or fording in deep water to reach the desired goal. Fortunately he soon recovered his equilibrium, and we scrambled safely out on the opposite bank. Mr. Mann following close behind also got across without accident, and we galloped on, feeling very well satisfied at having escaped a more severe wetting.

Twenty minutes' farther ride brought us to the top of a rise in the road, whence we came in sight of the

ruined house for ever memorable in connection with the defence of Rorke's Drift.

It is situated on some gently sloping ground, about three-quarters of a mile from the Buffalo River; and immediately behind it rises a hill three or four hundred feet high.

Two tall gum trees, standing on the right of what remained of the building, were conspicuous, as if keeping guard over the ruin beneath them.

We did not go at once to the house, but branched off to the left towards the Buffalo River in search of the Drift, and to see if there was a boat or punt to ferry us over into Zululand.

In a few minutes we arrived there. The steep bank that here rises from the river is crowned by Fort Melville, a stone building, which at present is in a very rough and dilapidated condition.

Adjoining the fort there is a small stone house very strongly built, and here we dismounted to enquire for a Mr. Craft, who, we had been informed, resided there, and would instruct us how to proceed to Isandhlwana.

It was now about 6 A.M., and a number of European workmen, engaged in and around the fort and house, were just turning to work, some as carpenters, others as blacksmiths, etc. It was quite surprising to see such an amount of labour in this out-of-the-way place.

After some conversation Mr. Craft promised us breakfast in an hour or so, and we wandered off to fill up the time by inspecting the house by the gum trees.

Ten minutes' quick walking up the slight ascent brought us to it. We entered an enclosure fenced about by a stone wall, evidently erected since the house and outhouses were built. Immediately facing the entrance was the ruin of what must have been the dwelling-house. The brick walls were standing, as were also the rafters of the roof, and the terrace of the verandah was still in good repair, the steps up to it on the south-west side being undisturbed. The house faced north-west, looking over the flat piece of country we had just traversed.

About forty yards off, on the left, as we looked over the plain, was another ruined building, the storehouse, etc., at the time of attack. Between these two houses the celebrated wall of biscuit boxes and mealie bags had been built, which was so gallantly held by the defenders. The buildings were now connected by a stone wall. The walls forming the enclosure were loopholed, and remnants of sacks filled with earth were lying on the top all round, showing that the place had been well fortified subsequently to the memorable attack and defence.

At the back of the buildings, between them and the hill, there is a small cemetery, containing the bodies of those who were killed during the siege; and a neat stone monument in the centre records their names.

In front of the house there were traces of what evidently had been a large well-stocked garden.

Several small trees, such as syringa, orange, and rose

trees, still showed signs of life, and struggled for existence with the luxuriant grass, which, springing up on all sides, seemed bent on choking all other vegetation.

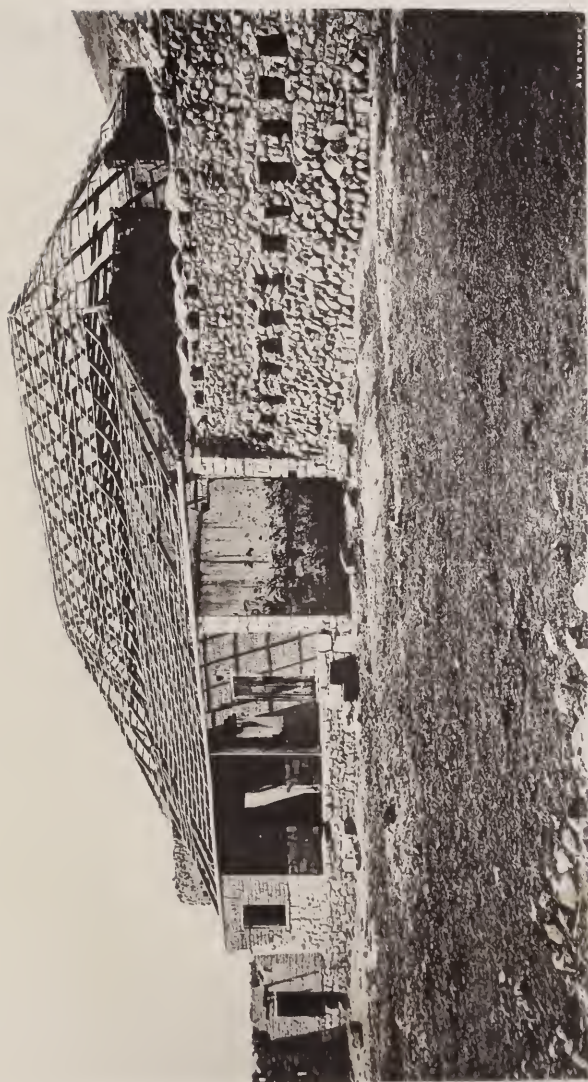
We stayed here upwards of an hour, wandering about the ruins and picking up relics in the shape of old cartridges, etc.; then, remembering that we had a hard day's work still before us, we hurried back to where we had left our horses, and to eat the promised breakfast, which we were prepared to devour ravenously.

Before proceeding with the account of our day's work to the battle ground or field of massacre at Isandhlwana, I will devote a separate chapter to the Defence of Rorke's Drift.

Let me close this chapter, however, by giving a table of distances and the chief points on the road between Newcastle and Rorke's Drift. They may be useful to any future traveller in this region.

				Miles.
Newcastle to Ingagan	about	.	.	14
Ingagan to "Try Again" Hotel	„	.	.	12
"Try Again" Hotel to Still's Hotel	„	.	.	15
Still's Hotel to Mr. Dill's House	„	.	.	12
Mr. Dill's house to Mr. Zeistman's house	„	.	.	6
Mr. Zeistman's house to Rorke's Drift	„	.	.	7
				—
	Miles	.	.	66
				==

This journey is an easy ride in fine weather, but rather difficult during the rainy season.



RUIN OF RORKE'S HOUSE.





## CHAPTER XII.

### THE DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT.

I HAVE copied the following account of this heroic defence from the narrative of "an eyewitness," printed by the *Natal Mercury Press*:—

*January 22, 1879.*—Descending the steep and circuitous road from Helpmakaar, the valley of the Buffalo River, at and above its junction with the Blood River, is comparatively open; whilst below on the right, just at Rorke's Drift, a spur of the Biggarsberg shuts it in completely. Upon an elevated terrace of rock (which forms a sort of pedestal for the terminating hill of the range) stood a neat homestead, about three-quarters of a mile from the drift.

The buildings were erected by a former border agent named Rorke, and, together with the farm, were recently purchased by the Rev. Otto Witt on behalf of the Swedish Church, for the purpose of establishing a Zulu mission; and the fine hill at the back was named Osearsberg, in honour of the King of Sweden.

The house stood within a few feet of the edge of the rocky terrace, overlooking a well-enclosed garden of

two or three acres in extent, planted with standard grape vines, many fine orange, apricot, apple, peach, quince, fig, pomegranate, and other fruit trees. There was a road running parallel with the front of the house, between the garden and the terrace, with a strong stone wall along the terrace side, whilst the sloping ground between the walk and the summit of the terrace was occupied by a grove of fine Cape poplars, some large gum trees, and a luxuriant growth of bushes and shrubs of various kinds.

The dwelling-house, standing as above described, was over 80 feet in length, the side wall on the left running back nearly 60 feet.

Forty paces to the left, but with its frontage line of 80 feet running parallel with the extreme back wall of the dwelling-house, was another block of buildings consisting of large store-rooms, waggon-house, stable, etc. These buildings extended back 52 feet. Almost parallel with the extreme left wall of this block of buildings, with only a space of 10 or 12 feet intervening, a stone wall extended to the edge of the ledge of rocks, forming the right wall of a kraal some 50 feet square, which was divided in half by another similar and parallel wall.

Passing out of the semi-enclosure to the left, between the storehouse and the kraal, one saw the neat double row of tents occupied by B Company, 2-24th Regiment, under the command of Lieutenant Bromhead; whilst all along at the back, and running parallel with

the buildings, juts out another and very precipitous rocky ledge some 30 or 40 feet high, full of caves, thoroughly overlooking, and within 350 yards of the premises.

The dwelling-house had been fitted up by the medical authorities as a base hospital for the column, and nearly all the rooms, as well as the large verandah in front, which had been carefully screened with blankets, were occupied by patients, thirty-six in number, including some who had been wounded at the taking of Sirayo's kraals on January 12.

The large storehouse was occupied by the Commissariat department, and was full of provisions of all kinds.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 22, after the slaughter at the camp at Isandhlwana, three companies (or regiments) of Zulus were formed upon the neck of land above the late camp, and marched towards Rorke's Drift; each company appeared to be from 1000 to 1500 strong. No. 1 company (we will call it) marched on in advance, in open order, and "drove" every mealie garden, firing heavily all the while, killing many Europeans and natives who were trying to escape from Isandhlwana. They crossed the Buffalo River about four miles below Rorke's Drift, just below where the river makes a bend almost at right angles, between precipitous rocky sides, firing repeatedly into every cave, bush, and crevice that might have afforded shelter for refugees. Being satisfied with the result so far, they

came on to a small green hill, sat down, and—took snuff all round.

Companies 2 and 3 then followed the example of No. 1, keeping some distance apart. They also advanced in open order—after going through various exercises, dividing off (apparently) into hundreds, then into tens, wheeling and quickly reforming; they crossed the river just above the bend, repeatedly firing amongst the bushes and rocks on both sides. They remained a long time in the river, forming a line across it, either for bathing or to assist one another in fording the stream.

By the time they had gained the rising ground upon this side, and had sat down to take snuff, up started ten men of No. 1, and ran on in advance up the valley, which lies between the high land at Helpmakaar and the hills at the back of Rorke's Drift.

In the meantime, another party of Zulus, who must have crossed the river some miles lower down, had set an European house and a Kafir kraal on fire, about four or five miles away, at the back of Rorke's Drift.

No. 1 Company followed their advanced guard at an easy pace. No. 2 Company started off, bearing away to their left, apparently to join and support No. 1.

No. 3 Company started off two men straight for Rorke's Drift, who ran as hard as they could, followed by ten others, who took it more easily, and then came on the rest, headed and led by two very corpulent chiefs on horseback.

Whilst these Zulu warriors, reeking with British blood, are pressing on "like a steady rain," to plunder the Government stores, and (incidentally of course) "wipe out" the handful of men that may attempt to defend them; let us see what preparations for defence have been made by the little band, if only they have been warned in time.

About 3 P.M., or shortly after, several mounted men arrived from the camp at Isandhlwana, and reported the terrible disaster which had occurred.

Lieutenant Bromhead, commanding the Company (B) of 2-24th Regiment, at once struck his camp, sent down for Lieutenant Chard, R.E. (who was engaged with some half-a-dozen men at the ponds on the river), to come up and direct the preparations for defence, as, in the absence of Major Spalding, the command of the post devolved upon him.

The windows and doors of the hospital were blocked up with mattresses, etc.; loopholes made through the walls, both of the hospital and storehouse. A wall of mealie and other grain bags was made, enclosing the front of the hospital, and running along the edge of the rocky terrace to the stone wall of the kraal, which has been described as coming from the far end of the storehouse at right angles to the front of that building, down to the edge of these rocks.

Other mounted men also arrived from the late camp, telling of the horrors they had escaped, and the dangers that were about to overwhelm us. Doubtless

the poor fellows had seen terrors enough for one day, and were possessed by an earnest desire to warn the people at Helpmakaar in time, and so, like many before, and several after, on they galloped to carry out their laudable intention.

A praiseworthy effort was made to remove the worst cases in hospital to a place of safety ; two waggons were brought up, after some delay, and the patients were being brought out, when it was found that the Zulus were so close upon us that any attempt to take them away in ox waggons would only result in their falling into the enemy's hands. So the two waggons were at once utilised, and made to form part of the defensive wall connecting the right-hand front corner of the storehouse with the left-hand back corner of the hospital—about forty paces long ; sacks of mealies forming the remainder, and being also used as barricades underneath and upon the waggons. A barricade, filling up the small space between the left front corner of the storehouse and the stone wall of the kraal before referred to, and the blocking up of the gates of the kraal itself, made the outer defensive work complete. The men worked with a will, and were much encouraged by the unremitting exertions of both the military officers, the medical officer, and Assistant-Commissary Dalton, all of whom not merely directed, but engaged most energetically in the construction of the barricades.

The water-cart in the meantime had been hastily filled and brought within the enclosure.

The pontman Daniells, and Sergeant Milne, 3d Buffs, offered to moor the ponts in the middle of the stream, and defend them from their decks with a few men. But our defensive force was too small for any to be spared; and these men subsequently did good service within the fort.

About one hundred men of Durnford's Horse, who came in from the camp, had been drawn up for an hour or so upon some rising ground half a mile off. As soon as firing was heard they rode off in a body to Helpmakaar; and then a noble body of some three hundred and fifty loyal natives, who had been left specially to protect this post, and had consumed one or two oxen daily at the expense of a paternal government, and had got fat in the process, were seen hurrying away like a flock of sheep to the summit of a distant hill.

The anxiety which had been displayed for the safety of Helpmakaar, Fort Pine, Dundee, and other distant places, had considerably lessened the number of those whose help had naturally been calculated upon for the defence of the place. Seeing this, Lieutenant Chard had a retrenchment of a double row of biscuit boxes placed from the right-hand front corner of the storehouse, straight down, and at right angles to the barricade, running along the ledge of rocks in front, thus dividing our whole enclosure (roughly speaking) in half.

Between this intrenchment and the kraal wall on the left were two large pyramids of sacks of mealies and oats standing side by side.

About 4.30 P.M. the Zulus came in sight, coming round the right-hand end of the large hill in our rear ; only about twenty at first appeared, advancing in open order. Their numbers were speedily augmented, and their line extended quite across the neck of land from hill to hill. A great number of "dongas" on their line of approach, a stream with steep banks, the garden, with all its trees and surroundings, gave them great facilities for getting near us unseen. The garden must have soon been occupied, for one unfortunate contingent corporal, whose heart must have failed him when he saw the enemy and heard the firing, got over the parapet and tried to make his escape on foot, but a bullet from the garden struck him, and he fell dead within 150 yards of our front wall. An officer of the same corps, who had charge of the three hundred and fifty natives before referred to, was more fortunate, for, being mounted, he made good his escape, and "lives to fight another day."

But the enemy are upon us now, and are pouring over the right shoulder of the hill in a dense mass, and on they come, making straight for the connecting wall between the storehouse and the hospital ; but when they get within fifty yards the firing is altogether too hot for them. Some half of them swerve round to their left, past the back and right end of the hospital, and then make a desperate attempt to scale the barricade in front of that building ; but here, too, they are repulsed, and they disperse, and find cover amongst the bushes



and behind the stone wall below the terrace. The others have found shelter amongst numerous banks, ditches, and bushes, and behind a square Kafir house and large brick ovens, all at the rear of our enclosure. One of the mounted chiefs was shot by Private Dunbar, 2-24th, who also killed eight of the enemy in as many consecutive shots, as they came round a ledge of the hill; and as fresh bodies of Zulus arrived they took possession of the elevated ridge of rocks overlooking our buildings and barricades at the back, and all the caves and crevices are quickly filled, and from these the enemy poured down a continuous fire upon us.

A whisper passes round amongst the men—"Poor old King Cole is killed." He was at the front wall; a bullet passed through his head, and then struck the next man upon the bridge of the nose, but the latter was not seriously hurt. Mr. Dalton, who is a tall man, was continually going along the barricades, fearlessly exposing himself, cheering the men, and using his own rifle most effectively. A Zulu ran up near the barricade; Mr. Dalton called out, "Pot that fellow," and himself aimed *over* the parapet at another, when his rifle dropped; he turned round quite pale, and said that he had been shot. The doctor was by his side at once, and found that a bullet had passed quite through, above the right shoulder. Unable any longer to use his rifle (although he did not cease to direct the fire of the men who were near him), he handed it to Mr. Byrne, who used it well. Presently, Corporal C. Scammell, N.N.C.,

who was near Mr. Byrne, was shot through the shoulder and back: he crawled a short distance, and handed the remainder of his cartridges to Lieutenant Chard, and then expressed his desire for a drink of water. Byrne at once fetched it for him, and whilst giving it him to drink, poor Byrne was shot through the head and fell dead instantly.

The garden and the road—having the stone wall and thick belt of bush as a screen from the fire of our front defences—were now occupied by a large force of the enemy. They rushed up to the front barricade and soon occupied one side whilst we held the other. They seized hold of the bayonets of our men, and in two instances succeeded in wresting them off the rifles, but the bold perpetrators were instantly shot. One fellow fired at Corporal Scheiss of the N.N.C. (a Swiss by birth, who was an hospital patient), the charge blowing his hat off; he instantly jumped upon the parapet and bayoneted the man; regained his place and shot another; and then repeating his former exploit, climbed up the sacks and bayoneted a third. A bullet had struck him in the instep early in the fight, but he would not allow that his wound was a sufficient reason for leaving his post; yet he has suffered most acutely from it since. Our men at the front wall had the enemy hand to hand, and besides were being fired upon very heavily from the rocks and caves above us in our rear. Five of our men were here shot dead in a very short space of time; so by 6 P.M. the order was given to retire to

our retrenchment of biscuit boxes. From this position such a heavy fire was sent along the front of the hospital, that although scores of Zulus jumped over the mealie bags to get into the building, nearly every man perished in that fatal leap. But they rushed to their death like demons, yelling out their war-cry of "Usutu," "Usutu." Shortly afterwards they succeeded in setting the roof of the hospital on fire at its further end. As long as we held the front wall the Zulus failed in their repeated attempts to get into the far-end room of the hospital; Lieut. Bromhead having several times driven them back with a bayonet charge. When we had retired to the retrenchment, and the hospital had been set on fire, a terrible struggle awaited the brave fellows who were defending it from within. Private Joseph Williams fired from a small window at the far end of the hospital. Next morning fourteen warriors were found dead beneath it, besides others along his line of fire. When their ammunition was expended he and his companions kept the door with their bayonets, but an entrance was subsequently forced, and he, poor fellow, was seized by the hands, dragged out, and killed before their eyes. His surviving companions were Private John Williams, No. 1395, and two patients. Whilst the Zulus were dragging forth their late brave comrade they succeeded in making a hole in the partition with an axe, and got into another room where they were joined by Private Henry Hook. He and Williams, turn about, one keeping off the enemy, the other working, succeeded in

cutting holes into the next adjoining rooms. One poor fellow, Jenkins, venturing through one of these, was also seized and dragged away, the others escaped through the window looking into the enclosure towards the storehouse, and running the gauntlet of the enemy's fire, most of them got safely within the retrenchment. Trooper Hunter of N.M.P., a very tall young man, who was a patient in the hospital, was not so fortunate, but fell before he could reach the goal. In another ward Privates 593, William Jones, and 716, Robert Jones, defended their post until six out of the seven patients in it had been safely removed. The seventh was Sergeant Maxfield, who was ill with fever, and delirious. Private R. Jones went back to try and carry him out, but the room was full of Zulus, and the poor fellow was dead. The native of Umkungu's tribe, who had been shot through the thigh at Sirayo's kraal, was lying unable to move. He said that he "was not afraid of the Zulus, but wanted a gun." When the end-room in which he lay was forced, Private Hook heard the Zulus talking with him. Next day his charred remains were found amongst the ruins.

Corporal Mayer, N.N.C., who had been wounded under the knee with an assegai at Sirayo's kraal, Bombardier Lewis, R.A., whose leg and thigh were much swollen from a waggon accident, and Trooper R. S. Green, N.M.P., also a patient, all got out of the little end-window within the enclosure. The window being high up, and the Zulus already within the room behind

them, each man had a fall in escaping, and had then to crawl (for none of them could walk) through the enemy's fire inside the retrenchment. Whilst doing this Green was struck in the thigh with a spent bullet. Some few escaped from the front of the hospital, and ran round to the right to the retrenchment, but two or three were assegaied as they attempted it.

Gunner Howard, R.A., ran out of the hospital, and managed to hide himself in the long grass on the upper side of the stone wall, below our front parapet. He covered himself as well as he could with twigs and grass, and there, in company with a dead pig, and four of our horses (which had been shot where they were tied up), he lay unobserved all night, and came in, unharmed, at daylight. Another, Private Waters, 1-24th, secreted himself in a cupboard in the hospital, and killed many Zulus who entered the room, he himself getting wounded in the arm. At last he put over him a black cloak, and ran out of the burning building amongst the bushes, in one of which he lay concealed and unharmed until morning, with hundreds of Zulus moving about during the night upon all sides of him.

Whilst the hospital was being thus gallantly defended Lieutenant Chard and Assistant-Commissary Dunne, with two or three men, succeeded in converting the two large pyramids of sacks of mealies into an oblong and lofty redoubt, and, under heavy fire, blocking up the intervening space between the two with

sacks from the top of each, leaving a hollow in the centre for the security of the wounded, and giving another admirable and elevated line of fire all round. About this time the men were obliged to fall back from the outer to the middle, and then to the inner wall of the kraal, forming our left defence.

The Zulus do not appear to have thrown their assegais at all, using them solely for stabbing purposes.

Corporal Allen and Private Hitch both behaved splendidly. They were badly wounded early in the evening; and, incapacitated from firing themselves, never ceased going round and serving out ammunition from the reserve to the fighting men.

The light from the burning hospital was of the greatest service to our men, lighting up the scene for hundreds of yards around; but before 10 P.M. it had burned itself out. The rushes and heavy firing of the enemy did not slacken until past midnight, and from that time until daylight a desultory fire was kept up by them from the caves above us in our rear, and from the bush and garden in front.

At last daylight dawned, and the enemy retired round the shoulder of the hill by which they had approached. Whilst some remained at their posts, others of our men were sent out to patrol, and returned with about 100 rifles and guns, and some 400 assegais, left by the enemy upon the field; and round our walls, and especially in front of the hospital, the dead Zulus

lay piled up in heaps. About 350 were subsequently buried by us. They must have carried off nearly all their wounded with them.

Our loss was 15 killed, 2 mortally wounded, and 10 others less seriously wounded; but we were not to be left alone, for between 7 and 8 A.M. the enemy reappeared in great force in the same direction as before, when fortunately the General, with the remainder of the column, was seen coming in the opposite direction, and, crossing the Buffalo, came straight to our relief, and the Zulus made off as they approached.

Whilst all behaved so gallantly it was hardly possible to notice other exceptional instances, although all their comrades bore testimony to such in the conduct of Colour-Sergeant Bourne, 2-24th, Sergeant Williams, 2-24th (wounded dangerously—since dead), Sergeant Windridge, 2-24th, Privates M'Mahon, A.H.C., and Roy, 1-24th.

It was certainly of the utmost strategical importance that this place should not be taken. Perhaps the safety of the remainder of the column, and of this part of the colony, depended on it.

The determined and successful resistance, which by God's help the brave fellows were able to make, seems to have surprised the enemy, who have not shown themselves near the place since.

Whatever signs of approval may be conferred upon the defenders of Rorke's Drift from high quarters, they

will never cease to remember the kind and heartfelt expressions of gratitude which have fallen both from the columns of the colonial press and from so many of the Natal colonists themselves.

Appended is the official report of the defence of Rorke's Drift :—

The Lieutenant-General Commanding the Forces in South Africa has much satisfaction in publishing for general information the official report of the gallant defence of Rorke's Drift post on the 22d and 23d January.

The Lieutenant-General feels sure that the gallant conduct of the garrison will receive most ample recognition. He trusts that the example set by those few brave men, and the success which attended their noble efforts, will be taken to heart by all under his command.

The odds against them were nearly thirty to one; but by taking advantage of the materials which lay to their hand, and by hastily constructing with them such cover as was possible, the gallant little garrison were enabled to repulse, for twelve hours, the determined attack made upon their position, and inflicted a loss upon the enemy, in killed alone, of more than three times their own number.

RORKE'S DRIFT, *25th January 1879.*

SIR—I have the honour to report that on the 22d inst. I was left in command at Rorke's Drift by Major



Spalding, who went to Helpmakaar to hurry on the company of the 24th Regiment, ordered to protect the ponts.

About 3.15 P.M. on that day I was at the ponts, when two men came riding from Zululand at a gallop, and shouted to be taken across the river. I was informed by one of them, Lieutenant Adendorff, of Lonsdale's regiment (who remained to assist in the defence), of the disaster at Isandhlwana camp, and that the Zulus were advancing on Rorke's Drift. The other carbinier rode off to take the news to Helpmakaar.

Almost immediately I received a message from Lieutenant Bromhead, commanding the company of 24th Regiment at the camp near the Commissariat stores, asking me to come up at once.

I gave the order to inspan, strike tents, put all stores, etc., into the waggon, and at once rode up to the Commissariat store, and found that a note had been received from the third column to state that the enemy were advancing in force against our post, which we were to strengthen and hold at all cost.

Lieutenant Bromhead was most actively engaged in loopholing and barricading the store building and hospital, and connecting the defence of the two buildings by walls of mealie bags and two waggons that were on the ground.

I held a hurried consultation with him and with Mr. Dalton of the Commissariat, who was actively superintending the work of defence (and whom I can-

not sufficiently thank for his most valuable services), entirely approving of the arrangements made. I went round the position and then rode down to the pont and brought up the guard of one sergeant and six men, waggon, etc.

I desire here to mention the offer of the pontman, Daniells, and Sergeant Milne, 3d Buffs, to moor the ponts in the middle of the stream, and defend them from their decks with a few men. We arrived at the post at 3.30 P.M. Shortly after an officer of Durnford's Horse arrived and asked for orders. I requested him to send a detachment to observe the drifts and ponts, to throw outposts in the direction of the enemy, and check his advance as much as possible, falling back upon the post when forced to retire, and assisting in its defence.

I requested Lieutenant Bromhead to post his men, and having seen his and every man at his post, the work once more went on.

About 4.20 the sound of firing was heard behind the hill to our south. The officer of Durnford's returned, reporting the enemy close upon us, and that his men would not obey his orders, but were going off to Help-makaar; and I saw them—apparently about 100 in number—going off in that direction.

About the same time Captain Stephenson's detachment of Natal Native Contingent left us, as did that officer himself.

I saw that our line of defence was too extended for the small number of men now left us, and at once commenced a retrenchment of biscuit boxes.

We had not completed a wall two boxes high, when, about 4.30 P.M., five or six hundred of the enemy came in sight, around the hill to our south, and advanced at a run against our south wall. They were met with a well-sustained fire, but, notwithstanding their heavy loss, continued the advance to within fifty yards of the wall, when they met with such a heavy fire from the wall and cross-fire from the store that they were checked; but, taking advantage of the cover afforded by the cookhouse, ovens, etc., kept up a heavy fire. The greater number, however, without stopping, moved to the left, around the hospital, and made a rush at our north-west wall of mealie bags, but after a short but desperate struggle were driven back with heavy loss into the bush around the work.

The main body of the enemy were close behind, and had lined the ledge of rock and caves overlooking us about 400 yards to our south, from where they kept up a constant fire, and advancing, somewhat more to their left than the first attack, occupied the garden, hollow road, and bush in great force.

Taking advantage of the bush which we had not cut down, the enemy were able to advance under cover close to our wall, and in this part soon held one side of the wall while we held the other. A series of desperate assaults were made, extending from the hospital along the wall as far as the bush reached, but each was most splendidly met and repulsed by our men with the bayonet; Corporal Scheiss, N.N.C., greatly distinguishing himself by his conspicuous gallantry.

The fire from the rocks behind us, though badly directed, took us completely in reverse, and was so heavy that we suffered very severely, and about 6 P.M. were forced to retire behind the entrenchment of biscuit boxes.

All this time the enemy had been attempting to force the hospital, and shortly after set fire to its roof.

The garrison of the hospital defended it room by room, bringing out all the sick that could be moved before they retired, Privates Williams, Hook, R. Jones, and W. Jones, 24th Regiment, being the last men to leave, holding the doorway with the bayonet, their own ammunition being expended.

From the want of interior communication and the burning of the house, it was impossible to save all. With most heartfelt sorrow I regret we could not save these poor fellows from their terrible fate.

Seeing the hospital burning and the desperate attempts of the enemy to fire the roof of the stores, we converted two mealie bag heaps into a sort of redoubt, which gave a second line of fire all round, Assistant-Commissary Dunne working hard at this though much exposed, and rendering valuable assistance. As darkness came on we were completely surrounded, and after several attempts had been gallantly repulsed, were eventually forced to retire to the middle, and then the inner wall of the kraal was on our east. The position we then had we retained throughout. A desultory fire was kept up all night, and several assaults were

attempted and repulsed—the vigour of the attack continuing until after midnight; our men firing with the greatest coolness did not waste a single shot, the light afforded by the burning hospital being of great help to us.

About 4 A.M. on the 23d the firing ceased, and at daybreak the enemy were out of sight over the hill to the south-west. We patrolled the grounds, collecting the arms of the dead Zulus, and strengthened our defences as much as possible. We were removing the thatch from the roof of the stores when, about 7 A.M., a large body of the enemy appeared on the hills to the south-west.

I sent a friendly Kafir, who had come in shortly before, with a note to the officer commanding at Help-makaar asking for help. About 8 A.M. the third column appeared in sight; the enemy, who had been gradually advancing, falling back as they approached. I consider the enemy who attacked us to have numbered about 3000. We killed about 350.

Of the steadiness and gallant behaviour of the whole garrison I cannot speak too highly. I wish especially to bring to your notice the conduct of Lieutenant Bromhead, 2-24th Regiment, and the splendid behaviour of his company B; Surgeon Reynolds, A.M.D., in his constant attention to the wounded under fire where they fell; Acting-Commissariat Dalton, to whose energy much of our defences were due, and who was severely wounded while gallantly assisting in the defence;

Assistant - Commissary Dunne ; Acting - Storekeeper Byrne (killed) ; Colour-Sergeant Bourne, 2-24th Regiment ; Sergeant Williams, 2-24th (wounded dangerously) ; Sergeant Windridge, 2-24th ; Corporal Scheiss, 2-3d N.N.C. (wounded) ; Privates Williams and Jones, 2-24th ; McMahon, A.H.C. ; R. Jones, 2-24th ; H. Hook, Roy, 1-24th.

“ There is an impression in England that the little band of heroes who held Rorke’s Drift took part in the battle of Isandhlwana. This is, of course, an error ; but the bravery displayed in holding the position is worthy of being immortalised in verse and in history.”—ED. *Cape Times*.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### ISANDHLWANA.

MONDAY, *November 15 (continuation).*—When we returned to the house adjoining Fort Melville, we learned that Mr. Otto Witt, the former resident of Rorke's Drift House, was living there; and during the time we were breakfasting he gave us an account of the place and its surroundings. He said he purposed rebuilding the house and living in it.

While we were engaged in conversation, a boatman came up from the river to say that the Buffalo was so high, and running with such velocity, it was utterly impossible to take a boat over, and that we must abandon the idea of crossing into Zululand. He had tried to take the punt across to bring over to the Natal side a missionary who was waiting on the opposite bank, but the boat was nearly swamped in the attempt, and he was thankful to regain the shore.

This was bad news for us. It seemed so hard to have overcome all obstacles up to this time, and to be prevented from going into Zululand just on the very threshold. However, we resolved to see for ourselves;

and, when breakfast was over, strolled down to the water's edge accompanied by Mr. Witt.

Just at this part of the river on the Natal side there is a very steep bank crowned by Fort Melville, and from the foot of the bank extends a gently sloping strip of land to the river.

The mode of crossing, when the waters are high, is by means of a punt—not such a large one, however, as that in which we crossed the Vaal River on the evening of Monday, November 1st, which conveyed carriage, horses, and passengers all at once, but a small crazy-looking boat, capable of containing half a dozen persons only at a time.

Two stakes, driven firmly into the ground, were fixed one on each side of the river, and a steel wire was stretched from one to the other. On this wire ran an iron block on wheels, to which the boat was attached, and pulled across from side to side by a rope also hanging between the stakes, but suspended more loosely than the wire. We saw at once that the flat-bottomed punt was not a safe or even a feasible means of crossing, but that close by there lay moored a large ship's boat pointed at both ends, which the boatman had not thought of using. We suggested to Mr. Witt that the river might be crossed in this boat, and we volunteered to bring over from the other side the missionary, who had been waiting there upwards of an hour.

Setting to work we soon had the large boat affixed to the runner on the wire, and by the simple expedient





RORKE'S DRIFT. BUFFALO RIVER.



of putting the tiller over to bring the boat's side slightly towards the stream, with her head pointing to the opposite bank, she took herself across as easily as possible, and with great celerity.

Such a thing had actually never been done here before, and Mr. Witt was greatly charmed with the new idea. We eventually left him sitting in the stern of the boat, alternately crossing and recrossing the river for the sake of amusement, followed by the admiring eyes of a number of Kafirs, who congregated on both banks to witness the novel sight.

We soon made friends with Mr. Johnson, the missionary, who had come from some few miles up country to receive his letters and papers, which were periodically brought from Helpmakaar to Fort Melville.

We asked his assistance in obtaining horses to go on to Isandhlwana, as it was utterly impossible to swim our horses across the river, the breadth and rapidity of the current being so great. He said if we would wait an hour, while he wrote a few letters, he would take us on to his station, about three miles from the river, and there probably procure some steeds as well as a guide.

Of course we waited, very much pleased to have found such a friend just when we needed it; for on this Zululand side of the Buffalo there were no houses or inhabitants from which we could obtain either assistance or shelter.

At ten o'clock A.M. he was ready. We walked over to his tent across rising grass land towards some hills.

It appeared that his headquarters were on the field of Isandhlwana, but that he was at present engaged with two or three others in building a mission-house near Hlubi's kraal. Hlubi is a chief of a tribe of Natal Basutos who lived under the Berg near to Giant's Castle. He rendered very great service to the English arms during the Zulu war; and when Zululand was divided into thirteen districts he was rewarded with the chieftainship of the district where we now were. Mr. John Dunn's district lies south of this, along the Tugela border.

Shortly after we arrived at Mr. Johnson's tent, Hlubi himself rode up, attended by three horsemen, and entered into conversation with our host, who introduced us; and so we had opportunity of seeing him.

He is a fine, stoutly-built man, with a quiet, though resolute, cast of countenance. His official position doubtless impressed him with an idea of the necessity of wearing civilised attire rather than the primitive simplicity of raiment usually indulged in by the native inhabitants of these parts. Accordingly he was dressed in corduroy trousers, a blue serge coat, and cap.

His brother, who also rendered us great service, was with him. He had only one eye, having lost the other at Ulundi.

Mr. Johnson lent us one of his own horses, and borrowed another from the kraal close by. He also procured a Kafir boy to act as guide; and with a letter of introduction to Mr. Ransom, another missionary at Isandhlwana, we said good-bye to our friend, and

rode off about midday on the last stage of our excursion.

Just before leaving I was introduced to a fellow-townsmen, who happened to be with Mr. Johnson, engaged in some work in connection with the mission. It was a curious place to meet, and we chatted for some minutes on the subject of mutual friends in the good old town.

We had not ridden more than a mile across the country when, surmounting a little ridge, we came full upon Hlubi's kraal, which, with its wattle and straw huts, looked like a collection of bisected beehives.

Several natives were standing and lying about, and one naked young gentleman stalked towards us as if to enquire our business.

Our guide said this was the Prime Minister, or some equivalent title, and respectfully dismounted to answer the enquiries of the young scion of nobility.

We were very much amused, and so apparently was the Prime Minister, who laughed and nodded pleasantly towards us, indicating the road we should follow.

Proceeding by a mountain path and over a rough stony road, we came to the top of a very steep descent. Here I dismounted and led my horse to the bottom, and after passing through some trees came to the bank of the Bashee River, a broad, shallow stream. This we forded easily, taking the precaution, however, to send a Kafir herdsman ahead of us to indicate the drift, as there were many quicksands about.

Shortly after this I had an ugly fall, and cut my left hand and wrist severely. I had again dismounted to lead the horse over some large sharp stones, as my weight seemed to distress him, and whilst paying more attention to the pieces of rock lying about than to the guide and Mr. Mann, who were leading, I missed the faint semblance of a track we were following, which lay through a bit of broken uneven country interspersed with clumps of trees. Presently I found myself floundering amongst boulders rising up the side of a hill, and my companions out of sight. Standing on the top of one of these boulders to make a survey, I slipped suddenly, and fell with all my weight off the stone down hill on to some other sharp stones, with the result as above described. I had no time to waste, however, so retraced my steps as best I could, fortunately coming across the imprint of the hoofs of my companions' horses. I soon caught them up, and at the next stream we came to washed out the dirt from the wound, and bound up my hand in my handkerchief.

We passed the spot where Sihayo's kraal once stood. The huts are now deserted and razed to the ground, but the marks where they once stood were still visible. On a high ridge of hills in this locality one of the first battles in Zululand was fought on January 12, 1879.

We then rounded through a valley on to the main road from Rorke's Drift to Isandhlwana, and proceeded as fast as we could for this latter place.

From the top of the next rise the celebrated hill

came into view, apparently close by, but in reality still fully an hour's ride distant. It is a remarkable-looking hill. The base rises rather abruptly from a gentle slope, having a south-western aspect, and on the top there lies a curiously-shaped mass of rock, very like a shoe, with steep sides and heel, but accessible from the toe of the shoe, as it may be termed.

We soon arrived at the foot of the slope, and after crossing a deep spruit, cantered up the ascent, and were presently on the battlefield, or rather the scene of the massacre of Isandhlwana.

We rode past the "Shoe Hill," leaving it on our right, shaping our course first to Mr. Johnson's mission-station, which is situated at the foot of the hills, whence the Zulu attack developed on the memorable January 22, 1879.

The buildings of the mission station differed but little from the native kraals, excepting that they were perhaps larger, and certainly cleaner.

After a short conversation with Mr. Ransom, who also applied some plaister to my wounded hand, he volunteered to show us over the battlefield. So, tying up our horses and dismissing the guide, we accompanied him on foot.

The scene of the catastrophe may be said to lie closely around the curiously shaped Isandhlwana Hill, but chiefly on its northern and eastern sides.

We walked about in the grass, picking up numbers of bullets, empty cartridges, and various other articles.

Amongst them was a small cake of paint in a little tin case, a lead pencil, several uniform buttons, a stud, tent pegs, nails, etc., etc., all lying as thrown down. But the most unpleasant sight were many bleached human bones. They had been washed by heavy rains out of the shallow graves in which they had been interred. The rocky nature of the ground precluded deep burial, and the torrents of rain which fall at certain seasons in this locality must be continually doing the work of exhumation. We noticed some bodies partially exposed, portions of skeletons being visible. In one instance the leg bones, encased in leather gaiters, protruded at the bottom of a grave, and close by were the soldier's boots, containing what remained of his feet.

The trenches, cut round where tents had been pitched, were still plainly visible; and in some parts, where a wash of waters had occurred, a great pile of sardine and other tins, bottles, and other *débris*, had accumulated.

The country all around is rocky and mountainous, and very few trees are to be seen. From the elevated position where we stood we could trace the road taken by Lord Chelmsford on the fatal 22d January towards Matskana's kraal, for a distance of ten or twelve miles; also the pathway towards Fugitive's Drift on the Buffalo River, where our unhappy soldiers ran for dear life, pursued by their infuriated adversaries. Marking this road were various remnants of uniforms, which the fugitives had cast off to aid their flight. We had noticed





ISANDHLWANA.



several on the wayside as we approached the hill on our upward ride.

It may not be out of place here to give a short account of the event known as the Isandhlwana disaster.

When war was declared, in January 1879, against Ketchwayo by the English Government, the plan of attack was to invade Zululand at four different points, and for this purpose four columns of soldiers were ordered to advance into the country as follows :—

No. 1. To cross the Tugela River almost at its mouth, by Fort Pearson.

No. 2. To occupy a position on the middle Tugela frontier.

No. 3. To cross the Buffalo River at Rorke's Drift.

No. 4. To advance to the Blood River.

For the purpose of my journal I have only to deal with No. 3 column, and I have ventured to make some abbreviated extracts from that excellent work entitled, *A History of the Zulu War*, written by Miss Frances E. Colenso, and another of the same title by A. Wilmot, Esq., F.R.G.S.

“The first step in advance from Rorke's Drift was to push forward four companies of the 2-24th regiment, a battalion of Natal native contingent, and a detachment of Natal native pioneers, into the Bashi Valley on the 14th January, for the purpose of repairing the road.

“This detachment remained encamped there until the 20th, five miles from the remainder of the column at Rorke's Drift.

“On the 17th, the General (Lord Chelmsford) made a reconnaissance as far as Isandhlwana, and on Jan. 20th No. 3 column moved from Rorke’s Drift and Bashi Valley to the spot selected for the camp, to the east of Isandhlwana Hill. The march to Isandhlwana was accomplished without much difficulty.”

The position of the camp is thus described:—“At the spot where the road crossed we had a small kopje on the right, and then about fifty yards to the left rose abruptly the Isandhlwana Mountain, entirely unapproachable from the three sides nearest to us, but more to the north it sloped gradually down, and is there connected with the long range of hills on our left by another broad neck of land.”

(It was just at the foot of this range of hills that we found our friend Mr. Ransom, and his missionary station, this afternoon.)

Resuming the quotation—“We just crossed over the bend, then turned sharp to the left, and placed our camp facing the valley, with the eastern precipitous side of the mountain behind us, leaving about a mile of open country between our left flank and the hills on our left, the right of the camp extending across the neck of land we had just come over, and resting on the base of the small kopje described beforehand.”

(This exactly describes the ground we had just been traversing, noting remains of tent, trenches, etc., as above mentioned.)

On the 21st Major Dartnell and Commandant



ZULU ATTACK—FIRST LINE

# ISANDHLWANA,

22ND JANUARY, 1879,

SHOWING ALSO

## RORKE'S DRIFT.

Sihayo's Brothers  
Kraal Camp

High hills

Ingu's  
Kraal

Sihayo's  
Kraal

Rear entrance of  
Zulus

Rough  
Stony Kopje

Rough  
Stony Ground

Isolated rolling country  
IMHLAZAQAZI

Lt Col. Lord Chelmsford  
awaited reinforcements

Road to Mabinanda's Kraal

Proposed new Camp

Position  
of 21 Jan

ZULULAND

HILLS

NATAL

Buffalo River

Scale 5.4" Inch = 1 mile.

### REFERENCES.

- 1—Four Companies 2-34 Reg., from 18th to 20th Jan.
  - 2—1-5d Regiment Natal Native Contingent.
  - 3—Stony Kopje, where lines of flank Zulus met.
  - 4—1-24th Regiment.
  - 5—Mounted Police, Mounted Infantry, and Mounted Carbineers, with horses in centre.
  - 6—Six Guns.
  - 7—2-34th Regiment.
  - 8—1-2d Natal Native Contingent.
  - 9—2-3d do. do. do.
  - 10—8 Troops Native Cavalry, 4 Companies 1-5d and 2-3d N.N.C. advance skirmishing.
  - 11—Capt. Russell's Rocket Battery.
  - 12—First position of 2 guns, I.A.
  - 13—2 Troops Native Cavalry, under Colonel Durnford; Natal Carbineer Volunteers and Mounted Police.
  - 14—Tune taken by those who escaped.
  - Native Kraals.
- The Isandhlwana Camp, 20th to 22nd Jan.  
Wagons behind the tents at the foot of the mountain.  
Hospital tents behind No. 5.



Lonsden, who had been sent out to make a reconnaissance, reported that the Zulus were near in considerable force.

At daylight on the morning of the 22d, Lord Chelmsford left the camp with the 2d battalion 24th regiment, the mounted infantry, and four guns.

"Before leaving he sent the following order to Lieutenant-Colonel Durnford, commanding No. 2 column :—'Move up to Isandhlwana camp at once with all your mounted men and rocket battery. Take command of it. I am accompanying Colonel Glyn, who is moving off at once to attack Matyana and a Zulu force, said to be twelve miles off,' etc.

Major Clery, senior staff-officer to the third column, says : "Before leaving the camp I sent written instructions to Colonel Pulleine, 24th Regiment, to the following effect :—'You will be in command of the camp during the absence of Colonel Glyn. Draw in your camp,' etc. etc.

(From this it would appear that there were divided orders as to the command of the camp.)

"After the departure of the advance column (with Lord Chelmsford and Colonel Glyn) nothing unusual occurred in camp until between seven and eight o'clock, when it was reported from the advanced picquet on the Ingqutu range of hills, about 1500 yards to the north, that the enemy could be seen approaching from the north-east, and various small bodies were afterwards seen. Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine got his men under



arms, and sent a written message off to headquarters that a Zulu force had appeared on the hills on his left front. This was received between 9.30 and 10 A.M. Colonel Durnford had received the General's order when on an expedition into Natal to obtain waggons, but at once went to Rorke's Drift, and marched for Isandhlwana, which he reached about 9 A.M. . . ."

The Zulu force referred to was about 20,000 strong, and comprised the flower of Ketchwayo's troops.

"During the night of the 21st January they were ordered to move in small detached bodies to a position about a mile and a-half to the east of the camp at Isandhlwana, only about 1000 yards distant from the spot visited by Lord Chelmsford and Colonel Glyn on the afternoon of the 21st January. No fires were lighted, and the stillness of death was preserved. Ketchwayo's orders comprised a simple command to drive the third column back into Natal.

"When Colonel Durnford arrived at the camp with 250 mounted men and 250 native infantry, he at once divided and scattered this force to the left east, the left front, and rear. It was the force sent to the left east that was attacked by the Zulu army. No further concealment was now necessary, and messengers arrived in camp saying that an enormous force of Zulus was advancing. A consultation then took place between Colonel Durnford and Colonel Pulleine, when some difference of opinion seemed to prevail. . . .

"The Zulu army advanced in a steady, quiet, and

determined manner. They fast surrounded the camp, and as their extremely advantageous position and overwhelming numbers made themselves apparent, they were filled with redoubled courage. In place of advancing steadily and in silence, they now began to double, and shout exultantly to each other. The native contingent and camp followers, seized by panic, fled in all directions. Like the sea breaking against land, the Zulu host came on invincibly, with overwhelming power and strength. Then took place one of the most awful tragedies ever recorded in the page of history. With short stabbing assegais on rushed the naked savages, accompanying the death groans of their victims with yells and shouts of triumph. No mercy was either expected or granted. Hundreds of men, overpowered by brute force, fell at their posts, and their fate was rendered more pitiable, as well as more blamable, by a failure in the supply of ammunition.

“From first to last nothing could have been worse managed than the defence of our camp at Isandhlwana. Profound ignorance and rashness caused the dispersion of a force, which, if formed in hollow square, or, better still, laagered in accordance with Dutch custom, would have defied the enemy, at least until such time as the General, with the rest of the third column, could have arrived.

“Lientenant-Colonel Pulleine was killed, as was also Colonel Durnford; and the official lists comprising white men killed publish more than 770 names; but

there is no doubt that, including the loyal natives, quite 1000 of our men must have been slain. All the baggage, guns, and ammunition became the property of the enemy, and in the incredibly short space of an hour from the general attack one of the most signal victories possible had been gained by the Zulu army. The number of white men who escaped across the Buffalo River was about forty, in addition to natives on horseback and foot. The Buffalo was gained at a point about five miles below Rorke's Drift. Numbers of the fugitives were either shot there, or carried away by the stream and drowned. Lieutenants Melville and Coghill rode away from the camp on its being carried by the Zulus, the former with the Queen's colours of his regiment. These he bore into the river, but lost his horse, and was left struggling in the swift current. Lieutenant Coghill, who had safely crossed, rode into his assistance, but his horse was shot down by the enemy. They succeeded in gaining the Natal shore, but were overtaken and killed, the the colours being afterwards found near to Melville's body.

"The Undi corps of the Zulu army, believing that the camp had been plundered by the other portions of their army, thought it desirable to advance quickly on Rorke's Drift to secure the booty there, and hurried off for this destination, little dreaming of the possibility of any resistance."

Their attack and reception have been already described.

I shall not attempt to follow the steps of Lord Chelmsford on that eventful morning, or revert to the circumstances which led up to his receiving information of the disaster, but shall proceed with the quotations from this point.

Mr. Wilmot says—"So soon as the General heard the awful news, he sent back Major Gossett to order Colonel Glyn to advance with all his force. He was six miles off, and it was then 4 P.M. The advance party with the General continued to go forward, until they were within two miles of the camp, when they halted. Colonel Russell went to the front to reconnoitre, and returned about 5.45 with a report that 'all was as bad as could be.' The Zulus held the camp. At 6 P.M. Colonel Glyn came up with his troops, which, having been formed into fighting order, were addressed by the General. No sign of wavering was perceptible. They advanced with steady courage, determined to attack, and go through any enemy. Guns in the centre; three companies 2-24th on each flank in fours; native contingent; mounted infantry on extreme right; Natal Mounted Volunteers on the extreme left; Mounted Police in reserve—in this order the force went forward with great speed. The artillery shelled the crest of the narrow neck over which the line of retreat lay, and positions were seized without opposition. The curtain of night had fallen over the dreadful scene of carnage, and the entire force, tired and dispirited, lay down amidst the *debris* of the plundered camp, and the

corpses of men, horses, and oxen. The weariness and sorrow of these hours of darkness will never be forgotten. The troops fully expected to be attacked in front and rear; but fortunately the Zulus knew better how to gain than how to improve a victory, and although there were several alarms not a shot was fired, and Lord Chelmsford, with the remnant of his forces, was able at dawn of day to hurry on to the relief of Rorke's Drift."

Such is a brief account of the Isandhlwana affair. The defence of Rorke's Drift, which was being made during the afternoon of the massacre, and during the night that Lord Chelmsford occupied the ruined camp, has already been described in the preceding chapter.

We remained upon the battlefield upwards of two hours, and then returned to where we had left our horses. Mr. Ransom urged us to remain and have some dinner with him, which he had specially caused to be prepared. He also advised our staying all night at the mission station, as the weather had begun to look threatening, and a thunderstorm was growling amongst the hills, evidently making up rapidly to where we were; but we deemed it the safer course to return to Rorke's Drift that night, so as to ensure as far as possible our return to Newcastle by Wednesday night, as we originally intended. Before leaving the mission station, however, we went to see the little church, which is built after the fashion of a Kafir hut—of wattle and thatch. It was very neatly constructed, oval in shape, furnished with neat benches, and a small harmonium.

It was used as a schoolroom during the week, and then a curtain is drawn before the communion table. An adjoining smaller hut serves as a vestry. I understand the Kafirs pay great attention to the services.

Saying good-bye to our kind entertainer, we put our horses at their best pace as far as the rocky uneven nature of the ground would allow, *en route* for the Drift. Fortunately the weather remained fine until we arrived on the banks of the Buffalo River, and then it broke in the form of a thunderstorm, accompanied by heavy rain, which would have wetted us thoroughly. We accomplished the distance in one hour and forty minutes, which, considering the nature of the roads, was very fair travelling. The distance is about ten or twelve miles.

It was almost dark when we reached the Buffalo River, and we shouted for some time before we were heard from Mr. Otto Witt's house; but at last he heard us, and, coming down the bank to the boat, crossed the river and took us over with him.

We were well satisfied to have returned so far on our journey, and to have regained the friendly shelter of a civilised roof, for had we by any misadventure lost the track or been overtaken by darkness, it would scarcely have been an agreeable experience to have camped all night on Zulu ground without shelter of any sort, exposed to the thunderstorm and rain.

Though Mr. Otto Witt had but little accommodation he permitted us to stay the night in his house, and after a somewhat frugal supper, which scarcely appeased our

ravenous appetites, we betook ourselves to a couple of mattresses that had been laid on the floor of the dining-room for our special use.

Before going to sleep, however, I was much interested in watching our host instruct his class of Kafir men who were employed in and around the establishment. There were about a dozen of them. They came into the dining-room and took their seats on forms on either side of a table.

Mr. Witt made them repeat the alphabet from large letters hung on the wall, and this they did in very earnest guttural tones. Then a hymn was sung (after a fashion), and some reading from the Bible and a prayer from the pastor brought the evening's instruction to a conclusion.

*Tuesday, November 16.*—We were not sorry to rise from our mattresses this morning at four o'clock. An army of fleas, and a couple of cats, which playfully disported themselves by occasionally wandering over my body, made rest a something that existed only in imagination; so we joined the "early bird" outside, and, catching our horses in the cattle kraal, had them saddled and bridled almost before it was light enough to see anything.

Then, unwilling to disturb the slumbers of Mr. Witt and his party, we closed the house door quietly and rode off towards Mr. Zeistman's house, which we reached in about an hour and a quarter. We had not much difficulty in crossing the Little Buffalo River now, as it had fallen very considerably.

Leaving the borrowed horse and repossessing ourselves of the one which we had left in Mr. Zeistman's care, we essayed to continue the journey, but our host would not permit us to leave until coffee had been prepared and served.

We rode on to Mr. Dill's house, arriving at 8.30 A.M., where breakfast was waiting for us. A wash and change of linen were charming luxuries, and thoroughly enjoyed, as we had for two days been working hard without any necessities or clothing other than what we stood in.

I find it difficult to sufficiently express my thanks for the courtesy and actual assistance extended towards us by Mr. Dill and his amiable family. Their residence is an oasis, and I fear their hospitality must be frequently trespassed upon by strangers like ourselves journeying through the country. They may rest assured, however, that their kindness was thoroughly appreciated in the present instance.

After breakfast and a pleasant half-hour's chat we resumed the journey at 10.30 A.M. in the American carriage or spider, which had been left in Mr. Dill's care. Two hours' travelling brought us to Still's Hotel, where we outspanned for an hour, and then pushed on, as the day was extremely fine and we wished to make the most of it.

At 5 P.M. we had reached the "Try Again" Hotel, but found it shut up, host and hostess having gone out on a visit, and leaving the premises in charge of a kitchenful of Kafirs.



Continuing the journey, although our horses were showing symptoms of fatigue, we arrived shortly after seven o'clock at the Ingagan River Hotel, only fourteen miles distant from Newcastle.

As we knew the roads were very bad between these two places we decided to stay the night at the hotel, so the horses were stabled and we had supper, after which we sat on the grass in front of the house by moonlight, watching the antics of a number of Kafirs. Presently we induced them "for a consideration" to perform one of their war-dances; and, accordingly, for about half an hour we were regaled with an exhibition which, if judged by frantic gesticulation and noise, must have been a perfect success; but then we were not proper judges.

*Wednesday, November 17.*—Leaving the hotel, which, although small, is kept in a very cleanly manner, we forded the river instead of crossing by the punt, thus effecting a saving of five shillings. The stream had fallen considerably, and as several bullock waggons had preceded us we knew it was safe; but still it was only just feasible, as the water was four feet deep and the current ran strongly.

At 8.30 A.M. we had accomplished the return journey to Newcastle, and were soon busily engaged discussing breakfast and relating our adventures to those who had previously prophesied the utter impossibility of our accomplishing what we set out to do.

The journey to Isandhlwana and back has been a very

pleasant one, although rather rough, and entailing a certain amount of physical exertion. Not only is there an interest in visiting such places as the now historic Rorke's Drift and Isandhlwana Hill, but the mountainous scenery and bright health-giving air possess great charms, and quite reconcile the visitor to any discomforts and uncertainties of travel. The general appearance of the country is very broken and uneven, and the remark applies equally to Zululand as to Natal in this neighbourhood. On the Natal side the Drakensberg and Biggarsberg ranges are passed close by, as well as numerous other smaller hills and kopjes in various directions. Between them run streams or spruits more or less swollen according to the rainfall, which has been and is rather above the average this season. We only just escaped several severe wettings, both at the fords through flooded streams and from thunderstorm showers. The Buffalo divides Natal from Zululand.

An almost utter absence of trees is very striking, and becomes tiresome to any one accustomed to the arborescence of the coast or to travellers from Europe. They are seen occasionally near running streams, and some of the farmhouses are partially surrounded with groves, artificially planted, of course; but these are so few and far between as not to be appreciable in the general landscape. At this time of year (the spring time) the country is covered with luxuriant grass interspersed with a variety of wild flowers; but in

the winter, from May to August or September, it presents a dried up, brown appearance, most depressing, I understand, to any one living upon it. At the same time the winter is said to be the best period of the year for travellers journeying through Zululand or Natal, though bad for their horses on account of scarcity of grass.

Taking a retrospect of our movements, I find we have travelled over a distance of about 150 miles in the last four days by "spider" and on horseback. Considering the state of the roads we have done quite as well as we could reasonably have expected to do even under fairer auspices. Our only regret is that we did not visit the spot where the Prince Imperial met his tragic fate; it is only about 15 miles higher up the valley where we passed the ruins of Sihayō's kraal last Monday. Had we not feared detention by bad weather and swollen streams it would have been easy to have gone there from Mr. Ransom's residence the following morning (Tuesday), as that gentleman had kindly invited us to stay the night. When at Isandhlwana we could have ridden across and returned to Rorke's Drift by another road, probably arriving there by midday on Tuesday; pushing on as far as we could homewards that night, and finishing the balance of the journey to-day. The sequel proved that both time and weather would have favoured us; but it was a great risk, as Mr. Mann and myself were obliged to return to Newcastle not later than to-night—he to look after some private business,

and I to prepare to go on by post-cart for Maritzburg the first thing to-morrow morning.

Any one wishing to enjoy a pleasant outing, and not minding roughing it a little, might do much worse than take a trip through Zululand, travelling in a light cart with horses and mules; or, better still, if time was no object, in a light bullock waggon. This would constitute parlour, bedroom, and storehouse for provisions, rendering the occupant quite independent of hotels or other accommodation. There are roads or tracks between the principal points. No danger need be apprehended from the natives. The country is healthy, and occasionally presents some very pretty scenery.

We met very few natives on our journey. The men we saw were almost entirely naked, and generally carried knobkerries. The assegais of the Zulus have, as far as possible, been taken from them; so I understand. The women, as a rule, wore more clothing than the men, but it was of the scantiest description. They are graceful in their movements, and can go through a great amount of labour. I understand from various sources that almost a famine exists at present in certain parts of Zululand. Vast amounts of corn were destroyed during the late war; and what between the small amount of seed sown and other causes, the Indian corn (mealies) is very scarce. As much as one beast is being paid for a muid of Indian corn (200 lbs.)

EXTRACT of LETTER from *Natal Witness*,<sup>7</sup>

November 13, 1880 :—

“We have been favoured with a communication which contains some information which, if perfectly reliable, ought to be of great interest to our readers. We, however, are not prepared to vouch for the perfect impartiality of the writer, and we therefore place the substance of his statement before our readers for what it is worth, and without pinning ourselves to anything contained in it or to be inferred from it.

“‘In some of the divisions of Zululand little or no authority of any kind is exercised over the natives. That which exists is but scant and weak, and notably less in value for the preservation of the public peace than was the authority of the king. No language of condemnation that could be applied to the present system of ‘no rule’ in Zululand can be strong enough, and the confusion and misery into which the country and its people are plunged amount in themselves to an outcry against the authors of the policy of unsettlement.’ Our correspondent inquires, ‘Can any of our readers inform him what are the Zulu resident’s duties? Is he, or is he not, the eyes and ears of Government? Ought he not, therefore, to reside in Zululand?’ The next branch of the subject, and one with which we are much more familiar, inasmuch as we have been enabled to avail ourselves of our own special methods of direct enquiry, is the pending famine in Zululand. It is a fact that along the coast,

as well as through the upland districts, food is terribly scarce, and in many places there is neither corn nor maize to plant. The men in many places are already hardly able to drag themselves along the ground through hunger—many have already died. The women suffer terribly : the children, however, having milk, escape the worst consequences of the scarcity. Of course at many kraals there are no cattle with which to buy mealies. In these cases existence has to be eked out on herbs, such as Kafir mushroom and others. The lower country is to some extent being supplied with mealies by traders, who charge one beast per cwt.; but in the district inside of, and beyond Hlobane, into which traders have not been since the war, misery and starvation abound. Two reasons we must give for the continuance of the famine, which perhaps may be instructive to those who never speak of the Zulu except as an animal to be forced out to work. The five shilling hut-tax is used by the thirteen little kinglets as means for their own personal aggrandisement. Consequently they will not permit too many to come into Natal to seek employment. Secondly, a Kafir will not kill cattle. Should he do so, from each beast he would obtain but a very few days' subsistence, a very scanty relief, inasmuch as one who would not share the flesh with all his kindred, neighbours, and visitors, would be looked upon as a bad man, and would certainly suffer in repute if not in person. Hence the Zulu prefers to sell a beast for a handful of mealies, which he can conserve for himself and his own house-

hold. Hence again each is afraid to kill, and they starve amidst hundreds of cattle. Our correspondent proposes as a proper measure of relief the calling out of Zulu impi against the Basuto. He says that the news of the first skirmish reached the Kafirs within three days after its occurrence, and was received as a British defeat, and also that the natives themselves are anxious to be led to the front, saying that they would gladly serve. The same gentleman also suggested that one shilling a day per man would be the proper pay for the impi. The Zulus say they could finish the war in ten days. With this branch of the subject we shall deal hereafter."

I must not close this chapter without again recording my thanks to those hosts and hostesses already mentioned by name in the preceding daily record.

It would have been almost impossible for us to have accomplished our flying visit as we did without their generous assistance ; for where no hotels existed we were entirely dependent on the hospitality of the houses we passed, or the people we met, and I have already shown how well we were treated.





ZULU SOLDIERS AND KRAAL.





## CHAPTER XIV.

### SOUTHWARDS THROUGH NATAL.

I PASSED the morning in making preparations for the journey to Maritzburg and Durban, and amused myself by fishing in the Incandu River during the afternoon, but had not much sport.

Between six and seven o'clock P.M. a terrible storm broke over Newcastle. Clouds of dust and *débris* were borne along on violent gusts of wind, which blew down trees, and unroofed several houses in the neighbourhood. A deluge of rain followed, and just at dinner-time the hurricane struck the house where we were.

The iron roof at one end commenced lifting and flapping, and a scene of great excitement ensued. The Kafirs and all available hands were assembled immediately; ladders were raised against the hotel side; great stones were collected to place as weights on the threatened roof; and all was done that the emergency of the moment suggested.

It had also its ludicrous phase for a short time. In the height of the excitement Mr. Rosser called out, "Get up you boys and *sit* on the roof." The unwilling

blacks were forced up the ladders to seat themselves as weights ; and to see them scrambling up in the drenching rain, not knowing whether to be amused or angry, was something comical.

We were thankful, however, that such and other active means were resorted to, or Rosser's Hotel would have been without a roof altogether a few minutes later.

My friend, Mr. Mann, was not so fortunate. His new building, the framework of which had only just been completed that very day, was blown to pieces and levelled to the ground. Three months' work and expense were thus demolished in as many minutes. So violent was the wind that the workmen engaged on the building, who were sitting in another house not fifty yards distant, did not hear the crash of falling timbers, and were first made aware of the devastation by a flash of lightning showing them a vacant spot where the house they had been engaged upon stood only a few moments before.

The violence of the storm reminded me of similar disturbances of the elements called "Pamperos," which I had previously seen in South America. I annex an account of two I witnessed on the Pampas in 1864, and regarding which I wrote to the *Buenos Ayres Standard* of March in that year :—

"Mr. S. and myself met with an adventure yesterday afternoon which had nearly terminated in an unpleasant manner. We rode over to the estancia of our friend Don —— for the purpose of arranging a passage across

his camp for the sheep. We got there safely enough, but before going into the house we noticed a very heavy black cloud making up to windward, evidently a dust storm. We had not been seated more than twenty minutes when the atmosphere became suddenly darkened with what to all appearance seemed the dense smoke of a factory chimney, but which was really nothing else than fine dust. We went to the front door to look out, but the strong wind blew the dust in with such violence that we shut it again very quickly, and then returning to the sitting-room, to our great astonishment we were the next instant enveloped in complete darkness. The dust cloud we noticed in the distance had come up with greater density than many inhabitants of the surrounding country had ever known one to do before, and although only four o'clock on a bright summer afternoon, we were wrapped in darkness of the blackest midnight. Our host groped about for candles, which after some time he found and lighted; but so dense and suffocating was the atmosphere, even in the room, that the light of the candles at one end could scarcely be distinguished at the other. There we sat for half-an-hour, very much amused at the extreme fright with which our host regarded the unusual darkness. He walked about the room talking incoherently, and looking not a little uneasy; whilst we remained quietly by, eating 'dulce,' and waiting for the storm to clear off. The intense darkness disappeared in half-an-hour, but the atmosphere remained just like an English

November fog, so that it was impossible to distinguish objects at more than fifty yards distance. We waited two hours and then," etc.

I need not give the account of our adventure, but will proceed to the next extract.

" . . . . We resumed the march, and proceeded about a league and a half along a little valley, when suddenly the heavens darkened in a most ominous manner away out to the south-west ; and as a black bank of cloud rose up and travelled rapidly towards us, we knew that we were in for a pampero of no ordinary sort. We rounded our sheep immediately [the other sixteen thousand we had already lost sight of in the dust ahead]. The darkness increased, and presently the wind came up in fierce cold gusts, bringing with it clouds of blinding dust. We were enveloped for some time in total darkness, and as it was impossible to see anything, or move along at all, I got off my horse and sat down on the ground, wrapping my head in the blanket, and wondering wherever my companions had gone to, for at the commencement of the storm we had separated to different points round the flocks, and as the sheep were driving away before dust and wind, it was impossible to say where they might get to. However, I cared little for sheep or anything else than my own safety ; besides, it was impossible for me to do anything, as I could not keep my eyes open, and was almost suffocated with the terrible dust. Upwards of an hour I sat on the ground with the blanket closely wrapped

around me, and then, becoming sensible of some change in the atmosphere, and hearing a rumbling and hissing sound, I looked up. The rain was beginning to fall as it were in drops of mud ; I tried to rise, but found that the dust had drifted to a depth of twelve inches against my back, and that, consequently, I was almost embedded. The rain began to fall faster and faster, until at last it descended in sheets of water, accompanied by incessant flashes of lightning and peals of thunder. I could see just two sheep out of our large flock of 6000—the rest had gone, goodness knows where. Seeing a rancho about a mile off, I mounted my horse and went towards it at full speed, arriving there before the worst came on, but not before getting thoroughly drenched. Two or three of my ‘*compañeros*’ came up at the same moment, and there we remained during one of the most frightful hurricanes I ever saw. A rancho close by where we were was blown to the ground ; large willow and ombu trees were stripped of their leaves and branches. It rained for two hours. At the end of that time the little valley through which we had passed in the afternoon was a foaming roaring river, four feet deep, and upwards of one hundred yards broad ; the country in many places was inundated to a depth of some feet ; numbers of sheep were drowned, etc. R. W. L.”

*Thursday, November 18.*—Instead of leaving, as I had hoped to do, at 6 A.M. by the post-cart to-day, that vehicle had not even arrived from the south, and no

tidings of its whereabouts could be obtained. It was due here yesterday, but of course not much doubt existed as to the cause of delay.

The fearful storm and rainfall must have swollen the streams and rivers to an abnormal extent, and made roads almost impassable.

Such indeed was the case, as we subsequently learned by the arrival of the cart later on.

As the mails from the north had not arrived, it was arranged to keep the Maritzburg cart over until to-morrow (Friday) morning, in the hope that by that time the up-country letters would have arrived.

The rain continued to fall heavily all day, and the cold was very great, so much so that we insisted on our host pulling down the made-up fireplace in the sitting-room, and lighting a fire therein. A fire here at this time of year was a phenomenon almost unknown.

The day passed drearily and uncomfortably—its monotony being only varied by going out to see the wreckage caused by last night's storm. Not the least serious was the total destruction of the roofs of the out-buildings at Mr. Glass's Plough Hotel. They had been blown completely away.

This hotel, I may remark, is the neatest and cleanest I have yet seen in South Africa, and well worthy of support.

*Friday, November 19.*—Heavy rain continued to fall all night, and this morning the appearance of the country round Newcastle resembled that of a lake or

swamp, over which a boat might travel more easily than a post-cart.

We had to bow to the inevitable, and remain in our present quarters, though we began to feel slightly uneasy about the length of our imprisonment, as the continuous downpour of rain all day seemed to promise indefinite incarceration.

*Saturday, November 20.*—Another dark, cold, rainy morning broke over Newcastle, and all looked wet and miserable.

The Maritzburg post-cart driver, now being more than two days behind his time, determined to make a venture, and start southwards.

Everybody said it would be impossible to get on, or cross the rivers; nevertheless, in spite of warnings, our Jehu made a start at 9 A.M., and very glad those of us bound southwards felt. Any adventure was preferable to remaining another day in the hotel.

The country was literally under water. The roads were only to be seen when they led up slight ascents, and then they were execrable. Up to the axles in mud went the cart, first one wheel totally submerged, and then the other; while occasionally the vehicle would slide sideways with the horses down hill, and bring up in a small quicksand. It was a hard ride; nevertheless there was a species of amusement in it.

It was reported that the Horn River was impassable, and we neared it in trepidation.

Our driver, however, did not hesitate. Telling us to



"hold on," he put his six horses at the drift, and plunging into the broad strong stream, fortunately arrived on the other side without accident, though the water covered the bottom of the cart, and wetted our feet and legs.

At the Ingagan River, which was running deep and broad, we crossed in the punt, and stopped to change horses at the little inn where we spent last Tuesday night.

The distance from Newcastle to Maritzburg is about 180 miles, and the time occupied in traversing the journey is generally two days. The fare is £8; and 1s. per pound for luggage on all weighing over twelve pounds.

Shortly after leaving Ingagan River the southern road crosses the Biggarsberg range. If possible the roads became still worse than before, as, in addition to their soaked, uneven condition, there were several steep gradients. However, the horses behaved well, and this stage, twenty-five miles in length, was accomplished in safety, and at 3.30 P.M. we arrived at "Carey's."

Here horses were changed, and at six o'clock the "Fox and Geese" Hotel, kept by Mr. Innes, hove in sight, where it was arranged we should stay the night, as it is considered, and rightly so, to be one of the best wayside inns in the country.

An excellent illustration of the manner in which Her Majesty's mails are looked after in this part of the world occurred at this point, and the incident is worth noting.

Our southern track lay across the Sunday River, which is half a mile beyond Mr. Innes's house. To have everything in readiness for an early start to-morrow, the post-cart with its bags of mails was taken on to the river this evening, and ferried over on a punt. It was then pulled to the top of the bank; the horses were unharnessed; and the vehicle, with its contents, was left alone, while we all returned for the night to the inn.

The only attempt at defence from possible marauders was to draw the canvas curtains of the carriage close together. There it remained all night in solitary state!

Happy country, where people are so honest, and no fear of robbers exists!

During the day we had passed several overturned bullock carts on the wayside, whose drivers were placidly camping out alongside, awaiting the advent of finer weather before making any attempt to right them. We met several horsemen, who all gave dismal accounts of the late floods, and narrated several instances of loss of life in consequence.

*Sunday, November 21.*—At daylight this morning we again crossed the Sunday River, and found the post-cart all right.

As we journeyed onwards we found better roads and a rather more level country, though there was a perceptible downward slope in a southerly direction. On the summit of the first little eminence after passing the river we came in full view of the most elevated

portion of the Drakensberg range, stretching away north and south, almost parallel with our path.

No wonder we were, and had been, feeling cold.

The summits of the mountains were capped with snow in many places, and the southern wind, sweeping over them in our direction, carried an icy chill with it.

At the extreme southern end of the range rose Mont aux Sources, the highest point having an altitude more than 10,000 feet. From this mountain rise the rivers Caledon, Vaal, Orange, and Tugela.

The effect in the morning sunlight was very pretty, and reminded me of Swiss scenery.

The spruits had fallen considerably, and no difficulty was experienced in crossing them, but the roads, although better, were still bad enough, and we frequently had to plough our way through one or two feet of mud.

At nine o'clock we arrived at Ladysmith, thirty-two miles distant from Innes's, where we spent last night.

This town is built on the Klip River; and as the stream is broad and rapid during rainy weather, there certainly should be a bridge constructed over it. However, there is none at present, and we found the Drift quite impassable. The punt, too, was insufficiently large to take our post-cart over, so there was no alternative but to remain where we were until the mail-cart which left Maritzburg yesterday should arrive on the opposite bank, when a transfer would be made of mails and passengers by means of a boat, and each cart would then return to the place whence it started.

We spent the morning in wandering about Ladysmith. It is a neat little place, containing some very nice residences in large gardens surrounded by trees of fair growth.

Mr. Mann went to church. The service was held in a small room—a schoolroom, I believe. He returned to the hotel to dinner with not a very glowing account of what he had seen and heard.

At 2 P.M. we crossed the Klip River in a small boat. The stream was about eighty yards broad, and was running rapidly. Our horses were forced into the water, and compelled to swim across. We had scarcely got them landed when the mail-cart from the south came in sight, and soon arrived at the river bank.

Its passengers and mails were quickly transhipped to Ladysmith to our late conveyance, and we took possession of the new arrival. After half an hour's further delay we again set off on our southerly course, minus one of our late fellow-passengers, who had succeeded in becoming so hopelessly drunk during the short stay in Ladysmith that the rest of us refused to go on with him, feeling sure he would come to serious grief on the rough uneven way.

The afternoon was fine, and in the distance, on our right, we had a splendid view of the mountain scenery, which included the Giant's Castle, Champagne Castle, and Mont aux Sources.

Colenso was reached at 5 P.M. It is on the southern side of the Tugela River. A fine iron bridge, 500 feet

long and built on stone columns, here spans the stream.

At this point the Tugela was the broadest stream we had yet passed on our downward journey.

This river appears to divide the Klip River division from that of Weenen.

As we journeyed through the latter we presently passed a small mound, surrounded almost at its summit by a low stone wall. This was pointed out to me as the scene of Dingan's massacre of Retief and his party.

It was quite dark when we arrived at the summit of a steep hill and saw lights twinkling in the valley below. This, we were told, was the town of Estcourt.

The descent of the hill was somewhat dangerous in the darkness which had now set in; but it was safely accomplished, and, crossing the Little Bushman River at the bottom, we were soon under the friendly shelter of the Plough Hotel, kept by Mrs. McBride.

A consultation then took place as to whether the journey should be continued throughout the night; but as the darkness was now intense our driver decided to stay where he was, and we gladly acquiesced in this decision.

Estcourt is forty-two miles south of Ladysmith, and sixty miles north of Maritzburg.

*Monday, November 22.*—At 5.30 A.M. we were *en route* again. Estcourt is a pretty little place. A military camp is stationed here, consisting of about 800

men. As we crossed the Bushman River by an iron bridge, we saw a number of soldiers running, jumping, and frisking about, on their way to the stream for their morning bath. On the top of the hill, outside the town, the road lay past a very strongly-built police barracks, tastefully constructed, and commanding a good position.

At 8.30 A.M. we had arrived at the little town of Weston, on the banks of the Mooi River, which is spanned by a neat little iron bridge called the "Helen Bridge." A tablet recorded that it was named after Helen, second daughter of Colonel Bissett, and that it was opened in 1866.

A long series of up and down hill stages ensued, until we arrived on the summit of the Karkloof range of hills. Then a rapid descent over wretchedly bad roads followed.

At this point a melancholy incident broke the monotony of our journey. One of the post-cart horses, which had been harnessed into our vehicle at the hill top, exhibited symptoms of distress from the moment it started, and became each moment worse as it was urged onwards at full speed with its companions. It was sickening to see the wretched animal evidently suffering acutely, as it was dragged unresistingly along, scarcely able to sustain its own weight. Its bones became each moment more and more apparent, as, in its agony, its skin contracted. We remonstrated with the driver; but his only reply was that the poor brute must be taken to

the end of the stage. Then fresh lashings from his whip urged on the frightened cattle to increased speed.

At last it became apparent, even to the driver, that the wretched animal was on its last legs, and would fall to the ground, probably upsetting the vehicle; so the horses were reined in.

We all lent a hand to unharness the poor gray, whose clenched teeth and quivering limbs told of the pain it was suffering. When divested of its harness the animal staggered a few paces on to the grass, and then slowly sank to the ground—never to rise again.

It was a pitiable sight. The horse knew well enough it was being left to die; and when, on the completion of our rearrangement of the horses in the post-cart, we took our seats to proceed, it managed to raise its head to look at us, and with mute imploring eyes seemed to ask us not to leave it alone.

There was, however, no help for it; so we regained our seats, and left the poor horse to its fate. Even before we were half-a-mile off we saw huge vultures coming up all round. They had scented their prey, although still in life, and would probably attack it as it lay on the ground.

At Howick the horses were again changed. While this was being done we ran down to see the Howick Falls, which are about 200 yards from the post-house.

These falls have obtained some notoriety, and are really very pretty. At this point in its course the Umgeni River falls into a gorge with precipitous sides

some 300 feet deep, and as we saw it to-day, the stream being broad and rapid, it was a sight well worthy of being seen.

I understand that Howick is the favourite resort of newly-married couples in this part of the country, just as Niagara serves the same purpose in North America.

Why waterfalls should be the chosen haunts of newly-mated people it is difficult to say. Perhaps the roar of water, making conversation almost impossible, and therefore giving excellent reason for indulging in the eloquent silence which plays such an important part in romance, may have something to do with it. Possibly, too, the facilities for suicide which they offer may have some slight bearing on the matter.

We now entered upon the last stage before reaching Pietermaritzburg, and our cart was crammed in and over with such a number of passengers that we felt thankful, if on this account only, that the journey was nearly over.

A few miles' ride brought us to the edge of what is called the Town Hill, and from this point a magnificent panoramic view of Pietermaritzburg and the country extending southwards is obtained. In my opinion it is one of the prettiest sights I saw while in Natal.

As viewed from this hill summit Pietermaritzburg seemed to lie almost immediately below us, and we looked down into gardens and plantations of trees,



amongst which the houses were built with more or less regularity and density. All around the country was broken and uneven, but it looked fresh and green, and apparently lay at a much lower level than where we just then found ourselves.

The driver stayed a few moments on the crest of the hill, and then commenced, at a sharp pace, a very steep descent of some few miles into the town. Presently we overtook a coolie in gorgeous attire and turban, driving a full-sized young ostrich before him towards the town. The bird quickened its pace at the sound of our cart, and, keeping in the middle of the road, looking back right and left, soon distanced its keeper and left him in our rear. Our driver was very much amused, and urged on his horses to increased speed. The ostrich slightly spread its wings, and ran ahead of our leaders about twenty yards. Two or three horsemen in front, hearing a noise behind, looked back, and seeing an ostrich running along the road towards them, disappeared out of the way with marvellous celerity, and then took up their position behind our cart to see the fun. Several Kafirs on the road, some advancing towards us, and others walking in the same direction as ourselves, the moment they saw the bird, got out of its way immediately and filed in behind the horsemen.

It was very ludicrous. The ostrich cleared the road, and we formed quite a procession down hill almost into the town, until the poor bird, half dead with fright,

turned off into a field, where it was eventually overtaken and captured by its coolie keeper.

From the top of the Karkloof range, over which we passed during the morning, the descent into Maritzburg is a drop of 2100 feet. One of the steepest bits of the road is the Town Hill.

The post-cart drove straight to the Post Office, which is part of a large, well-finished building, in a square surrounded by gardens and trees.

Here we dismounted and went in quest of a hotel. Whether our dusty, travel-stained appearances were against us or not, I cannot say, but we had the greatest difficulty in finding accommodation. Finally, however, the Crown Hotel opened its arms to us, and we immediately devoted a couple of hours to bathing, and a general overhaul of toilet.

Pietermaritzburg is the chief town of Natal, and has a population of 8037. The name is a compound of the names of the Boer leaders Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz. It is 54 miles from Durban, and about 180 miles from Newcastle by the road over which we had just travelled.

It is the seat of government. The streets are wide, and in many places are edged with trees, having little water-courses running by them.

The gardens appear to produce abundantly. Oranges, lemons, mulberries, pomegranates, peaches, quinces, guavas, figs, loquats, bananas, etc., etc., are to be seen; and everywhere the rose-hedges flourish.

There are several churches, a handsome block of Government buildings, a college, dramatic hall, theatre, park, botanic gardens, etc. ; and just now a commodious railway station is being finished. Altogether, I should think Maritzburg was a very pleasant little town to live in.

*Tuesday, November 23.*—I breakfasted this morning with Dean Green and his family, and afterwards made several calls, including one upon Sir Theophilus and Lady Shepstone. The name of Sir T. Shepstone is so closely allied with the modern history of South Africa that not to have seen him would have rendered my visit here incomplete, especially as a mutual friend had given me a letter of introduction to him. His annexation of the Transvaal and association with Zulu matters are so well known as scarcely to need to be referred to here.

*Wednesday, November 24.*—Archdeacon Lloyd had given me a letter of introduction to Bishop Colenso ; so, armed with this, I drove over this morning to Bishopstowe, a distance of about four miles from Pietermaritzburg, where his Lordship resides.

The house has a Gothic appearance, unusual in this country, and is placed on a little rise amongst some hills, surrounded by trees. In front was a number of lemon trees, with a large amount of fruit upon them.

The Bishop came out to meet me on the verandah with a cordial greeting. He is a tall, fine-looking old gentleman, with gray hair, and wears spectacles. Being

taken into a large wood-panelled room, I was introduced to Mrs. and Miss Colenso, and then enjoyed two hours of most interesting conversation on the subject of the late Zulu war.

It is scarcely necessary for me to remark that Bishop Colenso holds very different views on the Zulu question from those held and acted upon by Sir Bartle Frere and his party. He drew a touching picture of the manner in which the war was forced upon Ketchwayo, and how that monarch acted throughout on the principle of "Defence, not Defiance." A strong argument in favour of this was the action of the Zulus subsequent to their victory at Isandhlwana.

When the Natal Colony was thereby entirely at their mercy, and could have been swept by their armies, they abstained from doing anything of the sort.

He spoke of some of our native allies who were fugitives from the disastrous field, and who afterwards recounted how, when pursued by the victorious Zulus across the Buffalo, and crawling from the water on the Natal side, expecting instant death, were saved by the voice of a Zulu commander ordering his men back, and forbidding them to go beyond their own boundary.

Certainly the Bishop has a strong case, and champions the Zulu cause with much force and energy.

It so happened that Ingwazeni, the brother of Ketchwayo's mother, and another chief, were here on a visit to the Bishop.

He asked me if I would like to see them, and on

my replying that I should much like to do so, they were brought into the room, and squatted themselves down with their blankets around them in true native manner.

Ingwazeni is a very fine, handsome-looking man, with bright eyes and intelligent countenance. Miss Colenso, who speaks Zulu perfectly, acted as interpreter, and I asked him several questions. The result of the conversation was that I undertook to deliver a message from Ingwazeni to Ketchwayo in Cape Town Castle, which Miss Colenso put down in writing; and the Bishop at parting gave me a letter to Sir George Strachan, with the object of ensuring my seeing Ketchwayo at Cape Town, should I return to England that way. He also asked me to deliver a small parcel and a message to the ex Zulu king, both of which commissions I readily engaged to perform.

Returning to Pietermaritzburg I lunched with Sir Theophilus and Lady Shepstone, and afterwards paid a visit to the House of Assembly, which was in session, and listened to an interesting debate then being carried on.

*Thursday, November 25.*—The railway between Maritzburg and Durban was to be opened in its entirety within the next few days, and preparations for the event were being made to give a fitting commemoration to such an important epoch in the Colony's history. I believe the day is to be kept as a public holiday.

At present the trains only run between Durban and

Camperdown—this latter being a small district or collection of houses, about fourteen miles distant from Maritzburg.

I left the Crown Hotel this morning at 8.15 A.M. by an omnibus which at present was running in connection with the trains to and from Camperdown, and after an up and down hill ride of two hours reached the latter place.

Here I found a train waiting to convey passengers to Durban and intermediate stations. The line is laid on the narrow-gauge system, and the locomotives and other plant are constructed accordingly. It was very pleasant to return to the ease and comfort of this civilised and modern means of travelling. I have had enough of post-cart riding and rough South African roads to last me for some time.

The scenery we passed through in the train was very pretty. There is a fall of 2300 feet between Camperdown and Durban, and some of the gradients on the road are very steep, as they wind down hillsides.

The appearance of the country changed considerably, being dotted with agricultural farms, and covered in many places with trees; in fact, as we approached the sea-coast the jungle occasionally became quite dense.

At three o'clock we arrived at Durban, and through the courtesy of some kind friends I obtained a room at "The Club," where, during the short time I remained in the town, I was most comfortable, and hospitably treated.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE BASUTOS.

SO much has been heard and written of late regarding the division of South Africa called Basutoland, that it would scarcely appear consistent were I to omit some mention of the people and circumstances now occupying so much of public attention.

It seems opportune at this point in my narrative to offer any remarks I may have to make on the subject, as my journey during the last few days has been along the eastern frontier of the country; while its rugged mountainous boundary, continually in view, suggested to my mind thoughts about the events then occurring in the interior, and what would be the ultimate solution of the struggle between the disaffected tribes and British rule.

Of the native races in South Africa the Basutos may be said to be not the least interesting. Their settlement in the country now called Basutoland has taken place within the present century, when their great paramount chief was Moshesh, who gathered together under his rule portions of several tribes, of whom many individuals

were refugees from the attacks of the Zulus and Matabeles.

They are imbued with strong patriarchal instincts and traditions, which induce them to incline strongly to the heads of their respective tribes.

They retain the rite of circumcision, and many of their legends and customs point to a contact in early times with Hebrew or Arabic influences.

Their religion now is chiefly a belief in witchcraft, and a reverence for the spirits and customs of their ancestors.

Some of them, no doubt, have been cannibals, as many caves containing human bones indicate this fact.<sup>1</sup> Cannibalism, however, has now entirely disappeared.

Their language is a dialect of the Setshuana, and as a tribe they belong to the central group, the Betshuanas.

Their great chief, Moshesh, died about ten years ago, and his sons now occupy the position of chiefs.

From being essentially a pastoral people they have latterly become more of an agricultural people than any others in South Africa.

Mr. John Noble, in his *Official Handbook*, says :—  
“ In intelligence, imitativeness, and industry, they are vastly superior to the Kafirs ; while, on the other hand, in haughtiness of demeanour, warlike propensities, and development of all the bodily powers, the Kafir is just as decidedly the superior of the Mosuto, whose whole physique is fashioned in a gentler type, and cast in a

<sup>1</sup> See *Once a Week*, November 1867.



smaller mould. It may here be remarked that the territory of Basutoland is called the 'Lesuto;' the language of its inhabitants 'Sesuto;' a single individual of the tribe is a 'Mosuto,' the plural of which, 'Basuto,' expresses the nation at large. To those who have witnessed the stolid indifference or supercilious contempt manifested by the Amakosa for all European forms and habits of life, it is quite pleasing to notice the keen relish and readiness with which the Basutos observe and adopt such of our customs and manufactures as have been introduced into their country. With closer contact with Europeans they give promise of developing a type of native character of the highest order which South Africa is capable of producing. The census of Basutoland, taken in 1875, showed that the people had under cultivation 59,358 morgen (118,716 acres) of ground, owned 4530 ploughs, 538 harrows, and 504 waggons. They possessed 70,514 horses, 434,814 cattle, 580,604 sheep, 27,000 angoras, 294,924 other goats, and 30,472 pigs, which numbers have greatly increased during the last five years."

Such is Mr. Noble's account of the people with whom the Cape Government have lately been engaged in war. It is sincerely to be hoped, in the interests of peace and humanity, that the wretched contest will soon be brought to a close, and that the people may again return to those civilising influences which will make them happy and contented within themselves, and tend to promote peace with their neighbours.

From 1848 to 1854, the Basutos lived under a kind of semi-protectorate on the part of the British Government.

This was during the time that the Queen's sovereignty was upheld over the Orange Free State; but when the government of that country was transferred to its own people as an independent State, the Basutos were left to themselves to do as best they could.

The boundaries between Basutoland and the Orange Free State had not been properly defined, and consequently endless disputes arose on the subject, attended with continuous warfare, in which the Basutos suffered greatly.

At this juncture Sir Philip Wodehouse, at the urgent request of Moshesh, intervened on behalf of her Majesty's Government; so in March 1868 the war came to an end, and the Basutos were proclaimed British subjects.

At the conclusion of the strife their condition was wretched in the extreme. Their help had come none too soon; and had it not been extended to them just then, it is not at all improbable but that, as a tribe, they would have been almost exterminated.

For some time after their enrolment as British subjects they remained under the immediate authority of the Governor, who administered the country through a principal resident magistrate, called the Governor's Agent.

Subsequently six magistracies were established, and

to them the common people began to go for the redress of their wrongs instead of going to their chiefs.

In course of time these chiefs began to find that their hold over the people was being displaced by the authority of the magistrates.

Requisitions for labour and service imposed upon their followers by the chiefs were greatly limited, and a certain feeling of jealousy of English domination arose.

The not unnatural desire to retain and strengthen such authority as still remained before their traditional hold was further relaxed, found (it was supposed) an opportunity of exercise in the acquisition of guns.

This was occasioned by the demand for native labour at the Diamond Fields, and in the Colonial railway works.

The chiefs were induced to give permission to their people to go out as labourers, with a knowledge that "permits" for obtaining guns would be granted. These "permits" were issued by magistrates in the Colony and in the Diamond Fields.

By this means 25,000 Basutos, many of them still under the control of their chiefs as under the old order of things, became armed with first-class guns, of which many were breechloaders. The supply of arms continued until the Gaika and Galaecka war broke out, when any further arming of the natives was stopped.

This took place in the year 1877.

Meanwhile the responsibility of governing Basutoland had passed from the Governor, as High Commis-

sioner, to the Colonial Parliament; which had apparently caused some disquietude in the minds of the Basutos, who much preferred to deal more directly with the Queen, as they supposed, through her representatives.

We now come to the cause which led to the outbreak of hostilities in Basutoland in 1880.

Shortly after the close of the Gaika-Galaecka war, it was intimated to the Basutos that the Disarmament Act, which had been passed in the Cape Parliament, would be proclaimed in Basutoland.

The chiefs saw in this a further weakening of their influence, and, in common with the people, made remonstrances on the subject to the Government.

It was felt that compliance with the demand for disarmament would of course break the power of the chiefs to resist any further objectionable requirements, and would lower the people of the country in their own eyes—degrading them from the position of men to that of women and children.

It is a fact that the actual possession of a gun had become, in their eyes, a symbol of the dignity of manhood.

Their sense of justice (which is very strong in the native character) was especially outraged by the provisions of this Disarmament Act, and the three points, therefore, which directly instigated them to open rebellion may be summarised as follows :—

*First*, The breaking down of the power of the chiefs, which was resented by the chiefs themselves.

*Second*, Their sense of justice being outraged by the sudden and arbitrary dispossession of guns, which they had been permitted to earn and carry.

*Third*, The actual loss of their guns, which degraded them in their own eyes.

It must be remembered, however, that, if the British power was to be maintained in Basutoland, a collision was inevitable at some time or other between the claims of the chiefs and our authority.

An evidence of the power that might be exercised by a refractory chief in possession of arms was manifested in the rebellion of the petty chief Morosi, and the prolonged resistance which he was enabled to make. This man, the head of a clan formed of refugees called Baphuti, refused to pay a Government tax, resisted the magistrate, and retreated to a mountain stronghold in the south-eastern part of Basutoland, where he formed a sort of cave of Adullam, gathering round him disaffected and lawless characters from all sides. The Cape Mounted Rifles and Cape Colony Yeomanry were sent to subdue him, and blockaded him in his stronghold for many months. Owing to the almost impregnable nature of this fortress it was with the greatest difficulty he was subdued. The mountain, however, was eventually stormed by the Cape Mounted Rifles under command of Colonel Bagley, and Morosi himself was shot dead. This took place about the end of 1879.

Going back for a few moments to the annexation of Basutoland I make a few abbreviated extracts from a

Report by the Governor's Agent at Maseru, dated 31st January 1874.

“Mr. Bowker was left as High Commissioner's Agent to administer the government, and his time was chiefly occupied in pacifying the country, redistributing the inhabitants, and guarding against the possibility of any outbreaks by which the newly-concluded peace with the Free State might have been endangered. He left in 1870, but although the new laws and regulations promulgated by Sir Philip Wodehouse had been circulated amongst the people, there had been no magistrates to give effect to them. They had, to a great extent, remained a dead letter, and comparatively little had been done towards making British rule a reality instead of a name. Shortly after this, four magistrates having entered office, the real work of governing the Basutos commenced. By dint of perseverance and firmness, and by a judicious admixture of forbearance and severity, they succeeded in winning the confidence of the people.

“Prejudices began to disappear, and many people openly supported the Government, but they were jeered at by the chiefs as rebels and turncoats.

“These chiefs, finding their power was leaving them, became alarmed, and tried to organise a reactionary movement. Outwardly this reaction manifested itself by the simultaneous rush of a great many Basutos to the Diamond Fields for the purpose of procuring arms and ammunition.”

Of the population of 135,000 Basutos, I understand

that about 10,000 persons are said to be either Christians or under Christian influences. The French Protestant missionaries have been for a long time at work. Within the last two or three years the English Church has established missionary stations at the headquarters of the magistracies, and as these have been attacked during the late insurrection, almost all the buildings have been destroyed.

The revenue of the country is derivable from hut taxes, licenses, fines, fees, etc.

Annexed is a copy of a letter from Mr. Merriman "On the Situation," addressed to a correspondent in the Midlands, and which was published in the *Graaf-Reinet Advertiser*, dated December 2, 1880. I think it interesting as a review of the situation, but refrain from expressing any opinion as to its political bias:—

"Three years ago the Basutos were justly looked on as the most valuable subjects of the Cape Colony. There was no whisper of their disloyalty; they were singularly law-abiding; and they had even managed by their good conduct to win the respect of their neighbours, the Orange Free State, who had good cause, from past occurrences, for viewing them with at least mistrust; and there was every reason for hope that, as time rolled on, the elements of disorder which must exist in every semi-barbarous community, but which were powerless to contend with the growing cause of order, and a strong desire for the material benefits of civilisation, would become

completely obliterated, and merged in the general attachment to our rule. The Galaeecka-Gaika disturbance found no echo in Basutoland; the people had no sympathy with the Zulu war; and they turned out willingly to put down the local disturbance of Morosi's; nor was it until the proposal to apply the disarmament policy to the whole community was formally made that any symptoms of insubordination appeared. Other causes, no doubt, helped to unsettle the minds of the people. Increased taxation, the proposed alienation of traders' stations in the midst of Basutoland, and the contemplated European settlement in Morosi's territory,—all went in the same direction; but it was disarmament which struck the key-note, and it is not difficult to see how it must have seemed to the Basuto mind to be merely a means to further the attainment of the other projects of our Government. An opportunity—a fatal opportunity—was then given the reactionary party in Basutoland to come forward as the champions of national right and the protectors of national interest, and a strong argument was furnished to those who were anxious to argue that the new order of things, while exacting an obedience to irksome laws, gave no more protection to property than the old system of comparative licence. Insensibly and unwittingly the Government became the strongest allies of those who, up to that time in an insignificant minority, chafed under civilisation and wished to restore the old order of things. Such feelings, though doubtless aroused, had to contend with the strong desire



for a peaceable enjoyment of the fruits of their industry, which actuated the vast majority of the tribe; and by their respectful protest, by their petition, and their deputation to Cape Town, the Basutos showed an earnest desire to obtain redress in a constitutional manner. Of the results of those attempts it is unnecessary to speak. A majority in Parliament gave a hesitating approval to the action of the Government, out of which majority a sufficient number to have turned the scale expressed themselves in condemnation of the policy which they supported by their votes.

“It was a golden opportunity for a statesman to have adopted a moderate and conciliatory course; but with blind infatuated obstinacy the Government refused to give any sort of indication of moderating their original demands, and up to the last day of the session persisted that no danger was to be apprehended in enforcing their orders, except from a small and insignificant section of the tribe.

“The visit of Mr. Sprigg to Basutoland followed, and we were treated to the spectacle of the chief Minister of this Colony meeting open resistance to law by palaver, and imploring the assistance of some of the very individual chiefs whom he had been foremost in condemning and scoffing at, and finally (having failed in a most immoral attempt to induce a neutral State to join in an unprovoked quarrel), abandoning at the eleventh hour the policy which had brought him to such a humiliating extremity.

“It is difficult to contemplate the situation calmly. Had Mr. Sprigg taken up in May the position which he was ready to occupy in September,—had he been prepared to give the same terms to respectful constitutional remonstrance which he accorded to armed violence,—it is well nigh certain that we should have been spared the incalculable misery, ruin, and expenditure entailed by the present outbreak; and we have not even the barren satisfaction of having preserved consistency in the policy which has had such a fatal result. It is intolerable to think that ten thousand men are to be dragged from their homes and industry, hundreds of homes made desolate, and hundreds of thousands of pounds wasted, by the failure of this attempt to maintain a reputation for consistent obstinacy, which was so readily sacrificed a few weeks later on. Never did the vanity of their rulers cost a country more dear.

“To bring war on the most prosperous native community in South Africa was a sufficiently disastrous result of the policy; but worse remained behind. In order to enforce the demand upon the Basutos which the Government was afterwards ready to abandon, every available man of our small police force was taken from the Transkeian territory. Warnings, protests, and remonstrances from officials and others had no avail to shake this insane determination of the Government, and the result which had been most clearly and explicitly foretold followed. Hardly was a shot fired in Basutoland when the Basutos in East Griqualand revolted and

spread havoc and desolation over that territory. To make matters worse, the Government deliberately proceeded to arm the most treacherous and dangerous natives in the whole territory, and as an immediate result the dastardly murder of Mr. Hope followed. Were the tragic results not so unutterably sad, there would be a grim absurdity in the fact that any Colonial Government should supply unreclaimed barbarians like the Pondomise with arms and ammunition for the purpose of enforcing disarmament on the infinitely more advanced Basutos. Since then the contagion of lawlessness has spread apace. Rioting, plundering, and murder have gone on almost to the borders of the Colony, unchecked by the force which should have been at hand, and which would have extinguished the sparks before they grew into a blaze. Loyal Christian natives who gave up their arms in obedience to our request have been basely betrayed and left to their fate; and among all the victims of this miserable business I do not know any who more justly call for our compassion.

“It has been openly stated, by way of an excuse for negligence, that this conflagration shows the existence of a deep-laid conspiracy against our rule. But apart from the fact that the chiefs who, if any one conspires, would be conspirators, have in many cases been deserted by their followers, there is little need to search for theories to account for the effects which have been produced by natural causes. A removal in time of disturbance of all those ordinary precautions for maintaining

order which are considered necessary in times of profound peace, gave, as might be expected, and was predicted, an opportunity to the elements of lawless violence to come to the surface, and to create a disturbance which rapidly spread into a state of war. The Government carefully and deliberately removed all supports, and the edifice of our rule tumbled about our ears.

“So much for the past : for the present our duty is clear. We must, first and foremost, place on one side our views of policy, put down armed resistance to authority, and restore as far as possible respect for British rule. The expense, the individual loss, and the individual distress, will be enormous ; but the task must be done, and done thoroughly, if we are to lay the foundations of lasting peace. Our real difficulties lie in the future, when something like order is restored ; and it is to be hoped that the Colony will have the courage and the moderation to profit by the severe lessons of the past and present. One thing is certain : it is useless, and worse than useless, to cover up our sores, and to refuse to probe them to the bottom if we wish to find out a remedy. Bungling mismanagement tries to find an excuse for itself in stories of conspiracies, and in the case of Basutoland collects evidence to frame an indictment after the sentence has been executed. For years we have had the same sort of thing. First it was Kreli who was an arch-conspirator ; then it was Cetywayo who troubled South African peace ; and we were over and over again assured that with his downfall the millenium

would begin. Now it is the Basutos who have entirely eluded the vigilance of the Government, and have been weaving a gigantic conspiracy for years. Anything and everything is blamed except misgovernment and mismanagement; and until we get out of this fashion of hunting about for traitors, and have the courage to confess our errors, there will be little hope for a better understanding in the future.

“For nearly three years the Government has acted on the theory and the profession that the natives of this country are our natural enemies. Bad and good, loyal and disloyal, have been treated with uniform severity, and subjected to laws which, however suited they may be to evildoers, are harassing in the extreme to those who have given proof of their orderly behaviour. We have been constantly assured that in following this policy we were ensuring peace and prosperity, and the warnings of those who pointed out the inevitable result were derided. The outcome is that we find ourselves landed in the midst of a most costly and bloody war, with unmistakable indications that we have hardly a friend left among the native races. In fact, the long talked of combination among the natives seems to have been nearly brought about by the very measures which were intended to strike a blow at such a scheme, and the power of the evil-disposed chiefs has been incalculably strengthened in the same way. All have been long agreed that this power is incompatible with civilisation and good government; but it must be weakened and

overthrown by a firm and just administration, and by the creation of some force among the natives themselves antagonistic to such tyranny, not by mere empty denunciations, or by putting the whole population into a moral strait-waistcoat.

“Into the details of the measures necessary to carry into effect such a policy I have not space now to enter ; but in conclusion, I would only say that to supply the wisdom and prudence in framing our future administration of the native races, even more than by the present action required to suppress the rebellion, will the utmost resources of the Colony be taxed.

“Little will be gained by angry recrimination or by the imputation of unworthy motives ; still less by obstinately refusing to open our eyes and ears to the lessons taught us by past and present experience. To acknowledge our past errors and to endeavour by wise moderation to repair them will in no wise lessen our authority, and will materially strengthen us in our attempts to create in South Africa the germs of a future self-governing nationality.”

*The Pitso*, or annual gathering of the Basutos, etc., when they met the Prime Minister of the Colony and others, was held at Maseru in October 1879.

The situation was then discussed, and the proceedings showed alike the demands made on the Basutos and their feelings and bearing on the subject.

Of the principal Basuto members then present I understand their relationship to be as follows :—

Letsie, paramount Chief . . .	Son of Moshesh.
Molapo, Chief of the Northern District „	„
George Moshesh (in the native police?) „	„
Tsekolo Moshesh . . .	„
Ntasani Moshesh . . .	„
Lerothodie, now one of the chief rebels,	Son of Letsie.

Statements in some of the speeches must be taken as having been prompted by some persons better informed than themselves,—probably the French missionaries, many years resident in Basutoland, who would naturally espouse the cause of the Basutos.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### TO THE TUGELA, AND BACK.

**D**URBAN is the port of the colony of Natal. It is a thriving town, numbering nearly 14,000 inhabitants, and derives its name from one of the former Cape Governors, Sir Benjamin D'Urban.

There are some fine buildings in the town, and a broad main throughfare runs from the landing-place at the Point through the length of the city.

The "West End" of Durban is the Berea, a wooded hill overlooking the town, and thither the wealthier portion of the inhabitants retire after their day's work is over.

The Bay, which lies between the town and a wooden spit of elevated land, called The Bluff, is a big shallow lake; and only close by the entrance, where the channel narrows considerably between the Point and the Bluff lighthouse, can vessels of any size find enough water.

Durban has all the appearance of a go-ahead, business place, and being the only seaport of Natal should continue to improve rapidly its position and reputation.



Shortly after my arrival there were placed in my hands some cablegrams from England, which had been waiting upwards of a month for me.

They contained sad news, and the information decided me to return to England at once, instead of going to Ulundi, or, as I had at one time contemplated, returning *viâ* Zanzibar and the Red Sea.

This latter homeward route is very uncertain as to the time it occupies; the traveller being sometimes detained many days waiting for a steamer from Zanzibar.

Enquiry elicited the fact that the *Danube*, one of the Union Company's steamers, would leave Durban next Tuesday, November 30, for Port Elizabeth, where she would meet the homeward mail steamer for England—which, proceeding on to Cape Town, was timed to leave that port for England, December 7. This was the quickest available means of return; so I immediately took a passage in the *Danube* (s.)

How to occupy the three intervening days, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, was the next consideration, as I felt restless and impatient at detention.

I had a letter of introduction to Mr. John Dunn, and hearing that he had a residence near the Tugela River bank, in that partition of Zululand which has been placed under his chieftainship, I determined to try to go as far in the short time at my disposal.

From Durban to the Tugela River mouth is about seventy miles by land.

The first portion of the journey is by train to a

pretty little place called Verulam, twenty miles distant from Durban.

I left the latter town on Saturday morning, November 27, by the 8.5 train, and on emerging from the streets the line wound close round the foot of that pretty outskirt, the Berea. It is the Malabar Hill of Bombay—the Bluff of Yokohama. Villa residences peeped through beautiful tropical vegetation up to its summit. Here and there the jungle was densely thick, and enormous euphorbia trees stood out self-asserting and defiant.

As we passed through the numerous little stations *en route*, I was much interested to see the number of coolies walking and travelling about. Their brilliant-coloured raiment was conspicuous in this country, where nature, unadorned, or dirty Boer attire, was in the ascendant. I subsequently found out that the coolie element is very large in Natal, numbering something like 10,000 persons; and to judge from their dress, their appearance, and the number of fields they have under cultivation, I should think they are in a flourishing condition in the land of their adoption.

We crossed the Umgeni River by a fine iron bridge, the stream being from 150 to 200 yards in width at this point, which is only about a couple of miles from its mouth.

At the wayside stations were large numbers of trucks laden with sugar cane, either being loaded or discharged, and at several places on the journey we passed sugar mills at work.

The cane appears to be largely grown in this district, and to flourish in the soil. I dismounted at one place and purloined about four or five feet of one cane. I saw plenty of other people with sugar sticks as big as themselves, placidly munching the extremities, and seemingly enjoying the process, so presently I essayed to do the same. I found, however, that my selection of a cane was at fault. It was so tough that, after vainly trying to bite a piece off, I threw it away, and accepted the offer of one from a friendly fellow-passenger, who had been much amused at watching my first experience with a sugar cane.

I cannot say much in favour of this sweetmeat. It has a sickly taste, and, in my opinion, a little goes a long way.

Many people enjoy it, however ; but then there are some living who eat tripe—so no taste can be accounted for.

At 10 A.M. we reached Verulam, a pretty little village, nicely situated.

This was the terminal point eastward of the railway ; so I immediately busied myself in searching for a carriage in which to prosecute the journey to Stanger, about thirty-five miles further to the north-east, and near which place the Border Agent, Mr. Fynney, to whom I had a letter of introduction, was said to reside.

I hunted in every direction through Verulam for a carriage. Neither love-making, nor money-offering, however, appeared to have the slightest effect. If a

man had a buggy, or a spider, or anything else on wheels, he made out there was something wrong with it, or he had no horses. Those who had horses had no carriages, and would not let them be driven. I felt as if there had been a conspiracy against me ; but then everyone *said* he was "so sorry" not to be able to assist me ; so I was only able to smile and reciprocate each regret.

At the Railway Hotel the hostess informed me they had a spider and horse that might be hired, but, in the absence of her lord and master, who had that day gone to Durban market by early train, she could not hire it out to me.

"If I would wait until his return at 4 P.M., it was probable he would let me have it, and drive it himself."

This was all very well, if I had had plenty of time ; but to have so few hours at my disposal to get to the Tugela and back, and to be idling them away here, was aggravating in the extreme. However, there was no help for it ; so I sat under the verandah of the hotel, admiring the pretty view it commands, until late in the afternoon.

I ought not to omit mentioning a telephone I saw this morning at the telegraph office, which is working between Verulam and Stanger very satisfactorily. When shown to the Zulu chief, Usbebo, some short time since, who, of course, could not understand it, he made use of the expression, common amongst natives : "Death alone is the white man's conqueror."

At 4.30 P.M. the hotel proprietor, Mr. Oliver, returned from Durban, and after a short conversation agreed to take me as far as possible on the way to the Tugela.

Just then a gentleman drove up to the hotel in a spider drawn by two excellent horses. Mr. Oliver knew him, and whispered to me that this was the very man to help me to do the journey I had undertaken, if he would interest himself in the matter.

"Good evening, Mr. Blamey," said he ; "I have a gentleman here who wants to see Mr. Fynney and John Dunn ; to cross the river into Zululand ; and get back to Durban by Monday night ; can you help him ?"

Mr. Blamey looked at me rather surprised, and then had a short conversation in an undertone with mine host. Apparently it was satisfactory, for he finally turned to me and courteously intimated that he would do his best to help me ; but in view of the limited time at my disposal, and the length of the road I wished to cover, it would be a difficult matter to carry out.

I thanked him for his kindness, and then we consulted as to the best course to adopt. He advised me to go on to Victoria with him that evening, and remain there for the night. "Then," said he, "we will start early to-morrow morning, before daybreak, and drive to Stanger. Leaving our horses there, we will borrow or hire others on to the river mouth ; cross to where John Dunn has one of his residences, about seven miles up country ; return, and come back by Mr. Fynney's house

to Stanger again for the night, returning here on Monday. It can just be done, I think, but it will be sharp work, and you must risk a break down."

I felt sure I could get *back* somehow, if I once could get *forward*; so we proceeded in Mr. Blamey's spider for Victoria, distant about seven miles on the road to Stanger.

Just outside Verulam we forded the Umhloti River. The stream was about two hundred yards broad, and in the deepest part of the ford the water was about three feet deep; but the stream not then being strong, it was not difficult to pass.

An undulating park-land sort of country followed, and presently Victoria was reached. This village, containing a few straggling houses, is most charmingly situated.

The surrounding country is hilly and extremely fertile. Trees, shrubs, flowers, and fruit, grow in abundance, and the temperature, although warm, is not oppressive, in consequence of its proximity to the sea.

I stayed at the Chelmsford Hotel—a comfortable little country inn; and, after supper and a smoke, retired early to bed with the intention of making a start at 3 o'clock next morning.

*Sunday, November 28.*—Long before daylight this morning I was up, and pacing the hotel verandah. Gazing across the valley on a hill opposite, where stood Mr. Blamey's house, I detected the faint glimmer of a light. Presently a horn sounded from the darkness below,

which was his signal, and immediately afterwards the spider emerged. We were well on our way before daylight broke, and when it did, it revealed some lovely country, which a little rainfall in the night had rendered fresh and fragrant, reminding me of some early morning rides in our fairest English counties during the month of June.

The soil was particularly red where upturned, and this contrasted well with the bright green foliage.

Mealies seem to be most cultivated. Numerous fields abounded on each side of the road, with their Hindu emigrant farmers at work upon them.

The road we were now following was the one along which Pearson's column moved to the Tugela River at the time of the Zulu war.

After fording several small streams, the most notable being the Tongaat, we arrived at 8 o'clock at Umvoti Station, charmingly situated in a valley on the bank of the Umvoti River.

Stopping for a few moments at the house of one of Mr. Blamey's friends, we descended to cross the river at the drift.

The stream was at least 150 yards wide at this point, and appeared to be a dangerously deep volume of water to wade through in a light buggy.

Subsequently I found it to average about three feet of water in depth, though occasionally we must have sunk to a depth of something like four feet.

The subaqueous track from bank to bank was

marked by a double row of stone boulders, the heads of which just appeared above the water at its present height ; and between these stones the road, which of course was the bed of the river, had been smoothed as much as possible when the water was low, to admit of the passage of carriages, horses, and pedestrians. When swollen by heavy rains, the river would be impassable, and even in its present state doubts were expressed about the propriety of attempting to cross, as the stream was running rapidly.

“Will you risk an upset, and perhaps have to swim for it ?” said Mr. Blamey.

“Certainly,” I replied, “without hesitation, if you don’t mind risking the horses and spider.”

“All right,” said he ; so into the broad stream we went, and were soon sitting with the water over our boots, and rushing through the spokes of the wheels, and in and around our frail conveyance, as if it meant to toss us out, and sweep all away.

When about midway the horses stopped, and appeared much terrified, as it was with the greatest difficulty they could retain their footing.

I felt a trifle nervous for a moment, for had they missed their footing we should have been rolled over altogether, like driftwood ; and once washed out of the line of the drift, where the water rapidly deepened, I am not sure what might have been the result.

“Hold on,” shouted Mr. Blamey, administering at the same time some sharp cuts with his whip on the horses.



I did "hold on," and our steeds responded famously to the call made upon them, plunging through the rapid current, and fortunately bringing us out on the other side all right.

"Rather a narrow shave," said my companion, as we stopped for a few moments to breathe the horses; to which I feelingly replied, "*Rather*;" but "All's well that ends well."

Shortly afterwards we passed a mill by the roadside, the owner of which looked much surprised to see us coming in the direction from the Umvoti, and stopped us to ask if we came by the drift, as it had been considered impassable for some days!

At 8.30 A.M. we arrived at the small collection of habitations constituting the little town or village of Stanger, thirty-five miles from Verulam. The buggy, with its two tired steeds, was to be left here to rest for the return journey to-morrow morning, and Mr. Blaney set to work to hire, or borrow, two other saddle horses, on which we might continue the route.

These, after some little diplomatic manœuvring, he managed to secure; his pleasant manners, and acquaintance with some of the residents, procuring a kindly response to his requirements, which, as a stranger, I should have been utterly unable to obtain, and so have failed in my object, even at this stage of the journey.

After an hour's delay we headed our steeds for the Tugela River mouth, about eighteen miles farther to the north-east. The road was fairly good, but twisted and

turned about very much, over undulating, uneven, country, covered with patches of bush and some beautiful trees.

Ahead of us, in the far distance, rose the mountains of Zululand, plainly to be seen. On our right, frequent glimpses of the sea, only a few miles distant, were obtained between the hills. To the north the country rose higher and higher into the great interior, and, with a bright sun and blue sky overhead, we felt exhilarated and cheerful, thoroughly enjoying a most pleasant canter on two very excellent borrowed horses.

We crossed the Umbozamo River, the Nonoti River, and the Siquasi River—fording all of them at their respective drifts ; but as they were much narrower and shallower than the Umvoti, we did not experience the same difficulty as in our passage of that stream. When ten miles distant from Stanger we quitted the main road, and branched off to the left over the Veldt.

Being almost surrounded by little hills, I could make nothing of the proper direction to be followed, but with such an excellent guide as Mr. Blamey there was not much chance of going astray. He appeared to be making for an eminence rather higher than the rest, on which, he said, Mr. Fynncy's house was built ; but when within two or three miles of it we learned from a passing native that Mr. Fynncy had gone to see a neighbour some miles away. So our plan of going to see him first was immediately altered, and we decided

to go on to the river mouth at once, sending the Kafir to search for Mr. Fynney, and to deliver to him my letter of introduction, and a note from Mr. Blamey, who knew him personally.

Mr. Fynney's name being so well-known in connection with Zulu and Natal affairs, I was very anxious to meet him.

We then broke off to the right, and, after a hard gallop of some five miles, arrived on the summit of Euphorbia Hill, which is an eminence on the right bank of the Tugela River, just by the drift into Zululand, and commanding a splendid view of the river and surrounding country.

On the extreme right, at a distance of about five miles, we could discern the mouth of the Tugela, where it joins the Indian Ocean. -

Immediately opposite lay Zululand; the country lying flat by the river side, but rising gradually towards the interior and to the north-west, hill beyond hill, until the highest formed a far-distant horizon.

Just opposite where we stood, on the Zulu side, we could see the ruins of Fort Tenedos, now used as a cattle kraal; and on the left of the ruins could be distinctly traced the military roads leading to Etshowe.

On our left, the boundary between Natal and Zululand was lost to view, and the two countries seemed blended in one large tract; the tortuous course of the Tugela being undistinguishable in consequence of the hilly ground intervening; but apparently the Zulu side



THE TUGELA RIVER.



possessed few trees, while the other generally exhibited a great arborescence.

The river appeared to follow a north-westerly and south-easterly course.

Close by, on the Natal side, on a rocky precipice near the river bank, were the remains of Fort Pearson. There was also a small hut, which is said to have been the residence of General Crealock during his strangely-lengthened stay in this spot.

A cemetery, where lie a number of our men who succumbed to disease, etc., during the Zulu war, is in close proximity to Fort Pearson.

After a few minutes' stay here we descended to the river side. Conference Tree, where the "Ultimatum" was presented to Ketchwayo's chiefs, was here pointed out and examined. Several names have been cut upon it.

I then crossed the river in a boat manned by two Kafirs, and walked up to Fort Tenedos.

Its ramparts had been constructed of baskets formed of zinc lattice filled with earth—zinc bastions in fact. They were mostly broken, disarranged, and intermingled with earth-filled sacks. Mr. Blamey subsequently informed me that the place has the reputation of being mined in several directions, and the charges have not been drawn. It looked harmless enough now, however, and the wrecked walls enclosed only a mass of mud.

After a short stroll in the neighbourhood I recrossed to the Natal side, and we spent a few minutes at a small

house of entertainment by the drift. The proprietor good-naturedly showed us a small collection of curios, and would insist upon presenting me with a snake skin and some tigers' claws, the original bodies to which they belonged having been shot in the immediate vicinity.

Then we mounted our horses and rode to the house of Mr. F. B. Fynney, Magistrate and Border Agent of the Lower Tugela.

We found this gentleman at home, and sat with him for some time, enjoying a most interesting and instructive conversation on Zulu affairs.

I had a letter of introduction to Mr. John Dunn from a friend in England, and had come thus far on the journey in hope of seeing him, as he has a residence close by the Tugela River at this point. Mr. Fynney, however, informed me that at the present time Mr. Dunn was in the Ungoye Mountains some way off; and as my return to Durban for Tuesday's steamer was imperative, I was reluctantly compelled to abandon the idea of seeing the man whose name has figured so conspicuously of late in Zulu affairs.

A few words regarding Mr. Dunn and his history will form the subject of my next chapter.

After a few hours' rest we prepared for the return journey to Stanger. Mr. Fynney strongly pressed me to stay a few days with him, and drew pleasing pictures of many interesting excursions to Zululand which he could arrange for me; but much as I should have liked to avail myself of his kindness, I was too anxious about

home affairs to remain for another steamer to England, and consequently bade him farewell.

"At any rate, stay for dinner to-night," said he. But Mr. Blamey was uneasy about the appearance of the weather, and strongly counselled immediate departure. So at 5.30 P.M. we were in the saddle again, heading in the direction of Stanger, over an uneven country.

Black masses of clouds had been piling up in the south-west all the afternoon; and shortly after we started, a cold cutting wind met us, and darkness came upon us suddenly. We pushed on as quickly as possible, but, when still eight or ten miles distant from Stanger, the storm burst, and a deluge of rain descended, while, at the same time, it became quite dark. This necessitated walking our horses, as it was quite impossible to gallop them; but fortunately, just before the light quite disappeared, we reached the road which we presumed led into Stanger. Then the storm came in all its fury. The lightning flashed and the thunder crashed incessantly, while the rain descended pitilessly. "Follow me," shouted Mr. Blamey, who now took the lead. I did so as best I could; but presently it was so pitchy dark, except when a flash of lightning lighted up the country, that I could not see my horse's ears, much less Mr. Blamey, or the road. The road, moreover, was only a sort of track, without guides of any kind, and, being saturated with the rain, was as undistinguishable as the surrounding Veldt.



We struggled on slowly for some time, when again I heard Mr. Blamey shouting above the roar of the storm, and in a moment found my horse bumping up against his.

"What's wrong now," said I.

"Well," he answered, "I'm sorry to say I've lost the way entirely, and we must just let the horses take their own road. Drop your reins upon your horse's neck, and trust to good luck."

"All right," I shouted in reply, and presently I saw by a flash of lightning that his horse was leading, and mine following with its nose almost on the leader's tail.

Unfortunately the flashes became fewer and fewer, so that our light from this source was lost; but the darkness deepened, and the deluge of downpouring rain increased.

The situation was certainly not a pleasant one, as we were in a hilly country, where streams and thickets abounded, and the road on which we were supposed to be travelling was utterly undiscernible. Dongas or water-courses, forming deep furrows, existed in many parts of the road, into one of which we might have plunged at any moment—horses and all. Besides, we knew nothing of our borrowed steeds, which might have been as ignorant of the country as ourselves, and, once off the track, we might have gone over a precipice, or into a deep pool, or, in fact, encountered any other little incident in a blind sort of way,—all which contingencies floated unpleasantly through our minds as we

jogged slowly onwards,—but whether in the direction of Stanger, or the Tugela, or the Indian Ocean, we were utterly unconscious.

After a time I heard Mr. Blamey's voice below.

"Look out ; we are going down into the Bozamo River, I think, and are just at the drift."

The descent was pretty steep, and, for all I could see, we might have been in a coal pit ; but presently I felt my horse wading in the water, and going deeper and deeper, until he must have reached his girths. Then he stopped to drink.

Mr. Blamey's horse was close by doing the same, and presently I heard that gentleman's voice saying : "This is a nice situation, isn't it ? I hope that man-eating alligator we spoke about this afternoon isn't anywhere about just here at present."

We had been talking of alligators at Mr. Fynney's. The small rivers in this district are said to contain a number, and one special brute at one of the drifts had the reputation of having seized several human victims.

"Good gracious," I replied, "you don't mean to say you think we are anywhere about the pool where that wretched alligator lurks ?"

"Well," said he, "I believe this is the very place,—the road to Stanger crosses it ; and I really think the horses are taking us right."

I didn't stop for another word, but gave my poor horse such a cut with my whip, followed by another and another, that he bounded across the stream and up the

opposite bank at a pace which would have been reckless in daylight, far more so in the darkness enshrouding us. To have been caught in such a storm, and to have lost our way was bad enough ; but the idea of an alligator quietly seizing one of my legs and dragging me under the black waters, there to make an evening meal of one of my limbs, was *too much*, and my equanimity was certainly ruffled. Mr. Blamey followed more slowly, and after a brief conversation, during which my horse subsided into his previous comparative quietude, we slacked our reins on the necks of our respective steeds, and allowed them to take their own way.

What a wonderful instinct guides horses ! I had frequently heard of, and witnessed, the sagacity of the animals, but never had such a remarkable illustration of it as I had this evening.

The darkness was intense. Between the flashes of lightning it might almost be *felt*. I could not see my hand even when held up within a couple of inches of my eyes. The track was irregular, uncertain, and frequently passing by dangerous slopes, dongas, boulders, and pools ; yet our steeds, left entirely to themselves, never made a false step. We could feel them bending under us, first turning to the right, then to the left, but evidently following one direction, though at the time we did not know whither.

Occasionally they slipped on the soft saturated ground, but recovered themselves at once.

We wandered on for at least two hours longer. The

rain was going down my neck and coming out at my boots, and altogether I was feeling most uncomfortable, when suddenly our horses turned sharply to the left, and came to a stand-still by what subsequently proved to be a plantation of trees on the edge of the village of Stanger.

Then they walked on a few yards farther, and stopped at the door of the little hotel from which we had departed early in the morning.

The door was opened in response to our calls, for we could see from the light through shutters that we had reached some human habitation, and to our great relief we found that we had reached our intended destination, and so brought to a happy conclusion what certainly had been a most dangerous ride.

No one in the hotel had expected to see us return to-night, and great was the surprise when we recounted the events of our wanderings. Fortunately, I had a change of linen with me, so I quickly made a change ; and a fire was lighted to dry the outer garments.

Mr. Blamey borrowed a volunteer's cast-off uniform, and in this soldier garb, and half-dressed, sat down with me to an apology for a supper, both well satisfied to find ourselves safely under a roof for the rest of the night.

*Monday, November 29.*—We made an early start this morning in the spider for Victoria. On arriving at the Umvoti River we found we were not a moment too soon, as the broad stream was rising and running rapidly, making the crossing very hazardous. However,

in we went in spite of the sundry warnings of two other travellers, who, not being pressed for time, preferred to wait. Good luck favoured us, and we crossed safely. Had we been two or three hours later the river would have been impassable at the drift, and my chances of catching to-morrow's steamer would have vanished.

At midday we arrived at Victoria. Here we obtained another carriage and horses, Mr. Blamey's being thoroughly used up.

I had hoped to catch the 1.30 P.M. train, which would have taken me to see the Mount Edgecombe sugar mill in full working order ; but another thunder-storm having overtaken us at Victoria, the roads became flooded, and we could not get on fast enough.

During the afternoon we reached Verulam, and here I said good-bye to my friend Mr. Blamey, to whose valuable assistance I was indebted for my safe journey to the Tugela and back. He said he had surprised himself in accomplishing what we had undertaken, and I left him with a feeling of regret at parting with such an excellent companion.

Returning to Durban by the 4.30 P.M. train, I went to my old quarters at the clubhouse, and was busily occupied that evening in preparing for to-morrow's departure.

Amongst other letters waiting for me was one from Bishop Colenso, enclosing one for Ketchwayo, and a written message to the exile king from Miss Colenso.

He also sent me a letter of introduction to Sir George Strachan to further my application for an interview with Ketchwayo ; and with the letters was a parcel containing medicinal herbs, etc., all of which I hope shortly to deliver at the Castle.

## CHAPTER XVII.

MR. JOHN DUNN.

ONE of the most familiar names in connection with the events of the late Zulu war is that of Mr. John Dunn, and it may not be considered uninteresting at this point to give a brief sketch of his life and of the causes which placed him in his present position.

He was born at Algoa Bay in 1837. His father was an Englishman. He was partially educated in Port Elizabeth, and was in an office there for some little time. He then came with his father to Natal, and resided for some time in the Berea. His father was killed by a fall from his horse when he was returning home one night from a regimental mess dinner.

In consequence of a quarrel about a horse, and from the supposed injustice of the law as regarded himself in respect of certain property, he became disgusted with the laws of the colony, and attached himself as interpreter and clerk to the then Zulu border agent, Captain Walmsley. During his residence with Captain Walmsley a quarrel arose between Ketchwayo and Umbulazi, the two sons of the reigning Zulu king, Panda, as to the right of succession.

They each collected an army, and resolved to fight it out.

This took place in the year 1855, or thereabouts.

Umbulazi came across the Tugela to Captain Walmsley, and begged his assistance.

John Dunn was then sent over by Captain Walmsley with a body of about one hundred police to try to make peace.

Walmsley's words, when sending Dunn on the expedition, were: "Now, John; make peace if you can, my boy; but if you can't, fight like ——."

Dunn went. He failed in regard to the former injunction, but obeyed Walmsley's orders to perfection in the latter respect. By his cool courage he inspired the Zulus with great awe and admiration of himself.

The side on which he fought was, however, defeated, and Umbulazi himself was slain.

A stampede for the river ensued, and John Dunn, in recrossing the Tugela into Natal, narrowly escaped with his life.

It so happened that a number of cattle was seized in this fight which belonged to some English traders. The Government of Natal failing to obtain their restoration, John Dunn volunteered for a certain sum of money to attempt their recovery.

He again crossed the Tugela; went direct to the Zulu king Panda, and demanded the cattle. They were given up. Dunn's boldness was so admired by the old king and his son Ketchwayo that they both requested



him to come and live in the country, and offered to give him two large grants of land.

Dunn accepted the offer, and lived amongst the Zulus up to the time of the late war. He became a naturalised chief, and was also made principal political adviser to Ketchwayo on his accession to the Zulu throne.

As a naturalised chief he took unto himself wives of the country.

He was prominent during the late war, and rendered service to the invading armies by his scouts and advice on things generally.

He has since been installed as chief of one of the thirteen districts into which Zululand has been divided. I understand he has appointed four magistrates under him in the district, and is endeavouring to bring the people into a state of discipline.

At present he has two residences, one within four miles of the Tugela, called Mangeta, and another at the Ungoye Mountain, about forty miles off.

The personal appearance of Mr. Dunn, I am informed, is very pleasing, and would attract attention anywhere.

He has a dark complexion, with beard and whiskers.

His height is about 5 feet 9 inches, and he is very well built.

His manners are very quiet and reserved, and he possesses two powerful qualities, which carry great weight in this or any other country, viz., he is very brave, and a dead shot.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### DURBAN TO CAPE TOWN.

TUESDAY, *November 30*.—The larger boats of the Union Company's line do not usually come farther east on the voyage from England than Port Elizabeth.

From the latter point eastward the service is carried on chiefly by smaller coasting vessels, which run between Cape Town and Durban, stopping at intermediate ports.

Extra boats, or cargo-boats, are sometimes employed in this short coasting voyage, taking passengers bound homewards from Natal to Port Elizabeth, or *vice versa*.

On the present occasion it happened that the *Danube*, having been employed on the coast for some eight or nine months, was now returning to England, and passengers were to be taken on by her as far as Port Elizabeth, and then to be transhipped to the *Nubian*, leaving the *Danube* to pursue a more leisurely voyage *via* Cape Town.

At 7 A.M. I left the clubhouse and proceeded to the Point, where the steam-tender for the *Danube*, advertised to sail at 8 A.M., was waiting to receive passengers.

One of the best hotels in Durban is to be found here. It is called the Alexandra. I am informed it is very comfortable, but it is some little distance from the town itself.

After some little delay we were conveyed by the "Union" steam-tender to the *Danube*, lying at anchor some two miles off in the roads.

The morning being fine there was little or no sea on the bar; but this was very exceptional, as sometimes the waves run so high that either all communication is stopped between the outer roads and the town, or else those on board the tender have a wet time of it for a few minutes, and have to hold on.

The appearance of Durban, as viewed from the deck of a vessel in the roads, is very pretty. The Berea forms a picturesque background, while the Bluff with its lighthouse on its extremity seawards is a very striking object.

There were but few passengers going by the *Danube*. Of these only three intended proceeding to England; the rest were journeying to intermediate ports. We found the vessel looking comfortable and clean enough, but she appeared to be very deeply laden, and the event proved that she was so.

It was noon before we got under weigh, and after luncheon the weather changed for the worse. Masses of clouds came up from the south-west, the wind and sea rapidly rose, and gave every appearance of a dirty night.

During the afternoon I was much interested in watching a number of Kafirs who were travelling as deck passengers forward. They were ill-prepared for rough, cold weather, and the contortions they assumed, huddling together and trying to creep one behind another, as green seas began to break on board, were rather amusing.

By 5 o'clock it was blowing a regular gale, with high confused sea, in which the *Danube* rolled very considerably. So much water came on deck that we were driven below.

Presently the skylights were closed and covered in ; but we had scarcely gone through the first two courses of dinner when a sea breaking on board smashed in two of the skylight covers, and deluged that portion of the dinner-table immediately underneath. Those unfortunates whose places were taken at these points were drenched thoroughly and had to retire.

Battening down of all the vulnerable points on deck was next resorted to ; but the old ship behaved very badly, rolling in the most tremendous manner, and taking water on deck continuously, almost to the depth of the rail.

Dinner became out of the question, as the water now poured down unceasingly from all the skylights, and the saloon became flooded. The swinging lamps were extinguished by the downpour, and ordinary ship's lamps were hung about in their stead where water could not touch them. The sea became higher,

and the vessel rolled about more and more. It was impossible to remain on deck without holding on by a life-line and standing up to one's neck in water ; and it was equally impossible to remain in the saloon with twelve inches of water swishing across with every roll of the ship ; so I turned in to my berth as being about the quietest and driest place available. I have made a good many voyages, but this was about the most unpleasant experience I ever had on a passenger steamer.

In spite, however, of the noise and confusion, the roar of the wind, and the rushing of water in the inundated saloon, I fell fast asleep, and remained in a state of happy unconsciousness until about midnight, when I heard the boatswain's shrill whistle down the companion-stairs, and a voice roaring out, "All hands on deck . . . the boats."

I thought he said "to take to the boats," but it turned out that he said "to secure the boats."

This sounded serious, so I jumped out of my berth and went into the saloon, where two or three oil lamps, dimly burning, lighted up a sorry prospect. The water was still pouring down from the skylights, and what there was in the saloon was washing about from side to side with every roll and lurch.

All the stewards had been engaged baling it into buckets, but were now tumbling up the companion to gain the deck one after another as quickly as possible, in reply to the command from above.

The stewardess was standing on something out of the reach of the water, looking very tired and dejected.

"What's the matter now?" I asked.

"I don't know, indeed, sir," she replied; "the stewards have been ordered on deck; something about the boats."

"Well," I thought, "this is a nice piece of work; not much chance of boats living in such a sea as this to-night. I suppose they won't go without coming to tell us down below here, so I'll turn into bed again and wait."

The saloon certainly did look a wreck, and to add to its wretched appearance a number of half-drowned rats were floundering about, now overtaken by the rush of water from one side of the cabin to the other, and then swimming in the wash and trying to scramble out of it in the other direction, only to be overtaken by the water coming back.

Yes, bed was the most comfortable place in the ship, so I rapidly retreated there, and lay for some time half expecting a summons on deck, but none came. I dropped off to sleep again, and must, I suppose, have slept about two hours, when I was awakened by a sharp, sudden pain, just as if the big toe of my right foot had been caught by a shutting door.

To jump up and seize the injured extremity was the work of a couple of seconds. It was bleeding profusely, and my hand was covered with blood directly.

The cabin was in profound darkness, and the roar

of the tempest and the rolling of the steamer were extraordinary.

I remembered I had some matches in my port-manteau, and in a few moments a light shed o'er the scene.

I certainly had not been dreaming! There were two distinct incisions on the under part of my toe, from which the blood was flowing copiously. "What can have caused it?" I thought wonderingly.

Suddenly the idea of a secreted snake in the berth—poison, writhings, and the end—flashed across me!

Well, that would be worse than drowning in the old *Danube*. "However, let me look for the snake;" and with that I commenced a thorough search, but not a trace of such a reptile could I discover, or in fact of anything else.

"Strange; what can it have been? But, ah! I have it—a rat! The ship swarms with them, and doubtless one of the many has been wandering about, and finding my toe uncovered commenced to make a meal."

And a rat bite sure enough the doctor pronounced it to be next morning as he examined it with professional interest, and at the same time informing me he never heard of such a thing before.

I didn't sleep much more that night. Storm and tempest I did not mind; but oh! ye horrors, *rats* in and around the berth, and in the darkness, made me feel most uncomfortable.

I found myself repeating some lines in rhyme, strung together by a poetic Scotchman in the camp in Buenos Ayres, describing some of the delights of rancho life :—

“ In spite of cats  
There’s lots of rats,  
And when asleep and snoring,  
They leave their holes  
In squeaking shoals,  
Your rancho hut exploring.”

I should have been better satisfied if they had only explored in the present instance, and not bitten ; but to obviate any recurrence of the attack, I passed the rest of the night in waving my legs and arms frantically about every few minutes, to warn any encroaching rats, or other animals of prey, that there was life in me still.

With the first streak of daylight, in attempting a last kick, I fell asleep, and did not awake until I found a steward by the berthside with coffee and biscuits as an apology for breakfast—the downpour in the saloon being still so great that it was utterly impossible to sit at table.

I think all the passengers remained in bed until midday, and then we began to assemble on the companion-steps, and finally the boldest, who did not mind a wetting, ventured on deck. The gale was abating, however, and the sea going down ; and as the afternoon wore on things began to feel more comfortable, though



even at six o'clock it was quite useless to attempt to lay the dinner in the saloon on account of water coming in from the skylights ; so we sat about anyhow, and took snatches of whatever the stewards could hand to us.

That night I begged that my cabin light should not be extinguished at eleven o'clock as per regulations, on account of my unpleasant experiences of the preceding night. It was allowed to burn all night, and between fitful intervals of slumber and wakefulness I twice saw two huge rats disporting themselves on the coverlit over my knees. They disappeared instantaneously on my rising suddenly, and doubtless, had it been dark, they would playfully have nibbled any portion of my body which might have been exposed to them.

*Thursday, December 2.*—Daylight found us anchored off East London, at a distance of about a couple of miles from land. Heavy rollers were setting in shore, on which the *Danube* moved uneasily, and momentarily threatened crushing disaster to the couple of lighters which had ranged alongside for the purpose of adding to our freight sundry bales of wool, and taking off other goods destined for this port. Several times the lighters and steamer rolled violently against each other, and at last the bulwarks of our vessel were, in two or three places, stove in.

The lighters, when loaded, were allowed to drift astern, and, when clear of our vessel, a steam-tug took them in tow until they reached the bar, just by the

town. We watched the proceedings thence with interest through glasses.

A very high sea was running on the bar, and the vessels alternately vanished from sight and reappeared as they sank in the trough of the sea or mounted on the crest of a wave.

The means of crossing the bar into the small harbour by the town appeared somewhat unique. Outside the bar was anchored a large buoy, to which a rope, connecting with the shore, appeared to be fastened. When cast off by the steam-tug, each lighter appeared to get hold of this rope, and the vessel was laid fore and aft under it, the rope running over the bows and stern on permanent blocks, which I had noticed when alongside. By this means the lighters are pulled in or out across the bar ; but when the sea is rough it becomes dangerous, and when a strong breeze springs up the work has to be discontinued. One of the lighters which came out to us during the morning had on board several passengers who wished to go on in the *Danube* to Port Elizabeth. They had risked the dangers of the inner bar and been thoroughly drenched ; but when they reached the side of our steamer it was not deemed safe to attempt to put them on board, and, greatly to their disappointment, they were taken back ashore.

Two or three passengers, however, managed to leave the *Danube* and get into one of the lighters alongside, but it was rather risky. They were hoisted up and swung from one vessel to another in a basket.

East London is a most uninteresting-looking place. It is a small collection of houses built together on the edge of a coast, which stretches out as far as the eye can reach, nearly north-east and south-west.

The Buffalo River divides the town, and its entrance is obstructed by the sand bar referred to above. The width of the river at its mouth is about 1100 feet. Breakwaters are being built at great cost to narrow the stream, with the intention of deepening a channel. When completed it is expected there will be nearly twenty feet of water over the bar.

East London has a population of about 2000 inhabitants. It is 700 miles east of Cape Town, and 150 miles east of Port Elizabeth by sea. It is considered to be the natural outlet for the trade of the border divisions. A line of railway runs hence to Queen's Town, a distance of 180 miles.

I had intended to go on shore, but the boisterous weather prevented any such attempt, as the chances were ninety-nine to one against my being able to get back again.

Shortly after midday the wind freshened from the south-east, and blew strongly. Our lighters sheered off and made for shore. Presently we saw a barque,—about half-a-mile nearer shore and a little farther east than we were lying—commence to drag her anchors and drive shorewards. The crew were evidently very much alarmed, as we could see them running about in all directions. Faster and faster she drove towards the

bar, the rollers beginning to dash over her in great spray clouds. We all watched intently, though quite unable to render assistance, and as she neared the breakwaters we fully expected to see her masts go by the board as she struck. Just when she had apparently reached the spot, a steam-tug, which had been hovering round like a bird of prey, managed, I imagine, to conclude a hard bargain, and got his tow-rope on board. Then, as the tow-line tightened, we saw the vessel slowly turn her head seawards, and, after slipping her anchors I suppose, move steadily out until she got a good offing, and the tug-boat then left her.

The wind was still freshening, and presently it was noticed that a large vessel lying about half-a-mile ahead of us was beginning to drag her anchors and come down upon the *Danube*. Our captain now thought it was high time to be off; so the order was given to up anchor and away, although the loading and discharging were not completed, nor had we received on board the passengers who were waiting to come off for Port Elizabeth.

This little experience showed me pretty conclusively the anchorage dangers of East London roads, which are increased, I am informed, by the possibility in a gale of a vessel's cable fouling one of the numerous anchors lying at the bottom, which have either been slipped or parted by other previous vessels in danger.

*Friday, December 3.*—We safely arrived in Port Elizabeth this morning, when I quickly changed out of

the *Danube* into the *Nubian*, 3091 tons, a fine, handsome steamer, which was waiting for her passengers to proceed to England *via* Cape Town.

I went on shore for a few hours to call on some friends, and lunched at the well-known clubhouse with Mr. B.

At 4.30 P.M. we sailed, but came to a standstill for a couple of hours or so just outside the bay, in consequence of a slight defect in our machinery. This was soon put to rights, and the *Nubian* proceeded steadily westwards.

The next morning (December 4) Mossel Bay was reached, where a stoppage of four hours occurred for cargo purposes. We amused ourselves by trying to catch sharks, of which several of the small hammer-headed species were swimming round the vessel; but we had no success in the sport.

At breakfast-time the following morning, Sunday, December 5th, we were off the Cape of Good Hope, and at midday the *Nubian* had safely berthed in Cape Town dock, and we were all on shore again, to spend the time as best we could until Tuesday afternoon, December 7, when the final departure would be made for England.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### KETCHWAYO.

MONDAY, *December 6.*—This morning I presented my letter of introduction from Bishop Colenso to Sir George Straehan at Government House, on the subject of seeing Ketchwayo.

His Excellency gave me a letter to Lieutenant-General Smyth, Commander of the Forees, and through its instrumentality I again saw Major Poole, the ex-king's custodian, and this time with a successful result.

The interpreter, Mr. Longcast, was sent for, and on his arrival, he, with Major Poole and myself, proceeded to that portion of the castle where Ketchwayo is located. After crossing a courtyard, mounting some steps, and traversing several passages, we entered a large, long room, having a boarded floor. The upper end of this apartment was subdivided by plain deal partitions, seemingly for the purpose of providing sleeping, retiring rooms, etc.

On the right of the doorway, as we entered, four women were squatting on mats. They are always with Ketchwayo, but are not his wives, I understand.

The ex-king himself was sitting on a chair in a corner,

at the upper end of the room, with his hands crossed, and placidly regarded us as we walked towards him.

Mr. Longcast introduced me as a friend of Bishop Colenso, who had called with a message and a little gift from the Bishop.

I then proceeded to deliver the message in full which Miss Colenso had written out. It was also written in duplicate in the Zulu language, which letter, addressed to Ketchwayo himself, was also handed to him. Then I gave him the parcel, with which he seemed much pleased.

A general conversation ensued, during which I asked Ketchwayo several questions through the interpreter; amongst others the following:—

*Question.*—Why, when Natal was at your mercy after the battle of Isandhlwana, did you not overrun the colony?

*Answer.*—“Because I had no desire to fight the English; I wished to act on the defensive only, all through,—not on the offensive. I was extremely angry with my people for crossing the river to Rorke’s Drift House after the battle.”

*Question.*—What do you think of Mr. John Dunn?

*Answer.*—“I don’t wish to say, either one way or another; but I am much grieved at his actions, owing, as he does, his wealth and position to me when in Zululand.”

To a question as to what was the size of his army at the commencement of the war, he appeared to be unable to give a definite reply; but Mr. Longcast

assured me that he knew for a fact that it numbered between fifty and sixty thousand men.

At parting, Ketchwayo shook me warmly by the hand, and sent kind messages to the Bishop, which I promised to forward by letter.

His appearance was very pleasing. Possessing, of course, the dark complexion of his race, he has a frank, open countenance and intelligent eyes. He has a slight black moustache, with short thin beard of woolly hair, and white regular teeth. I did not see him stand up, but Major Poole informed me he was about five feet nine inches in height. Perhaps the most striking point in his appearance is the enormous size of his thighs, and, judging from this, I should think if he were to live for some years to come, he would probably rival the dimensions of his father, who is said to have been so stout as to have been unable to walk.

His attire was certainly not of regal raiment. It consisted of an ornamental coloured smoking-cap; a black woollen knitted vest, with arms; a light-coloured pair of pants, showing a white patch on the right knee; blue stockings, and a pair of slippers.

I must not omit to add a coloured cotton shirt.

By his side hung a framed picture,—an engraving of Queen Victoria.

I felt very sorry for the poor ex-king, and if the countenance be indeed an index of the soul, I feel sure that the many offensive epithets so lavishly bestowed upon him have been misapplied, more especially when



his recent acts are considered by the light of his antecedents, the school in which he was brought up, and the legends connected with his savage ancestry.

After leaving the apartment I went on to the bastion, which adjoins it, and where he is in the habit of promenading. It overlooks the bay, and commands a good view of Cape Town. In one or two directions wooden screens have been erected to protect him from the curious eyes of the inhabitants in the vicinity.

Major Poole informed me that he behaves extremely well, giving very little trouble. I hope he will shortly be liberated from his present imprisonment, and allowed to settle in the neighbourhood on some farm. It is in contemplation, I believe, to let him do so.

Ketchwayo is the son of Panda, who died in October 1872. He succeeded his father on the Zulu throne, and for the first few years of his reign appears to have got on very well with his neighbours in Natal, but to have been continually at feud with the Boers of the Transvaal Republic. They were constantly encroaching on his borders, and though he begged us to protect his country from Boer aggressions, and urged us to extend the government of Natal so as to intervene between the Zulus and the Republic, we do not appear to have taken any steps in this direction, though by our desire he refrained from employing force of arms against the Boers. Thus arose the question of the "disputed territory," which assumed a new phase as between Ketchwayo and ourselves, when we annexed the Transvaal in April 1877.



ON THE BASTI N-KETCHWAYO, MAJOR POOLE, AND MR. LONGCAST.



I am not going to enter into an argument or an account of the Zulu War here. The question has been so thoroughly and ably discussed by those so well able to judge of its merits and demerits, that it would appear an impertinence on my part to attempt to review it. I must say this much, however, that my conviction on leaving South Africa is, that the war against Ketchwayo was waged for the purpose of breaking a great native power, which was considered to be dangerous to the safety of the white inhabitants, and which stood in the way of "Confederation."

As to the "outrages" alleged to have been committed by Ketchwayo and his Zulus, they are not worthy of the name.

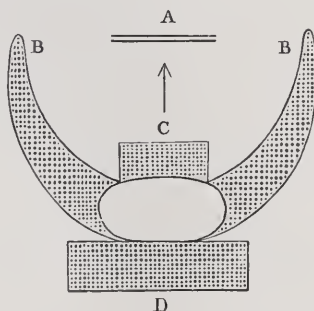
A perusal of the facts would soon settle this point in the mind of any impartial hearer; and as to the ultimatum and its requirements, backed by the approach of a vast armed force at four points of the Zulu kingdom, it could scarcely be expected that an independent monarch would quietly collapse without striking a blow to resist the invaders of his country, though I believe that at the time Ketchwayo was prepared to concede all that he could reasonably do, and as far as his chiefs and army would allow him.

The sequel to Isandhlwana proved that he was not aggressive; and as to the so-called "atrocities" of his reign, how much and how many have been proved against him?

For a very interesting and instructive *resumé* of the

causes which led up to the Zulu War, I would refer my readers to a despatch from Lieutenant-Governor Sir H. Bulwer, K.C.M.G. (No. 94, Blue Book C.—2584), already referred to in Chapter IX. Another most interesting work on this subject is a *History of the Zulu War and its Origin*, by Miss Frances E. Colenso ; while the Bishop of Natal's Notes in connection with *Ketchwayo's Dutchman*, and the same author's *Digest*, will furnish an amount of information and throw a light on the subject which people in England generally are quite unaware of. A. Wilmot, Esq., F.R.G.S., has also written a very interesting *History of the Zulu War*.

From the last named author I venture to quote a few remarks on the subject of the Zulu method of attack in battle. Reference was frequently made in accounts of the battles of 1879 to the “*horns and main body*” of the enemy, and the following illustration and account are interesting.



A. The enemy.  
BB. Horns of Zulu army.

C. Chest of Zulu army.  
D. Loins of Zulu army.

Referring to the battle of Inyezani, fought January 22, 1880, he says,—

“The plan of fighting by the Zulus was in accordance with their usual well-organised scheme. The formation of their attack is in the figure of a beast, with horns, chest, and loins. They usually make a feint with one horn, whilst the other, concealed by long grass or bush, sweeps round for the purpose of encompassing its enemy. The chest then advances, and endeavours by its vast power to crush opposition. The loins are kept at a distance, and only join in pursuit.”

By permission of Bishop Colenso, I now make a copy of a portion of his *Digest*, bearing partially on the subjects referred to in the “Ultimatum,” and on the final capture of the King.—(Pages 733 to 748.)

587. On May 24, about sundown, a large company of Zulus, including two of Cetshwayo's brothers, and (with attendants) numbering more than 200, arrived at Bishopstowe, on their way to the Government at Maritzburg. No such deputation had ever come down before, nor had any of Cetshwayo's brothers ever visited Maritzburg.

It appeared that, in obedience to the “word” of the Government, given to uMgwazeni, Cetshwayo's maternal *uncle*, not “cousin” (p. 690), and uMfunzi, on February 16 (p. 692), a number of Zulu chiefs and headmen, went to Mr. Osborn, the Resident in Zululand, and began to state their complaints to him, when he stopped

them, saying that "he was not put there to hear such complaints, which they must settle among themselves; he was appointed only to hear and see whether Sir Garnet Wolseley's laws were properly carried out." They then—without entering further into the matters about which they had come—asked leave to go down to the Natal Government, which he granted them in the form of a "pass," to proceed to Maritzburg, "in order to pay their respects to His Excellency."

588. On May 25 they walked in (five miles) to Maritzburg, but saw no one, as the offices were closed early, it being holiday time.

On May 26 they went in again, and saw the Acting S.N.A.

On May 27 they went in a third time, and saw H. E. the Administrator of the Government, and stated to him the business on which they had come, viz., to make certain complaints as to the treatment they received in Zululand, but especially to ask for "the bones of Cetshwayo," "their bone," according to native custom—in other words, to ask for his restoration to Zululand under any conditions which the British Government might think fit to impose.

They were referred back again to Mr. Osborn, who would be instructed to hear all such complaints, and report them in writing to the Natal authorities.

589. The following will show how some members of this deputation are connected in the paternal line with the Zulu royal family.

	Sojisa	—	Mapita	—	<div> <div>Makoba</div> <div>Fokoti</div> <div>Zibebu</div> </div>
Jama	Senzangakona	<div> <div>Tshaka</div> <div>Dingane</div> <div>Mpande</div> </div>	—	<div> <div>Cetshwayo—Dinuzulu</div> <div>Ndabuko</div> <div>Shingana</div> </div>	
					Nobongoza

590. The following are the chief members of the deputation, with the names of Sir G. Wolseley's chiefs, under whom they are placed at present.

1. Ndabuko (Maduna) [under *Zibebu*], only brother of Cetshwayo by the same mother, represents on this occasion his nephew, Cetshwayo's elder son, Dinuzulu, now twelve or thirteen years old, and the bulk of the tribe of Vundhlana, whose chief, uMkosana, was killed at Isandhlwana,—Ndabuko representing its hereditary chief, viz., the *full*-brother of uMkosana, whereas Sir G. Wolseley has appointed uMgitshwa, the *half*-brother, representing only the left-hand house.

Ndabuko also represents a large portion of the people now placed under uMfanawendhlela.

2. Shingana [under *Faku ka'* (son of) Ziningo], a younger half-brother of Cetshwayo.

3. uNgeongwana [under *Hamu* (Oham)], son of uMqundane, a first cousin of Mpande (Panda).

4. Makoba [under *Zibebu*, son of Mapita], and half-brother of Zibebu, represents the left side of the house and tribe of Mapita (Mpande's first cousin).

5. Madhlenya [under *uMgojana*], son of Masingana,



represents a portion of the tribe of the late Masipula, Mpande's prime minister.

6. Ndabankulu [under *Faku ka'Ziningo*], son of Lukwazi, represents *Faku ka'Ziningo himself* and the people under him.

7. Nozaza [under *Seketwayo*], represents *Seketwayo himself* and people, whose "Letters-Patent," appointing him chief, with signature of Sir G. Wolseley, etc., was sent down by him as proof that his heart was with the deputation.

8. Magadeni [under *Ntshingwayo*], son of Madinga, and chief induna of the late Isixepe military kraal.

9. Mahubulwana [under *Hamu*], is chief induna of and represents the abaQulusi tribe.

10. Hawana [under *Ntshingwayo*], represents Hlezebana ka'Nobeta and his tribe.

11. uMholo [under *Zibebu*], is chief induna of Ukubusa kraal, one of those filled with people who have been accused by indunas and others as *abatagati* (evil-doers), but have been saved from death by the intervention of Cetshwayo. (597, viii.)

12. uNdukwana [under *uMgojana*], son of uMko-sana, represents Matanjana ka'Ngoboza and his tribe.

13. uMfunzi [under *Gaozi*, now *Siwunguza*, Gaozi's brother and successor], well known as messenger to the Natal Government, represents *Siwunguza himself* and his people.

14. Sunduzwayo [under *Gaozi*], also represents *Siwunguza*.

15. uMtokwane [under *Zibebu*], son of Masongelana, represents Sambane and his tribe, which (they say) was not *placed* under Zibebu, but has been “annexed” by him since his appointment.

16. Nyosana [under *Hamu*], son of Masipula, Mpande’s prime minister.

17. uMquobe [under *Gaozi*], son of Mbopa, who is the brother of Mpande’s mother.

18. uMgwadi [under *Zibebu*], son of uMdekeza.

19. uMdhlambula [under *Zibebu*], an Innceku (household officer) of Cetshwayo.

20. uMgwazeni, } [under *Zibebu*], brothers of Cetsh-

21. uNkungane, } wayo’s mother, uNgqumbazi.

591. It will be seen that *three* of Sir G. Wolseley’s thirteen chiefs are themselves represented in this deputation, viz. Faku ka’Ziningo (6), Seketwayo (7), and Gaozi (13).

But they state that two others, *Somkele* and *uMlandela*, have their hearts in this matter, and are only not here through a delay in sending to them; and that two others *Ntshingwayo* (8, 10) and *uMgojana* (5, 12), are also heartily with them, but are afraid—making *seven* of the thirteen chiefs altogether; while Ziwedu (brother next in age to Cetshwayo) and Mnyamana (his late prime minister) were preparing to come with them, but were alarmed by an Umsuta (Basuto) from Natal, who said that they would be severely punished if they came.

The chiefs Matshana ka’Sitshakuza and Quetuka, son of Manquondo, were of the same mind, but were not

asked to come as being under John Dunn, and the latter would have been prevented by the recent death of his father.

The whole kraal of Ukubaza [Ekubazeni], who wished in person to testify to the fact of Cetshwayo having saved their lives, when they would otherwise have been killed as *abatagati* (597, viii.), and many others, were stopped by Mr. Osborn, as making the party too large; and others were turned back for a like reason by Mr. Fynney.

592. While staying on this occasion upon the land at Bishopstowe,—where they were detained (by the elder prince ailing for some days, and his horse breaking down altogether) till June 5, on which day they left on their return to Zululand,—good opportunities were afforded of making enquiries, from persons of rank and likely to be well informed, as to certain points on which Sir B. Frere had brought repeatedly very grave charges against Cetshwayo. Accordingly, the chief men assembled together, and hearing, and confirming or correcting each other's statements, gave the following information, which, they said, since such accusations had been made against Cetshwayo (p. 693), they should lay before Mr. Osborn on their return, as they were now directed to do; and in fact they had gone to Mr. Osborn before, and had now come down here, expressly to answer them. They would also beg him, being on the spot in Zululand, to test its correctness on all points by personal enquiries.

593. I. As to the charge of arming his people with guns, wishing to attack either Natal or the Transvaal, Cetshwayo was perfectly innocent. He did not wish for guns; and repeatedly, when John Dunn urged him to arm the people with them he refused, saying, "What did they want with guns?" until at last John Dunn persuaded him, and brought the first set of guns, and sold them, single-barrelled muzzle-loaders, for two full-grown beasts each [£10], and a third for its ammunition. Then he bought another lot, double-barrelled, and they were sold for four beasts each [£20] including ammunition. Then the son of — and others brought more; and of late they were sold for two young beasts each, and at last for one.

Being asked, "Did John Mullins ever bring any?" they said "No! Not that we know of; we have never heard that he brought any to the king, or that he sold any to anyone else. But we cannot affirm that he may not have done so without our knowledge; as traders were continually selling them right and left, without ever bringing them to the king, or even asking his permission. No! he did not wish for the guns: let this be enquired into. For it seems to us that this ruin has been brought upon us cruelly and without any just cause." [*Digest*, p. 693.]

594. As to his sending a force into, or towards, the Disputed Territory, he did it entirely for the sake of peace. He sent to build a kraal, to keep order if possible upon the border. And as to attacking the Boers,

it was they who were continually ill-treating the Zulus in that country. He was always having to send complaints to Somtseu (Sir Theo. Shepstone) that one man was killed, another was beaten, and another deprived of cattle, by the Boers. [*Digest*, pp. 57, 59, 61, 62, 65, 180-1.]

595. III. As to the killing of girls, they confirmed the statements made by Mfunzi and Mgwazeni [*D.*, p. 694], except as follows.

The death of the girl up towards the Pongolo ought not to have been charged upon the king. He altogether disapproved of the girls being killed at all, and so did Mnyamana. But Hamu and other indunas insisted, until at last they overcame him, and he ordered the impi to go out. But, as soon as the girls heard this, they began running in all directions, to be married to the men whom their fathers had approved; and the king, on hearing this, said, "That is quite enough; they are all obeying; let the impi return and do nothing, and give back any cattle they may have taken." But the indunas went on in spite of this order, and killed that girl, and brought back certain cattle. At which the king was so angry that he would have nothing to do with them, and kicked back the cattle, saying, "It's your affair! I will have nothing to do with it: you have done it in spite of me."

Mfunzi added a *sixth* case to the five he had previously mentioned [*D.*, p. 694], when a girl had been killed, without the king's order, by an impi sent by



ZULU GIRL.



Mavumengwana. This he had heard from Ntshingwayo.

The princes also added two girls to the list, making *eight* altogether, saying that these were the only ones with whose death the king could be said to have had anything to do. These were two girls of Sigwili, who were putting up all the others to disobedience, and he sent an impi to frighten them. When it arrived the girls had run off to obey and be married. But the impi went after them and brought them back, and sent to ask the king what should be done. Mavumengwana was then acting as prime minister, Mnyamana having gone home in a huff on this very subject [*D.*, p. 395, 695]; and he answered the message, and prevented it from reaching the king, and ordered that the two girls should be killed. These are the only girls with whose death the king had anything to do, as having sent out the impi after them; the others were killed entirely by those indunas. And when the king heard that they were killed he ordered that the cattle seized at their kraal should be returned, to "wipe the parents' eyes," and to show his sympathy with them.

596. IV. As to the killing of men who absented themselves from paying their respects to the king at the Umkosi (Feast of Firstfruits), pretending to be sick [*D.*, p. 712], Shingana said, "I know that in the year of his installation, after his first Umkosi, when the men were called to build Ulundi, there was a complaint that



they did not turn out properly ; and a message came to me from some of the indunas, requesting me to name the defaulters in my regiment (Dhloko), that they might be punished. But I replied that I had *no* defaulters ; that at the Umkosi all my companies were complete ; and that the only men absent at present were two or three invalids, who were certainly not shamming, as I knew all their symptoms, and their condition was reported to me daily. So no one was killed in my regiment. Do you others answer for yours. I got a message afterwards from the chief induna (prime minister), thanking me for my conduct."

Ndabuko and the others affirmed that they knew of none who had been killed on this account.

Shingana continued : " Well ! there was uMtulwana, who came very near to being killed. He was a follower of Umbulazi, and had never come near Cetshwayo, even to pay his respects, ever since the battle of Endondakusuka, so that it was a matter for ridicule, and people said—'No defaulters among the regiments forsooth ! Why there's uMtulwana, belonging to the Tulwana itself !' So a message was sent to him to tell him that his name was reported, and that he was about to be killed ; whereupon up he came and paid his respects, and the king only smiled at him, and said : 'So there you are !' and allowed him to join in singing his (Cetshwayo's) *izibongo* (praises), just as if he had been always loyal. That man was most near being killed. He is now living in Natal, having come over with

Ngatsha, a brother of ours, who left Zululand for his evil-doings" [described below (598)].<sup>1</sup>

597. V. The only other persons whom they know to have been killed by the king's order, are these :—

(i) *Umkokwanait*, whose execution "was carefully reported to the Government of Natal, with the reasons that in Cetshwayo's opinion justified it," Sir Theo. Shepstone [*D.*, p. 374], who adds, however [2222, p. 133], "*But it is well known that a great number have since been killed without trial by his order, or with his connivance* [!], regarding whom no similar report or communication has ever been made by him, and notably the slaughter of the girls who did not marry into the regiments selected by Cetshwayo."

(ii) *Kahlela*, who stole 800 of the king's sheep and goats, of which he had charge, and sold them, right and left, as his own.

(iii) *uNtukuntukwana*, who stole cattle which had been paid for guns, since the king said "it would bring himself into trouble with the white man."

(iv) *uNqengeleza*, a nephew of Sihayo, who struck at the induna of his regiment (Kandampemvu) when marshalled before the king; though the king himself did not mean to kill him, but sent men to seize him and bring him for enquiry, saying, "he had never heard

<sup>1</sup> It is possible that Cetshwayo may have used on this occasion the words attributed to him by Captain Poole [*D.*, p. 712], viz.—"You sick men are of no use to the country; so I will save the doctors the trouble of attending on you;" and in conversation either Cetshwayo himself, or the interpreter, may have applied them generally.

of such a thing as that a private should strike at an officer." But, when they were about to seize him, his company protected him and refused to give him up; and seeing that a regular mutiny was threatened, the king ordered him to be killed.

(v) *Mankenke* of the Indhluyengwe regiment, who, when the king had strictly forbidden the girls to *soma* (have a certain lewd intercourse with the young men), went inside the royal kraal, Ulundi, and did that, despising the king's order.

(vi) *Majevana* was killed, properly speaking, by the indunas of the royal kraal to which he belonged. The king, however, gave his assent to it. For, a fire having occurred in the kraal, he stole a quantity of property during the confusion, and the indunas said that he must be killed. The king at first objected. But, being urged, he sent to make enquiries, and, finding the man had really stolen to a great extent, he ordered him to be killed.

These six are the only cases in which men have been killed by Cetshwayo's order, since he was made king (Sept. 1, 1873). We do not mention those killed, without the king's authority, by indunas and others [*D.*, p. 370].

598. But we know of innumerable cases in which Cetshwayo saved the lives of people who would have been killed but for his intervention.

(i) Thus the king had long refused to kill *Nyambose*, son of Manquondo, who was charged with giving evil

herbs (philtres) to girls among his own people at the Ndabakaombe kraal. At last he warned Nyambose that they wished to kill him. But he just stayed on to please himself, and so got killed.

(ii) When *Umtonga*, that brother of ours, was about to go off to the Boers [*D.*, p. 48-9, the king was told: "Umtonga is deserting; you should send and kill him." But he said, "No! if he wishes to go, let him go!" And that was all he said of any one who was reported to him as deserting [leaving the country], "Let him go if he likes!"

(iii) *uMsutu*, another brother of ours, had got with child a girl of Mpande's royal harem at Nodwengu. When the King Mpande was about to kill him, his brother Cetshwayo interceded for him, so that he was not killed, and he is alive at his own kraal at this present time.

(iv) If Cetshwayo were in the habit of killing, he would certainly have killed *Ngatsha*, another of our brothers, who got with child four girls of the royal harem at Nodwengu, and the King Mpande sent out an impi to kill him. But his brother Cetshwayo sent word to him, and he hid himself, and escaped to Natal. After Mpande's death he returned to Zululand, and Cetshwayo did nothing to him. But he carried off two girls of the royal harem, and then the king said he was so bad that he must quit the country, and he went again to Natal, where he now lives.

(v) It was often said that *Hamu* wished to desert

and go to Natal ; yet he was not killed, though another king would have killed him on that account. But the king still mixed with him in a friendly manner, spoke pleasantly with him, and told him all that was said about him.

(vi) As to that fight of the Tulwana regiment with the Ngobamakosi [*D.*, p. 262, note], the king had nothing to do with it. He had ordered the Ngobamakosi to go out of the kraal, and their induna, Sigewelegewe, refused. The king knew nothing about the stabbing of the Ngobamakosi which followed ; that was the work of Hamu and others who set it going. But *Sigewelegewe* would have been killed if the Zulus had had their will ; the king, however, refused to kill him.

(vii) *Dabulamanzi* would have been killed long ago for his quarrelsome habits if it had been left to the Zulus. But he was saved by the king, who removed him from us in the Dhloko regiment, who were of his own age, and put him in the Tulwana, among the older men, so as to have him under his own eyes.

(viii) But these are the kraals, full of people from all parts of Zululand, now amounting to a large tribe, who have been charged with being *abatagati* (evil-doers), and would have been killed but for the king, who protected them, and sent them to live in one or other of these kraals—*Emmangweni*, *Ukubaza*, *Ukubusa*, *Gingindhlouv*, *Ndasi*, *Pambompayo*, *Isiqwaga*, *Bizeni*, *Old Ulundi*, *Enhlendhlani*, *Empangisweni* [*D.*, p. 695, 713].

(ix) And a further proof of Cetshwayo's clemency

is to be seen in the multitude of those who have left Natal and returned to Zululand; and not from Natal only, but from the Transvaal and Swaziland also. They are so many that we cannot count them; they fill the land [*D.*, p. 246].

Latterly, the law in Zululand has been that when a man fell out with his neighbours—*e.g.* when they called him an *umtagati*—he should be removed from them, not killed.

Moreover, on his accession, Cetshwayo introduced an excellent practice by allowing all his brothers to marry, and sharing with them his father's property; nothing like which has been done by any former Zulu king.

599. VI. When asked about Cetshwayo's formidable reply to Sir H. Bulwer's message about the killing of girls, which was translated to them from the Blue Book [*D.*, p. 187], they asked, "Was it on paper?" Being told "No! it was brought by messengers, by word of mouth," they asked, "Who brought it?" They were told their names, Mantshonga and Bayeni, and were asked if they knew them? They replied, "We know a man named Mantshonga, who left Zululand for a crime, and is now living in Natal [*D.*, p. 189]. But he could never have been sent with a message to the king. We never heard of it. When did they come? What indunas were in attendance? Who received them?" When told that they were said to have been received and answered by the king at a private audience, when

none of the indunas were present [*D.*, p. 395], they ridiculed the idea, saying, "Who could possibly have got to the king by himself without being seen? They would first go through the indunas, and would then be taken by the inncekus to the king. It is impossible: we never heard of such a message. All we know is, that, though he had asked to be allowed to wash his spears, he had given up the idea, because Somtseu had answered 'No! my son, to attack others is not good. Look at Tshaka who attacked! Look at Dingane! Look at Mswazi! How did they all die? Do not you like them, but be peaceable and stay at home; and so will no evil ever come upon you, but you will live to be old, and die of old age.' No! if you ask us about that message, we say that to us it appears a pure invention, and that the people who carried it were, as it were, ploughing in winter, preparing the ground for the crop to be sown in the spring,—preparing for *this!*"

600. The above words were spoken by Shingana, the others merely reminding him or agreeing with him; Ndabuko especially saying only a few words now and then, in a quiet, dignified way. But he now took up the word, speaking evidently under the influence of strong feeling, till his voice even shook with emotion. He said:—

"No! we do not understand it. For there has never been known one like him among us Zulus before, —so good, so kind, so merciful. Our fathers, who were old when we were born, all say so; and we, who have

grown up with him till we are as old as you now see us,—we have seen no one like him. For those three kings who were brothers, our fathers, they killed people, great and small, and for a little thing, a mere nothing: it was their custom. But he is of an entirely different nature; he shrank from shedding blood. And if a wrong or insult were done to himself he would never kill for it; nay, if a man carried off one of the royal women he would not kill him, but said, ‘Let him marry her properly, then!’ Our fathers killed their relations too; they made nothing of them. But he—he collected us all who were the children of his father, and gave us all our head-rings and told us to marry, even us lads; and he made marriages also for the girls, our sisters; whereas Mpande had forbidden them to marry, saying, ‘If they marry we shall be having everybody belonging to the family of Senzangakona.’ But he, our brother, took us all under his arm, saying ‘Let the children of my father be happy!’ He never killed except for grave offences: the whole country swarms with people who owe their lives to him, and who fled to him as the merciful prince who did not kill. He never attacked anyone: he stayed quietly at home as he was advised. He never wronged anyone. There is none like him—none!”

Here he stopped, almost breaking down, and the others assented with a heavy sigh.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It need hardly be said that the statements made by some anonymous writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April 1880, p. 415—“the



601. It has been assumed by those who have defended Cetshwayo from the charges, either grossly exaggerated or sometimes utterly unfounded and false, which have been brought against him, that the reply in (599) was actually sent by him, in the form in which it appears in the Blue Book, when, irritated at being interfered with from without in the midst of his difficulties, and further exasperated by Sir H. Bulwer's words having been sent through the mouth of a refugee—for the man mentioned by these Zulus was no doubt the messenger Mantshonga (p. 189)—who had fled for his crimes from Zululand, and had attached himself to the party of the refugee prince, Umkungo, living in Natal, and own brother of Umbulazi who claimed the Zulu throne against Cetshwayo (8). This man would thus very probably be looked upon as sent with such a message, if not to insult and beard the king, yet without due consideration for his position with regard to this criminal, who came protected by the English Government, and might otherwise have been put to death. But the remarks of the Zulu notables deserve consideration, and especially their conviction that no such reply as this could ever have been sent by Cetshwayo, and that it must have been, in its present form, a pure invention, the first step in preparing for a future crop of misery.

chaste and gentle Zulu king, who *thinks nothing of slaughtering his wives, torturing prisoners captured in war, and otherwise gratifying the savage instincts of his nature,*”—are atrocious falsehoods, without a shadow of foundation in fact.

602. According to Mr. John Shepstone's information, "obtained from a reliable native source" (p. 395), no Zulu indunas were present as witnesses, either when Sir H. Bulwer's message was received by the king or when the king uttered this extraordinary reply in the ears of the two native messengers sent by the Natal Government—a thing which, with one voice, the members of this deputation declared to be incredible and impossible. Moreover, they seem never to have heard of Mavumengwana's having thrown up his Acting Chief-Indunaship on this very account, as stated by Mr. John Shepstone from the same "reliable native source" (*Ib.*), being displeased that "a message of importance had not only been received from this Government by the king, but replied to without reference to himself or any other induna," as he "did not wish to hold the position, be treated like a boy, and be called upon by the nation when difficulty arose to vindicate himself when he had not been consulted, the king having acted on his own individual responsibility in disposing of a message which concerned the Zulu nation." But they spoke of this same induna, Mavumengwana, as having about this very time insisted on the girls being killed, in opposition to the wishes of the king and the chief induna, and as having incurred the king's displeasure by himself ordering the execution of some of them (737),—which fact *may* account for his leaving at this time the royal kraal.

603. According to the "reliable native source,"

however, no indunas were present at the time, who would have known, and could have witnessed in after days to the fact, that such a message was received by Cetshwayo, and that such a reply was given. And it is also remarkable that this reply, supposed to have been sent by the king on his own private responsibility, was never brought afterwards, in another message from the Natal Government, under the notice in any way of the king and his indunas—not even by Sir B. Frere, who raked it up from the past, and described it in his despatches, again and again, as “a brutally insulting reply” (p. 459), a “brutal and defiant answer,” “in terms of undisguised insult and defiance,” “the brutally insolent and defiant terms,” etc. (see p. 485, note<sup>589</sup>). Nay, a good opportunity of calling attention to it was given when, not long afterwards, on March 10, 1877, Cetshwayo having in a most friendly manner seized of his own accord, and sent down as a prisoner to Maritzburg, a Zulu jolwano, suspected of having killed in Zululand his master, a white man, Sir H. Bulwer sent the supposed culprit back with a message that “he cannot be tried in Natal, as he is a Zulu subject” (p. 248).

604. If this had been done, the king, if he really sent this reply, might in his cooler moments have expressed his regret and apologised for it, or he might have softened and explained away any expressions in it which had given offence, or if he had not sent it he might have altogether denied it. And the indunas

might have expressed their surprise and disapproval, and at any rate would have had cognisance of the facts, that such a message had been received, and that such a reply was sent, if it really was sent; in which case this latter fact would no longer rest solely—as it does at present—on the unsupported statement of two messengers from the Natal Government, one of whom might well be suspected of having no friendly feelings towards Cetshwayo.

605. There can be no doubt that this reply on Nov. 2, 1876, believed to have been sent by Cetshwayo, affected the mind of Sir H. Bulwer very unfavourably towards the king, and that this and (possibly) other influences changed considerably his tone towards him, so that not long afterwards (July 19, 1877) he speaks of him as “a cruel despot” (p. 409), and says that “any expression of friendly feeling on the king’s part must, there can be no question whatever, be received with great reserve” (p. 407), and that, “probably,” he is “quite prepared to fight, not merely to defend himself and his authority as an independent king, but to fight upon the slightest provocation, regardless of consequences” (p. 409). No doubt the acts and despatches of Sir H. Bulwer are distinguished throughout from those of Sir B. Frere by the utmost candour and straightforwardness, and to the best of his judgment he formed his opinion of the Zulu king from the facts before him. But he had not been long in the colony, having sent to Cetshwayo his first greeting a year previously on

November 25, 1875 (p. 393); and being wholly unacquainted on his arrival with the language and habits of the Zulu people, he was necessarily for some time dependent upon others for information and advice as to Zulu matters.

606. At all events, Sir H. Bulwer took no notice of the reply of November 2, 1876. But a month after receiving it, on December 7, 1876, he writes: "So far as we know, the peace and security of this colony are not immediately threatened by any danger" (p. 190), though "Sir T. Shepstone's opinion is that the necessity for the intended increase in the military force of this colony will before long be apparent" (*Ib.*) And on January 8, 1878, he writes to Sir T. Shepstone (p. 82): "You will see by the king's reply [to the proposal of arbitration] that he has met my representations in a very proper spirit. I have no reason to think that what the king says is said otherwise than in good faith; and if this be so, there seems to be no reason why this dispute should not be settled in a peaceable manner."

607. But the conviction of these Zulus, that this "formidable" reply was only intended to prepare for a future harvest, would have seemed to them to find singular support in the actual sequence of events, if they had only known them.

Thus, on November 2, 1876, the reply in question was brought, at which time Sir T. Shepstone had just landed (October 31) from England, having in his pocket Lord Carnarvon's authority to annex the Transvaal.

And then there came a succession of events : the calling out of the abaQulusi about March 18, 1877 (382, etc.), for which the Zulus were accused, as threatening the peace of South Africa, whereas they declare that this force was called out merely to assist Sir T. Shepstone, and, as they supposed, by his desire (693, 2) ; the Annexation of the Transvaal (April 12, 1877) ; the Blood R. meeting of Sir T. Shepstone with the Zulu indunas, October 18, 1877 (46) ; the Border Commission, March 7, 1878 ; the arrival in Natal of Sir B. Frere, September 23, 1878, who changed immediately Sir H. Bulwer's "request" for the surrender of the sons and brother of Sihayo into a "demand" (p. 259, note <sup>192</sup>), as "the only satisfaction that could be possibly accepted," and without allowing, in accordance with native custom, a settlement of the affair by any amount of compensation, as proposed by Sir H. Bulwer (p. 267), and sanctioned by the Secretary of State (p. 260) ; the delivery of the "Ultimatum," December 11, 1878 ; and the beginning of the war, January 11, 1879.

608. Among the minor troubles which they wished to report was the fact that Hamu, on his return to Zululand after the war, killed *fifteen* people of the abaQulusi tribe for having tried to stop him when he was deserting to the English. Of these six women and one head-ringed man belonged to the kraal of Bugudu, three head-ringed men to a kraal on the Pongolo, and two head-ringed men, one youth, one woman, and one girl, to Vimbela's kraal.

The son of uMfokazana was going to pay court to a girl, when he fell in with an impi of Hamu's, who stabbed him, although they recognised him, without his having offended in any way, because, they said, they had missed killing anyone on the day of Hlobane. They just called out to him "Stop there!" and he stopped, and then they came up to him and stabbed him to death.

609. They confirmed entirely the account of the ill-treatment of uMbopa (p. 628), who was reckoned as one of the great Zulu chiefs, with Mnyamana, Mavumengwana, etc. (*Ib.* N.B.), except that they could not be sure that he was "beaten with sticks," as there stated, though he was "kicked with boots" as he crouched on the ground.

"They got uMbopa down on the ground in a crouching attitude, and kicked him with their boots all over his body, so that he was all over bruises, and brought up blood in consequence; and they burnt him on the breast with brands taken out of the fire, the marks of which are only just healing over.

"Many common people were beaten and threatened, to make them tell where the king was.

"Sikata was tied by the wrists to the saddle-bow, and made to run with the horse.

"They chased another man until he jumped into the river, and remained under water, while they kept firing right and left, and prodding into the water with sticks, some of which poked him; but he kept still, and at last

they went away. The bush still shows that something happened there, for the trees are all riddled with bullet-marks."

610. uMkungane, maternal uncle of Cetshwayo, also made the following statement :—

"I was there at our death (*i.e.* the capture of the king). I was in the hut with him when they surrounded us."

"Where did you leave him?"

"I never left him : he sent me to get some snuff for him. They surrounded us about midday, and took us that night to a kraal. They shut us inside a hut, with nothing either to eat or to drink, and set soldiers with guns to stand round it, and did not let us out next morning until they were all on horseback ready to start. They went on at once, till at midday we stopped at Umtungweni, a kraal of Mnyamana. Here the white people ate, and one and another took one of their little breads (biscuits) from his pocket and held it to the king, who took it, and handed it to me, who ate it; he never tasted it. We went on, uMkosana in front, then the king, behind him Sigadi, then mounted white men. I was last of the string, for he had told me to take care of the girls. But he was very tired; his leg pained him, and the skin was rubbed off his toes with walking, till they were quite sore. The white men kept hurrying us on, till at last Sigadi lagged behind, doing it with a view of making his escape. They went in front of him, urging on the king, with their horses almost on top of



him, till he called out to us, 'Where are you, my people?' When I heard that I left the girls and ran forward to get between him and the horses; but they fired at me—here's the mark [of small shot] upon my breast!—and struck me, and drove me back, and the horses went on, driving and annoying him. But when we came to a stream and had to cross it, I managed to get in behind him, and the horses worried me, which did not matter.

"Then, when it got dark, and we were going through thick bush, Sigadi disappeared, slipping into the bush, and the white men fired and fired after him. Then another disappeared, and another, they firing always after them, until eight men and boys and one girl had disappeared. I do not know that any of these were killed; but one was killed afterwards.<sup>1</sup> The king had asked leave to send me to fetch him some snuff; but this was refused, and they offered him a little tobacco, which also he handed to me, and told me to watch for an opportunity to go and get the snuff. At last, late at night, we reached the kraal Undasi. 'Here,' said he, 'will be your opportunity,' and so it was, for a great crowd of people, white men and Natal Kafirs, came out to look, having heard that it was the king, and I slipped away.

<sup>1</sup> The Special War Correspondent of the *Times of Natal*, dating "Ulundi, August 31, 1879," writes:—"Escort with Cetshwayo just arrived; king walked into camp; has only 12 followers, of whom 5 are women. Dragoons captured originally 23; but Friday evening 11 tried to escape; 5 were shot, others escaped when coming through thick bush at dusk; prisoners not bound."

"I heard afterwards, from one of the party, that a young man, belonging to the innceku Zeyise, tried to escape, but was shot and killed there, at Undasi, and that the next day, when they reached the Black Imvolosi, the white men stopped and slaughtered a beast, saying, 'The king must be hungry.' They offered him the *insonyama* (royal tid-bit), and said that he must eat quickly; but he merely looked at it. So they said, 'He refuses it,' and put him at once into a waggon, and took him on. For he had told them that he 'could not go so fast on foot, he was too tired;' said they, 'then he should ride;' but he said 'that was impossible, as he had never tried to mount a horse since he was a lad;' they insisted, and he refused, and then they laid hands upon him to force him to mount, until he shook them off, and they gave it up. 'And we Zulus,' said he—'we held our breath—we could hardly contain ourselves—to see that!—and be unable to do anything.' All this I heard afterwards.

"But when I left the king I came to his kraal Ukubaza, to one of his mothers who lived there. I got the snuff, and wished to return to him at once. But she asked, 'Do they give him any food? With what does he moisten his throat?' And I told her 'they have given him no food.' Then said she, 'Stay here till daylight, that I may send you to him with a gourd of *tshwala* (native beer).' So she persuaded me, and I stayed. But, as I was going next day with the snuff, and two boys carrying the *tshwala*, we met a man who

said, 'Oh! you are there, are you? Where are you going to? You won't find him at Undasi. The white men have killed all the inncekus who were with him, on account of some having made their escape. They have put him into a waggon, and taken him away alone by himself. By this time he is at Emahlabatini.' The boys who were carrying the *tshwala* fled on hearing that, and I wished that I was dead. But that man was mistaken.<sup>1</sup> And after some days I met the son of——, whom I had left with the king, and I asked him, 'Have they killed him?' And he said, 'No! I left him alive. But they are taking him on to the sea. They gave us young men gray blankets'—and truly he was wearing one—'and the girls too have all of them blankets; they are not killed.' Then my prayer was that I might be with him—that, wherever they took him to, I might go and be killed, if he was killed, by the same death with which they killed him. And that is my prayer still. And truly, without him, we have no wish to remain above ground."

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps he referred to the facts mentioned by the Special War Correspondent of the *Times of Natal* in the previous note.

## CHAPTER XX.

### HOMEWARD BOUND.

PASSENGERS by the Union line journeying through Cape Town, either on the outward or homeward voyage, have the option of sleeping and taking meals on board the steamers during their stay in port, which varies from two to four days. Of course they can go on shore to a hotel should they prefer to do so; but Cape Town hotels being anything but attractive, and the docks being within easy distance of the town, it is really more comfortable to keep one's headquarters on board the ship. The dock quay entrance is open at any hour of the night to anyone going on board vessels, but closed to those going shorewards after 9 P.M.

I had intended to make the ascent of Table Mountain on the morning of the day on which we were to sail for England (Tuesday, December 7); but although I had engaged a guide to meet me at 3.30 A.M., the weather looked so threatening, and such a dense mist covered the mountain, that after waiting a couple of hours to see if it cleared off I judged it best not to make the attempt, as the *Nubian* was to sail at 4 P.M. To have been caught up above in the fogs would have

been a serious matter, involving perhaps the loss of passage, which I was not prepared to hazard.

I employed the morning, therefore, in visiting the library, museum, and new dry dock now in course of construction. It is one of the finest I ever saw, and, being more than half completed, may perhaps be opened in 1882. The material employed is granite, brought from the neighbouring mountains, and the fifty English masons employed in cutting and shaping it have given a very good account of themselves. The dock will be upwards of 500 feet long, and is arranged for subdivision. At high tide it will admit vessels drawing 26 feet.

Truly this is a magnificent addition to the wealth of Cape Town, and must prove of great importance and assistance to shipping, both coming to, and in the neighbourhood of, South Africa.

At the library I found much to interest me in the inspection of some quaint old maps, and accounts of travel. One book, Dr. O. Dapper's *Travels in Africa* (written in Dutch), published at Amsterdam 1676 A.D., contained a map in which three large lakes of equatorial Africa are distinctly laid down under the names of *Zaire lacus*, *Zembre lacus*, and *Zaflan lac*. From Zaire Lac and Zaflan Lac flow two streams in a northerly direction, which unite about three degrees north of the equator, forming the Nile river. Another atlas, dated 1619 A.D., also published at Amsterdam, gave the same lakes, and indicated the same flow of streams, forming

the River Nile, of which Dr. Dapper's later work appeared to be almost a copy.

From several sources while here I heard of a curious old map belonging to Mr. Cloete, in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. I had not time to see it; in fact some one said it had been removed to England lately, but doubt existed on that point. However, wherever it may be, I understand the existence of great lakes in Central Africa is clearly set forth much in the manner as late discoveries have verified.

A run through the museum finished my tour of inspection very pleasantly, and I returned to the *Nubian* in good time before the hour appointed for sailing, very much gratified with Cape Town and its hospitality.

At five o'clock P.M. we sailed. A large crowd assembled to witness the departure of the steamer, and say good-bye to friends going home to the old country.

There were but few cabin passengers,—fifteen in all, I think,—as at this season of the year few people care to face the cold wintry atmosphere of Northern Europe. And no wonder. The weather here is delightful,—being warm and bright, but not too hot,—and the natives do well to reserve their European travelling for more auspicious months than those which commence our English New Year.

Amongst the steerage passengers were a number of soldiers going home as invalids, or on expiration of their time. Not the least interesting of the forward passengers was a fine old bay horse, going back with

his owner to England. He came out with the reinforcements for the Zulu War, was in many parts of Zululand, and stood within the hollow square at the battle of Ulundi. He seemed to take to his sea life quite naturally, and, as the voyage progressed, was evidently not afflicted by *mal de mer*, judging from the manner in which he disposed of his food.

The *Nubian* is one of the most comfortable vessels I ever travelled by. She has a fine poop deck running two-thirds of her length, which forms an admirable promenade. Her cabin and state-rooms are light and airy; the stewards are attentive and polite; and her table is second to none.

But little worthy of note occurred during the first few days of the voyage. We experienced fine weather and fair winds, and on Tuesday, December 21st, the shortest day in the northern hemisphere, we were off Cape Verde, though the land was invisible. What a lovely day it was, warm and pleasant, like one of England's finest summer days.

On the night of Thursday, the 23d, we passed amongst the Canary Islands, though we could not see Teneriffe; and on the Saturday following, Christmas Day, we cast anchor in Funchal Bay at 2.45 A.M. It was a moonlight night, and the houses of the town and suburbs could be distinctly seen on the dark hillside.

In honour of the day, I suppose, fireworks were being discharged from various points on the hillsides; but why these manifestations of rejoicing should have been

exhibited at such an early hour, it is difficult to imagine.

I think we managed to divert their attention, however, for two cannon were fired from the *Nubian*, whose sound re-echoed through the hills, and then the Union Company's private night signal was shown, and a green light and Roman candle burned.

Presently the usual flotilla of small boats came alongside, and the decks were taken possession of in due course by an army of vendors of various sorts of merchandise.

None of our passengers went ashore, as the steamer's stay was to be of short duration. At 7.45 A.M. we weighed anchor, and proceeded on the last stage of the journey ; and now my Journal finishes.

At midday on Wednesday, December 29th, we had reached 49° 16' N. lat., 5° 33' W. long., and that night, in spite of a strong blow from the north-west, safely arrived in Plymouth Harbour, where I said good-bye to the *Nubian*, and betook myself to my old quarters in the Duke of Cornwall Hotel.

It seemed difficult to realise that I had been such a short time away, and yet to have managed to get over such an amount of water and land. Reckoning from the day of my departure, namely, September 24th, to this date, I find the journey has occupied ninety-six days, which, considering the distance traversed, may be considered fairly good work.

Perhaps no journey (out of the many from which



any one travelling for relaxation or health has to choose) offers such special advantages as the one just accomplished. The sea-voyage is not too long, occupying only from eighteen to twenty-two days; and the journey is agreeably diversified at one or two points, while land is several times sighted, thus breaking the monotony of an "eternal waste of waters." With the exception, perhaps, of the start and finish, the sea is generally smooth; and bright blue skies are the rule, not the exception.

Comfortable and capacious steamers vie with one another in their accommodation for passengers. Pleasant company is invariably met with, and the voyage is just short enough to prevent the uneven, jagged edges of many characters from being visible, which a longer voyage might bring to light. At the Cape Colony end a healthy climate awaits the traveller, and for those who unhappily suffer from chest diseases the climate of the Orange Free State is one of the finest in the world. Bloemfontein is now being much resorted to on that account.

Reader, if you have three or four months to spare, try the experiment; and I am sure you will return home, feeling, as I now do, very well satisfied with a "Holiday in South Africa."

## APPENDIX.

### EXTRACT FROM STEAMERS' LOG-BOOKS.

#### PLYMOUTH TO CAPETOWN, PER *ARAB* (S.)

Sailed from Plymouth 2 P.M., Friday, September 24, 1880.

Date.						Distance run.
Saturday, Sept. 25.	Noon	46 59	N. lat.	8 5	W. long.	254 miles.
Sunday	" 26.	" 42 36	"	11 47	"	305 "
Monday	" 27.	" 37 56	"	14 14	"	302 "
Tuesday	" 28.	" 33 4	"	16 14	"	307 "

Arrived at Funchal, Madeira, at 4 P.M. ; sailed at 8.30 P.M.

Wednesday, Sept. 29.	Noon	29 28	N. lat.	16 55	W. long.	190 miles.
Thursday	" 30.	" 24 20	"	17 17	"	308 "
Friday, October 1.	"	19 9	"	17 48	"	312 "
Saturday	" 2.	" 14 8	"	17 39	"	290 "
Sunday	" 3.	" 9 30	"	17 0	"	290 "
Monday	" 4.	" 5 10	"	14 9	"	309 "
Tuesday	" 5.	" 1 14	"	11 10	"	297 "
Wednesday	" 6.	" 2 36	S. lat.	8 7	"	294 "
Thursday	" 7.	" 6 31	"	5 16	"	289 "
Friday	" 8.	" 10 9	"	2 40	"	267 "
Saturday	" 9.	" 13 49	"	0 15	E. long.	279 "
Sunday	" 10.	" 17 48	"	3 35	"	306 "
Monday	" 11.	" 21 40	"	6 58	"	300 "
Tuesday	" 12.	" 25 29	"	10 26	"	298 "
Wednesday	" 13.	" 29 15	"	13 57	"	294 "
Thursday	" 14.	" 31 42	"	15 54	"	177 "
Friday	" 15,	arrived in Table Bay at 8.15 A.M.				

Passage, 20 days 18 hours.

CAPETOWN TO PLYMOUTH, PER *NUBIAN* (S.)

Sailed from Capetown at 5.30 P.M. on Tuesday, December 7, 1880.

Date.						Distance run.
Wednesday, Dec.	8.	Noon	31 22 S. lat.	15 43 E. long.		204 miles.
Thursday	"	9.	" 27 20 "	12 26 "	"	297 "
Friday	"	10.	" 23 38 "	9 21 "	"	278 "
Saturday	"	11.	" 20 00 "	5 59 "	"	288 "
Sunday	"	12.	" 16 24 "	2 58 "	"	276 "
Monday	"	13.	" 12 47 "	00 8 "	"	272 "
Tuesday	"	14.	" 9 12 "	2 38 W. long.	"	270 "
Wednesday	"	15.	" 5 30 "	5 41 "	"	286 "
Thursday	"	16.	" 1 48 "	8 22 "	"	274 "
Friday	"	17.	" 1 47 N. lat.	11 38 "	"	291 "
Saturday	"	18.	" 5 29 "	14 22 "	"	274 "
Sunday	"	19.	" 9 14 "	16 32 "	"	259 "
Monday	"	20.	" 13 14 "	17 56 "	"	254 "
Tuesday	"	21.	" 17 13 "	17 38 "	"	240 "
Wednesday	"	22.	" 21 27 "	17 31 "	"	254 "
Thursday	"	23.	" 25 36 "	17 28 "	"	249 "
Friday	"	24.	" 30 03 "	17 15 "	"	267 "
Saturday	"	25.	" 33 04 "	16 14 "	"	202 "

Arrived at Funchal, 2.45 A.M. ; left at 7.45 A.M.

Sunday,	Dec. 26.	Noon	37 04 N. lat.	13 52 W. long.	266	"
Monday	"	27.	" 41 17 "	11 13 "	281	"
Tuesday	"	28.	" 45 24 "	8 49 "	269	"
Wednesday	"	29.	" 49 16 "	5 33 "	267	"

Arrived at Plymouth 10.30 P.M., December 29, 1880.

Passage, 22 days 5 hours.

THE END.



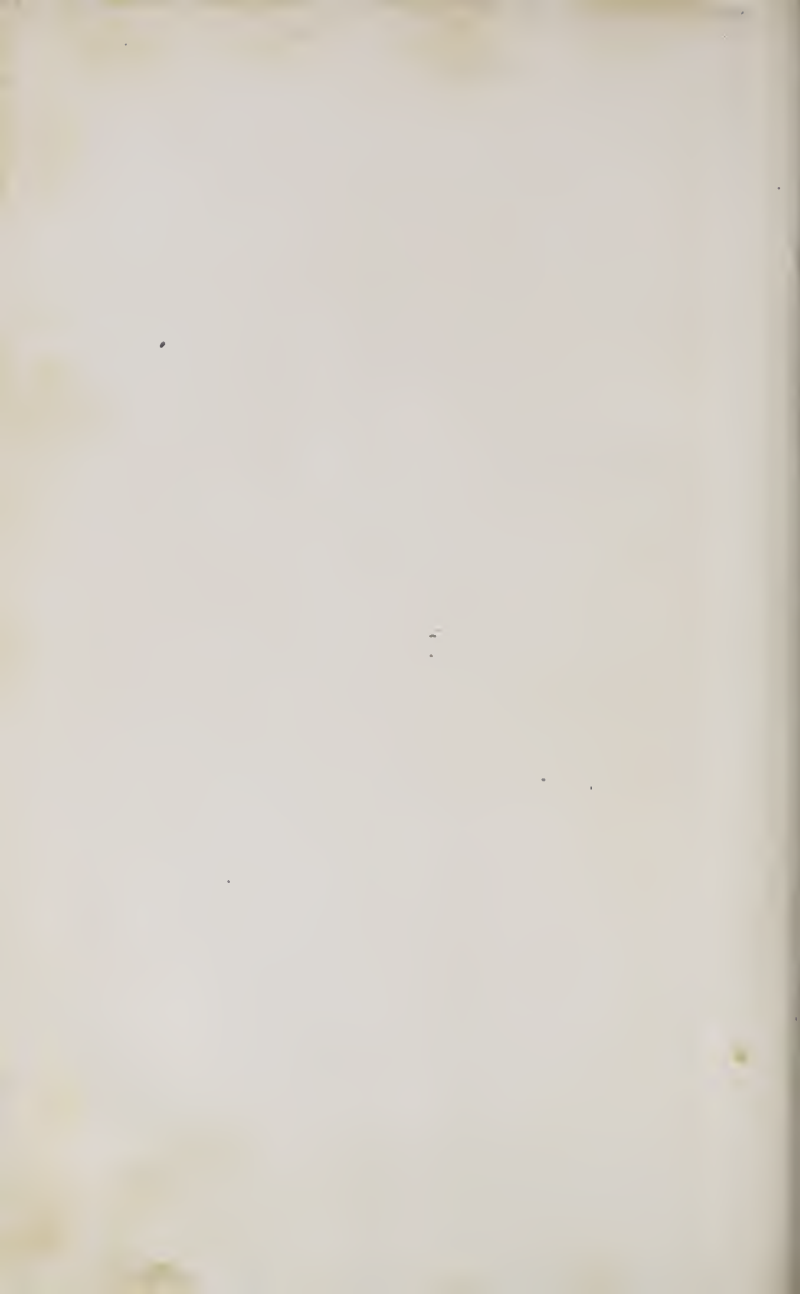


**SOUTH AFRICA.**  
R.W. LEYLAND. F.R.G.S.









HUNTER, BINDER,  
EDINBURGH.







